

Fort Bascom
Comanche-Kiowa
Barrier

BY
F. STANLEY

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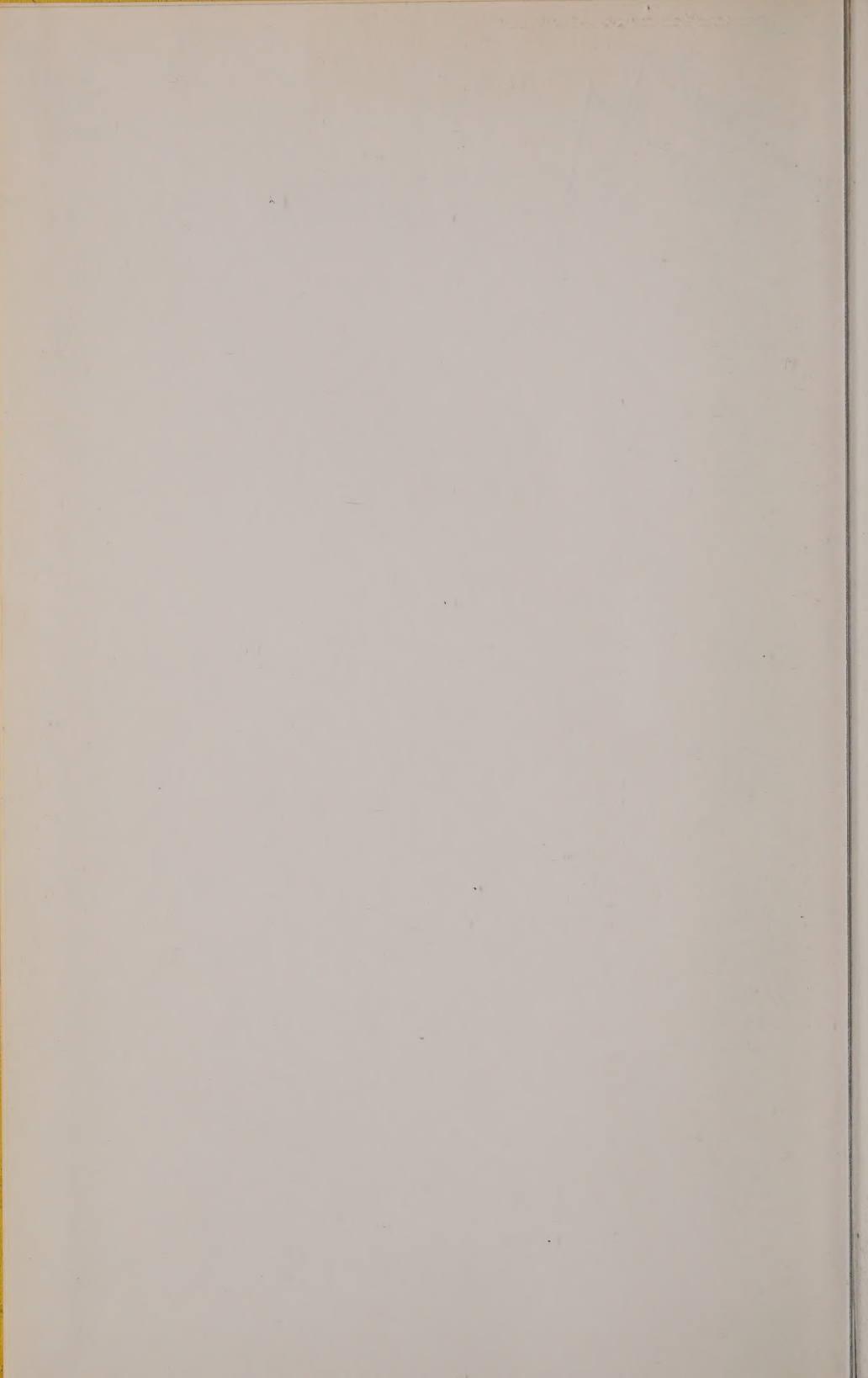
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J. S. Smith



Fort Bascom Comanche-Kiowa Barrier

by

F. STANLEY, pseud.

S. F. L. Crocchiola

Author of

THE GRANT THAT MAXWELL BOUGHT,
FORT UNION, NEW MEXICO, Etc.

DEDICATED
TO
COL. EDWARD BERGMANN,
OF FORT BASCOM, N. M.
WHO DESERVES A NICHE
IN NEW MEXICO'S
HALL OF FAME

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by
F. STANLEY

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FOREWORD

Above was the blue sky; below large white clouds prayed to the sun. The only noise was the hum of the plane engines. Everybody on the air liner was occupied with reading. Suddenly the pilot announced that the fog made it impossible for the silver bird to land at Amarillo. We were going to Wichita, Kansas. Immediately the aisles were full, all reading left to Johnny who still can't read. The hostesses had a near panic on their hands. Finally the hum of voices drowned out the hum of engines all the way to Wichita. The only way back for me that night was the Santa Fe Railroad. I had a seven hour wait. Seven precious hours I could have used furthering my research on New Mexico. I had just come from the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles, where I had been gathering notes on this book as well as on the Apaches. I must say that the staff there was most gracious and made me feel that I was accomplishing something. I owe much of this book to the staff at the Southwest Museum because here more than any other place I have ever worked in they left their own duties in order to better attend my needs. It might be more truthful to say that the Librarian and staff there considered it their duty to attend my needs. The staff at the main library in Los Angeles also proved helpful. Material for a book of this nature is not always where one would suspect it to be merely because the post was in New Mexico. The explanation for this is simple. Soldiers, their wives, freighters, bull-wackers, mule-skinners, Indians, tradesmen, drummers, blacksmiths, laundresses, and the various visitors to Fort Bascom were not necessarily from New Mexico nor were they concerned with making the Canadian river country their permanent home. They were from all States in the Union and their notes, reminiscences, accounts and diaries are usually found in the State Historical Collections or among the treasured keepsakes in the cardboard box to be passed on to the son's son when the time comes. Most of such historical data has already gone up in smoke to make way for progress, the relentless foe of all dust

collectors. Paul Galleher, his son, Mr. Clark and the staff at Arthur H. Clark's in Los Angeles were helpful. So was the entire staff at the Huntington Library in San Marino. My trip was not in vain. But it was not over. All those hours at the railroad depot! It was snowing outside and having been to sunny California I was unprepared for such weather. So I whiled away the time on this foreword. The train would not leave until 3 A. M. People with nothing else to do let their curiosity push them to my bench where we had a nice discussion about cattle drives, Wyatt Earp, Dave Rudabaugh, life in Kansas during the "End of Track" days. It is as good a way to stay awake as a dozen cups of coffee.

Fort Bascom was the brain child of one Levi Keithly, of the Territorial Legislature, who had a dread of Kiowas and Comanches. No one listened. Two years later General Carleton took the idea as his own and decided that a post on the Canadian was the answer to better protection for his pet project at Bosque Redondo. The War Department merely tolerated the fort to appease New Mexicans demanding protection from the Plains tribes. It was a desolate post in a desolate region. The only people really interested in the area were the Kiowas and Comanches who claimed it as part of their hunting domain. Comancheros knew the area well as did horse thieves and rustlers. When Dave Rudabaugh and Allen escaped from the Las Vegas jail they were seen at the abandoned post. No doubt Billy the Kid and other rustlers found it a convenient resting place between Tascosa and Las Vegas. The Bell Ranch never had enough cowboys to police the area against rustlers. It was too big a spread.

This is the story as gathered from the files of the National Archives, various libraries, museums, historical societies, newspaper files, memoirs, reviews. It is not important to the reader to know the expenses entailed — without endowment of any sort or charity on the part of those who can afford collections of Americana — nor the thousands of miles traveled. It does help to know where the material comes from and who made this material avail-

able. Col. Bergmann's daughter in California and grandson in Las Vegas, New Mexico, were very obliging. Mr. Blackburn, Mrs. Stevenson and others at West Texas College in Canyon, Texas, deserve the highest praise. Miss G. Hill, Ruth Rambo and E. McManmon made me feel as if I were living before the fall of the angels. Mrs. Elma A. Medearis of the Library of the Museum of New Mexico is always a bulwark with her poise, assurance and tremendous knowledge of New Mexico's history. The staff in the New York Public Library rare book collection department is very solemn but efficient, and helpful, despite the grill work on the door and the guard. Even though there is a feeling of signing your own death warrant, the valuable items housed in this department make any inconvenience worth your while. Mr. Blackburn and his staff in the Census Department of the Memorial Building were like ice cream to a boy at his first circus. Nothing was too much for them to do in aiding to get these notes. They gave literally, hours and hours of their time. The editor of the KANSAS HISTORICAL QUARTERLY was also most helpful. In fact, everyone in the Memorial Building gave me that "at home" feeling. Willis Tilton and Mrs. Tilton of Topeka were kind in letting me go through their collection. Mrs. Smith of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Deming, New Mexico, a historian in her own right, was most helpful. Fred Rosenstock, who has about the greatest private collection in the Southwest, and who probably knows more history than I will ever learn in ten life times, was also kind. To the following who made this a work of love, I extend my sincere thanks: J. J. Lipsey of Colorado Springs; the staff of the Library of the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque; Mrs. P. Harris and her staff at the Santa Fe Library; the librarian and staff of the Woodward, Oklahoma, Public Library; the county clerk and others in the courthouse there; Evelyn Shuler, Catherine Clark, Mrs. Chas. DiLisio, Mrs. Troy Smith, Mrs. Agnes Troy, Mrs. Joe Wooten — all of Raton, New Mexico; L. A. Hawley and Alan W. Farley of the Kansas Historical Society; the Librarian and staff at Texas Uni-

versity in Austin; the librarian and staff of Texas Tech at Lubbock; the Librarian and staff of the Topeka Public Library; the Librarian and staff of the Chicago Public Library; the Librarian and staff of the University of Chicago; the Librarian and staff of the Fort Worth Public Library; the Librarian and staff of the Denver Public Library; the Librarian and staff of the Pueblo Public Library; the Librarian and staff of Phillips Junior College at Borger; the Librarian and staff of the Missouri State Historical Society; the Librarian and staff of the Wisconsin State Historical Society; William Wallace, Archivist at Highlands University; the county clerk at Pecos, Texas; the county clerk at Wheeler, Texas; the county clerk at Raton, New Mexico, the county clerk at Las Vegas, New Mexico; the librarian and staff and county clerk at Tucumcari, New Mexico; Dora Morgan of Tucumcari, New Mexico; Bishop John Morkovsky, D. D., Bishop of Amarillo, for the use of his tremendous Texas Historical Collection; the Librarian and staff for the use of the Bush Collection at the Amarillo Public Library; the Librarian and staff at Colorado Springs; the Librarian and staff at the Bancroft Library in Berkeley, California; the Librarian and staff of the Sacramento Public Library; the Librarian and staff of the Library of Congress; all the good people at the National Archives Office in the nation's capital. There are so many more it would take a book. Anyway, my heartfelt thanks to all — even the man in the grey flannel suit at the Information Desk in L. A. — It is a nerve racking job after all. The Historical Department in the L. A. Public Library was most kind even though quite businesslike and unsmiling. I guess doing the same thing every day makes people acquire that bored look. It is noticeable only in the libraries of the largest city on the East coast and the largest city on the West coast. The enthusiasm has departed, only the work remains. One hates to feel he is just another "fill out the card, please," as icy as a Blue Norther in the Texas Panhandle.

There should be a feeling of kinship when books are the common denominator, among those who handle books,

work with books and attempt — like myself — to produce books. Again, to all those in twenty-three States that made this writing possible, my thanks. I do regret that several Endowments turned me down so that the poor became poorer but I do hope that some readers think the project worthwhile. I know of no other full length book on Fort Bascom, although a college thesis or so has been done. Pardon my mistakes, but say a kind word for my efforts.

Santa Fe Depot Station, Wichita, Kansas,
March 3rd, 2:30 A. M.

and

White Deer, Texas, May 3, 1960

F. Stanley

Chapter One

THE LAND GRANT

There is a section of New Mexico where the wind and the prairie hold prayer meetings. It is still there. So very still as to produce sensations of noise, sound and fury. Standing there on the mesa land, lost in the depth and vaseness of the rolling plains, the height of the deep blue sky, the silence that is New Mexico, one become aware of the tremendous open cathedral whose blue canopied vault is as mysterious as the curly grasses it blankets. Here one can walk with his thoughts and talk to God. Here history is prospective and past. Civilization respected this region, bowed as it passed and built its cities elsewhere. Here cattle live their community life until the needs of man separate them from the smells of yucca and sage to the less compelling smell of the slaughter house. Here is the isolation booth of New Mexico. It has always been. Trappers, explorers, buffalo, Indians, soldiers, comancheros, prairie dogs, snakes, gophers, wagon wheels, bull-wackers, freighters, horses, exploding guns and the cries of the sorrowful once lived and had their being here along the lazy, muddy Canadian and moved out to meet the sea with the passage of time, their deeds, not their voices, recording as they passed. Ranching is the only heartbeat of life in this seeming lifeless body of land. Only the river remains to tell the story of the passing parade if you will be gracious enough to listen.

Shortly after the turn of the Nineteenth century Pablo Montoya, tired of soldiering, followed his burros along the river bank in quest of Comanches and Kiowas to buy his wares, for he was now a comanchero. Lush grasses, running water, vast open llano, clear skies, peace of the open

wilderness — these things a man could cherish. Land grants his compadres asked for and received. But so many law suits! One didn't help the cause of civilization along by crowding it. Everybody wanted land around Santa Fe, El Paso, Albuquerque, La Canada, Taos, San Miguel del Bado, Pena Blanca. Here a man could plant his crops without fighting the mayordomo of the acequia. To his knowledge no man had yet petitioned this corner of New Mexico. Was it because of wild Indians? Or fear of loneliness? Blind. They were all blind. Up to now he had lived in the land of poco tiempo; now he would live in the land of promise. His sheep, cows, goats would wax strong here. This would be the domain of the Montoya dynasty. He left his dream on the banks of the Canadian as he followed the burros back to Santa Fe. This was the trail of the Comancheros known to the settlements since the days the Comanches and their allies, the Kiowas, first beat a path to Taos in mid-eighteenth century to barter for horses, guns and ear rings.

Soldiering, fighting Indians, trading with the Plains tribes, ranching were the only professions open to living in those days. Schools were found in the States and Mexico. The padres contributed what they could of their time, talents, substance and opportunity, but even these had their limitations. Pablo Montoya came of good stock. The family tree flowered such notables as Juan Paez y Hurtado and other great captains who included him in their wills. Pablo, grateful for such relations, claimed the Cieneguilla Tract and the Rancho Alamo Tract as part of his heritage. His great-grandfather, Diego Montoya, envisioned a future of broad acres and lowering herds for the Montoya clan. Pablo, a captain in his majesty's army, had the esteem of the people of Santa Fe who elected him their alcalde. His adobe hacienda was the scene of lively activity both political and social. His material possession numbered him among the ricos. His grand-father, Antonio, had been an alcalde before him and the family was well on the way to traditions and background. The Montoyas were part of the background of life at Santa Fe prior to the uprising in

1680, and de Vargas was well served by them upon the return of the Spaniards towards the close of the century. They were too busy making history to write it. The encomienda system, good marriages, bequests, soldiering, the Indian trade all advanced the cause of Pablo Montoya. He was provoked at the Mexican Government that refused to recognize his claims to the Cieneguilla and the Alamo, but he felt certain that no opposition would cloud his petition for this fertile land in the shadow of the Sierra de Tucumcari. This petition started the chain of events that culminated in Fort Bascom and the Bell Ranch. Although not supported in his claim to Cieneguilla, he built his hacienda on the tract, and here begot his children. He made trip after trip to what is now eastern New Mexico to thoroughly acquaint himself with the land and to ascertain definite wants. It was to be no guess work. His petition mentions creeks, mountains and landmarks with the professional evaluation of a real estate agent who sees all the faults in the property he wants but can tell the prospective buyer all the good points.

Despite all his precaution history was to prove that two grants over-lapped causing panic, if not a major crisis, in the Land Office. The situation never was solved to anyone's satisfaction, and caused more unhappiness than Pablo bargained for. His letter to the governor is clear and to the point:

"I, Pablo Montoya, a resident of the Cienaga, most humbly present myself before your Excellency and state that, being the owner of a certain amount of stock, such as sheep, cattle and horses, and requiring pastures and capacity for its increase, having registered a piece of land without any individual owner, or belonging to any community, with the necessary supply of water, pastures and timber, removed from any settlement which could in any manner be injured; the location of which is on the Red river, from the Rincon de la Sinta, to the Trinchera, within which limits no individual of the territory pastures any stock, not reaching that because of its distance (from the settlements); its entire extent in the other two directions

being from the Arroyo del Cuervo to the Mule Spring; and your Excellency possessing all the authority to make grants according to the wants of the people, and which will result to the benefit of the territory and to every citizen, and in consideration of the superior intelligence of your Excellency, which will perceive the benefits which will result to me, as well as by this means the immense tracts of land in which our territory abounds will be occupied, and the savages will be made to know the strength and force of our powerful nation. In view of such just and rational motives, I pray your Excellency to condescend to accede to my petition by doing which I will be benefited and receive grace, swearing, in due form, that I do not act in malice. Santa Fe, November 8, 1824."

Montoya, fearing the petition had some weak spots inconclusive enough to convince the governor, added a footnote: "Being so distant from any settlement, and particularly from the capital (Santa Fe), your Excellency will please decree in my favor as your superior pleasure may suggest, in order to avoid any obstacle against its proper delivery." He also asked Secretary Juan B. Vigil to plead his cause before the governor. Vigil added these words: "It is not unknown to your Excellency that the decline in the agriculture and industry of the country, especially in the raising of cattle and sheep, has been essentially caused by the inveterate abuse that all the lands are public, for which reason none are improved . . . " Governor Baca granted the petition on November 19, 1824.

The exodus began. Pablo, his sons, their wives and children, carretas, burros, horses, sheep, goats, chickens, cattle, peons, farm implements, house furnishings. It was a thriving community and brought joy to his heart. But the Comanches had other ideas. This was their domain. They made life miserable for the pioneers. These same objections would be voiced against General Carleton because of his Bosque Redondo project. The Indians had nothing against Montoya personally any more than against Carleton or the commandants of Fort Bascom but this land was theirs by right of conquest. They opposed anyone trying to settle.

Apaches, Utes, Texans, soldiers, Navajos — all would suffer because of the possessive spirit of these Plains Indians. This was their hunting ground; the habitat of the bison. They ran off Montoya's horses, killed his cattle and sheep as a warning. He gathered his family and returned to Santa Fe. But not long. He must have had winning ways, for on his return to the Canadian area he remained seventeen years without molestation from the Comanches or Kiowas. No doubt he paid a tribute in horses and ammunition. Sensing that his days were numbered, returned to Santa Fe to die and receive a Christian burial. With the death of the patriarch the others abandoned the site as a colony but continued to do business with the Indians as *comancheros* and in the spring they pastured their herds in the valley of La Campana. Two little villages in New Mexico perpetuate the Montoya name: One on Highway 66 between Tucumcari and Newkirk (on the original grant thus giving Pablo an undisturbed sleep); the other between Dilia and Romeroville on Highway 84.

Another *comanchero* and fur trapper was equally entranced with the tall grasses that beckoned cattle, sheep and horses. Luis Cabeza de Baca of Pena Blanca and Las Vegas, sought grazing sites for his flocks. He applied for the land next to the Montoya grant. Pablo's grant included 655,468.07 acres; Baca received 99,289.39 acres. Years passed before it was discovered that the Baca land overlapped the Montoya grant. A survey made in 1898 showed that the Baca No. 2 as it was called (actually No. 4 since Luis was also *mayordomo* of the El Espiritu Santo Grant, the Nuestra Senora de Los Dolores Grant on which stands the city of Las Vegas and the San Miguel del Bado Grant) projected 48,000 acres into the Pablo Montoya Grant. How the Red River Valley Company worked out the dilemma is not part of the Fort Bascom story.

Some time after New Mexico became a Territory of the United States the government established the office of Private Land Claims specifically to protect native New Mexicans against unscrupulous land grabbers. Surveyor-General Wm. Pelham recognized the validity of the Mon-

toya and Baca grants. The Montoyas, fearful of losing their land, hired one John S. Watts, an attorney in Santa Fe. He asked as his fee one half of the entire grant. This was easily accomplished since Teodocio had bought up the shares of six of his seven brothers and sisters who had abandoned the area as too full of Comanches and Kiowas to suit them. Better a scalp in Santa Fe than scalpless in the land of endless plains. W. H. Moore, post sutler — a character worth a book or two in his own right — received a portion of the grant as payment for supplies given the Montoyas, and the Lopez family. Don Francisco Lopez and his son, Lorenzo, had purchased an interest in the Montoya Grant during the year 1867, after Fort Bascom had already been established. Of course, this only served to complicate matters but what grant in New Mexico is free of law suits and law courts? It was the six hundred acres owned by Francisco that Moore picked up only to pass them on to another shortly afterwards.

If General Carleton had built his Navajo reservation in western New Mexico, Fort Bascom would never have been built. The purpose of the post was not so much to protect wagon trains as to protect Bosque Redondo from the resentful Comanches and Kiowas who felt that it added insult to injury by locating their traditional enemies on land claimed by the Comanches. If the Bosque Redondo depended only on Fort Sumner it would be short lived. Carleton wanted the project because his whole career depended on it. If the Plains Indians laid waste to his pet project, the military would lay waste to his reservation theories. He could ill afford to take the gamble. A post north of Fort Sumner would serve the double purpose of protecting the Cimarron cut-off and the Bosque Redondo. Thus the post was built in what is now Quay county, about twelve miles north of the site of Tucumcari, on the Canadian river.

The fort was situated on the south bank of the river in the Baca overlap. The post was in operation five months before Watts realized it was on his land. Carleton wrote to his superior officer, General Lorenzo Thomas, explaining the situation. Thomas agreed that if the Comanche-Kiowa

menace was what Carleton reported it to be perhaps it would be wise to continue the operations at this point if Carleton and Watts could reach an agreement on the land. On May 4, 1864, Watts and the United States (represented by General Carleton) drew up a lease on "all the land belonging to the first party (Watts) within one mile east, one mile west, one mile north and one mile south of the Canadian river in (the then) San Miguel county, New Mexico, for a term of twenty years. The privilege is given of using such timber and stone within the above limits as may be wanted for the use of the fort." For some unknown reason another contract was drawn up on August 2nd, through Quartermaster General M. C. Meigs.

When the Consolidated Land, Cattle Raising and Wool Growing Company, trustee for the United States Land & Colonization Company in 1873, took over the Montoya Grant, the land on which Fort Bascom stood was not included because the lease to the government had not expired. Wilson Waddingham was the Consolidated Land Company. He was the soul of the Montoya Grant to the date of his death. He had purchased the land of Watts in 1870 and conveyed it to the Consolidated corporation on November 22, 1872. It is interesting to note that another member of the corporation was Stephen B. Elkins who had ventured with Waddingham on the Maxwell Land Grant venture. Indeed, one reason why Waddingham was experiencing so many financial difficulties at this time was his plunge into various real estate deals involving grants almost as large as the Montoya Grant. Waddingham gave it the name of Bell Ranch after a bell like butte near the home place. The New Mexicans referred to this land mark as La Campana (the Bell), the name also given it by comancheros in their dealing with Comanches and Kiowas. The symbol became Waddington's brand and cattle bearing his mark were soon seen from Wyoming to Mexico. Waddingham invested two million dollars in this project. Mike Slattery of Denver was hired as ranch manager, a position he held from 1872 to 1894. It was he who introduced barbed wire into New Mexico in 1877 strictly to facilitate brand-

ing, round-up, and as a challenge to rustlers.

Waddingham found his in-laws as troublesome as his investments and both contributed to his ruin. Again he found ready capital or trusting friends and formed a new company known as the United States Agricultural Society, incorporated on June 18, 1881, its principal place of business listed as Fort Bascom, New Mexico. Waddingham's associates retained seventeen thousand four hundred and nineteen acres. The grant slipped from Waddingham's control into the grasping hands of the Eastern financier John Greenough. He despised Waddingham, and fired Slattery as a gesture of contempt for his enemy. He hired Arthur J. Tisdale who managed the Adair interests near Clarendon in the Texas Panhandle. Two million dollars notwithstanding, the United States Agricultural Society failed and the much traded grant now became the United States Cattle Raising Company for the same price. It also retained Fort Bascom as its principal place of business. The directors the first three months were Wilson Waddingham, Chandos Fulton, Charles F. Madison, Reymond Jenkins and Joseph Waddingham. On April 2, 1889, the United States Cattle Raising Company became the Bell Ranch with principal place of business in New Mexico at Las Vegas and outside of New Mexico in New York City. During 1894 it became known as the Bell Ranch Land & Irrigation Company. Waddingham still fought to retain control of the grant and he, together with Ezekiel G. Stoddard and Edward E. Bradley, incorporated the Red River Valley Company. When Tisdale died of pneumonia, he was succeeded by Charles M. O'Donel who also hailed from the Clarendon area.

Meantime settlers rapidly filled up the Texas Panhandle, Kansas, Oklahoma and the far eastern portion of New Mexico. The growth of the cattle industry mushroomed towns like Dodge, Abilene and the advance of the railroad helped create Canadian, Higgins, Raton. This step-up in all industries increased freight service and a mail line was established at Tascosa (presently occupied as Cal Farley's Boys Ranch) with regular runs to Las Vegas and a postoffice at Liberty, on the grant, a few miles northeast

of the site of Tucumcari, and scene of some of Black Jack Ketchum's exploits. Many of the rustlers operating in the Fort Bascom area worked as cowboys on the Bell Ranch. Sam Ketchum and Black Jack himself were among the best hands employed there. When the C. F. & I. wandered into the country in the hopes of connecting the new mining town of Dawson with the new town of Tucumcari, shipping pens were built a few miles south of the fenced-in ruins of Fort Bascom. In 1910 the Bell family built a line camp a quarter of a mile southeast of the old military post ruins. Three years later Lorin Anderson replaced Bell as line rider. The SANTA FE NEW MEXICAN for September 9, 1899, carried the story of Waddingham's death:

"Wilson Waddingham died in New York on June 14, 1899. His estate was over \$4,000,000. David T. Beals and C. H. I. Lewis, Kansas City bankers, were his executors. This will was executed in 1892, and provided for payment of \$10,000 annually to his widow and liberally remembered many relatives. Kansas City attorneys filed a revocation of the will, and asked for the appointment of Cassius M. Gilbert, who had been in charge of the Wilson Waddingham interests in Kansas City, as executor. The revocation was dated in 1896 and had been entrusted to Philadelphia lawyers. The revocation makes no provision whatever for distribution of the vast estate but simply revokes the will. One of Waddingham's sons-in-law is William J. Mills of Las Vegas (New Mexico), Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Mexico. It is believed he will be called into the case by the heirs. Waddingham had been married twice. He said of his relatives before he died: 'They will get the money anyhow and if the court decides the matter there will be none to bear me ill will. It will be a better way to settle the matter than I can select . . .'"

The Bell Ranch was eventually broken into six fair sized ranches. Some of the Montoya Grant was buried under the Conchas Dam. George Ellis followed Mitchell as manager of the Bell. The subsequent history to date is found in the SANTA FE NEW MEXICAN for July 10, 1947: "The sale of the 126,000 acre headquarters portion of the

historic Bell Ranch near Tucumcari to the Ellwood estate of Lubbock for over a million dollars was announced here (Lubbock) today by R. C. Hopping, sales manager for Ellwood. Purchasers are Col. R. Leland Keeney and his wife, Harriett Ellwood Keeney, of Somerville, Conn., and their two sons, John Henry Keeney and Willion Ellwood Keeney. Mrs. Keeney is the daughter of the late W. C. Ellswood who held extensive ranch properties in West Texas and eastern New Mexico. Sellers are Albert Mitchell, Ed. T. Springer of Cimarron and Harry Leonard, who bought the land from Stoddard & Day, who acquired the property in 1889 and operated through the Red River Valley Company. The contract provides for official transfer of property September 1st. The sale included all equipment, stock and Bell brand. Livestock includes 500 head of registered Hereford cattle, 2,000 head of grade Herefords and 600 head of horses. The deal involves nearly one third of the original grant established in 1824. Other tracts previously sold are 117,000 acres to Dr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Hoover of Tucumcari, and 80,000 acres to Sam Arnett, Lubbock rancher and banker.



NOTES AND COMMENT — CHAPTER ONE

Pablo Montoya's children were — Pablo, Jr., Jose Maria and Jose Albino. These were alive when the Land Claims Office was established.

The petition to Surveyor General Pelham was made on July 22, 1854.

Dead at the time Watts presented the petition were: Antonio, Francisco, Juan and Ventura.

Antonio at his death left Nestor, Teodosio, Nestora, Pabla, Juana.

Francisco at his death left Juan Jose, Ramon, Maria, Guadalupe, Juana, Adolfo.

Juan at his death left Elario.

Pablo, Jr., died on April 11, 1856. He left Julian, Antonio, Teodora, Maria, Guadalupe, Inez and Leonardo.

Don Luis Maria Cabeza de Baca had fifteen children: Jose Antonio, Juan Antonio, Jose, Domingo, Mateo, Juan

Maria, Juan Felipe, Guadalupe, Rosa, Maria Josefa, Juana Paula, Ramon, Prudencio, Luis Maria, Jose Miguel.

When the petition was filed in 1854 ten of the children were still living.

Juan Antonio had eleven children: Jose Maria, Francisco, Tomas, Encarnacion, Jose, Josefa, Guadalupe, Altagracia, Nicolas, Tomas, Trinidad.

Jose left these children: Antonio, Felipe, Jose Maria, Francisco, Fernando, Polonio.

Jose Miguel left: Diego, Quarina, Romualdo, Paulina, Martina.

Ramon left one son named Ignacio.

Matio left: Alejandro, Juan de Dios, Luis, Martin.

Guadalupe left: Ana Maria, Andres Antonio, Juana (who married a Trujillo).

Cesaria, the daughter of Juan Antonio, married a Silba. They had the following children: Francisco, Isabel, Juan Maria, Benito, Valentin, Manuel. Domingo, son of Juan Antonio, left: Isabel, David, Ulalia, Santiago, Adelaida.

Guadalupe married into the Trujillo family. Their children were: Maria, Antonio, Andres, Juana, Feliciana.

Juana Paula married into the Garcia family. Their children were: Antonio, Francisco, Ana Maria, Josefa.

Feliciana, daughter of Guadalupe Baca y Trujillo left: Josefa, Martha, Altagracia.

Feliciana married into the Lopez family.

I am grateful to (Mrs.) Dora Morgan of Tucumcari for the following:

Notes, partial, on

Pablo Montoya Grant and Baca Location No. 2, San Miguel Co., N. M.

Patent: 4-20-1877 to Heirs of Pablo Montoya 655, 468.07 acres on the Red or Canadian River, in San Miguel Co. Terr of N. M. Complete description follows of Pablo Montoya Grant. (Actual grant made 11 19 1860).

Patent: Application cert. 3-9-1961 of Baca Location No. 2 99, 289.39 acres to Heirs of Luis Maria Baca. Approved 2 5 1861 (actually approved 6 21 1860).

Deed: Baca Location No. 2 to John S. Watts, deed, 5 1 1864 description follows. 99,289.39 ac.

Lease: John S. Watts to United States, thru Brig. Genl. James H. Carleton, Military Commandant of the Department of N. M. all the land belonging to the first party within one mile east, one mile west, one mile north and one mile south of the center of the military post of Fort Bascom, on the Canadian or Red River, in San Miguel Co. N. M. for a term of 20 years. The privilege is given of using such timber and stone within the above limits as may be wanted for the Date May 4 1864.

Lease: Aug. 2 1864 — John S. Watts to U. S. thru M. C. Meigh, Qr. Mr. Gnl. 20 years. Description: between one mile east, one mile west, one mile north and one mile south of the center of the Military Post of Fort Bascom, on the Canadian or Red River in San Miguel Co. with Privilege of using such timber and stone within these limits as may be wanted for use of the fort. (1 sq. mile, or 640 acres of Baca Loc. No. 2) — information in brackets from another source.

W. Deed: Wilson Waddingham to The Consolidated Land, Cattle Raising and Wool Growing Co. 11 22 1872. Describes: 655,468.7 acres, excepting 600 acc (Pablo Montoya Grant); also, Baca Loc. No. 2 99,289.39 ac.
(Art. of Inc. 10 8 1872).

Agreement

of Sale: The Consolidated Land, Cattle Raising & Wool Growing Company to A Trustee for the United States Land and Colonization Company, Ltd. 12 15 1873. Pablo Montoya Grant (655,468.07 acres); and Baca Loc. No. 2, San Miguel Co. 99,289.39 acres. Excepting from Baca Loc. No. 2, 1 sq. mi., or 640 acres, leased to Govt. for fort, still unexpired, and also 600 acres to Pablo Montoya Grant; also right of way for railroads not exceeding 3,517.46 acres. Making aggregate sold to purchaser

750,000 acres.

The U. S. Land and Colonization Company formed in England Six months agreement re bonds — if not subscribed for, lands to be conveyed to first party.

Re: Pablo Montoya Grant and Baca Loc. No. 2 Additional inf.

Deed: Teodosio Montoya to John Watts and William H. Moore 1 14 1867 (Contract states Teodosio is the owner of the interest of 6 of the 7 heirs of Pablo Montoya, dec. 1/2 of said land belongs to John S. Watts of Santa Fe, for his services as attorney.)

** see desc below

Deed: John S. Watts and wife to John Watts, Mary A. Wardwell, wife of V. Z. Wardwell, children of the first parties.

desc contains 99,289.39 ac.

Deed: 8 28 1869 John S. Watts to William V. B. Wardwell 1/2 part of 99,289.39 ac.

Deed: William V. B. Wardwell and wife to John S. Watts 12 16 1870 99,289.39 ac.

Deed: 4 20 1867 William H. Moore to Francisco Lopez 600 ac.

** From the Rincon de la Cinta to the Trinchera, and from the Arroya del Cuervo to Mule Spring — Pablo Montoya Grant.

Deed: 12 8 1870 John S. Watts and wife to Wilson Waddingham Baca Loc. No. 2, 99,289.39 ac.; also 7/12, 291,666 ac., out of Montoya Grant.

Re: Pablo Montoya Grant and Baca Loc. No. 2, San Miguel Co. N. M.

Deed: Consolidated Land, Cattle Raising and Wool Growing Company to Wilson Waddingham 3 24 1877 Pablo Montoya Grant, San Miguel Co., 655,468.07 acres, excepting 600 acres (Lopez property). Also Baca Loc., 99,289.39 acres being same land conveyed by Wilson Waddingham to the Consolidated Land, Cattle Raising & Wool Growing Company, 11 22 1872.

Sheriff's deed: 2 14 1878 Sheriff, San Miguel Co. to Samuel Kelley, Montoya Grant.

Sheriff's deed: 2 14 1878 Sheriff, San Miguel Co. to Samuel Kelley. Montoya Grant. To satisfy lien against Wilson Waddingham.

Sheriff's deed: 2 28 1878 Sheriff, San Miguel Co. to Louis Sulzbacher. To satisfy judgment and lien, Baca Loc. No. 2.

Sheriff's deed: 2 15 1879 Sheriff, San Miguel Co. to Samuel Kelley; Montoya Grant. 655, 408.07 ac. property not redeemed.

Sheriff's deed: 2 15 1879 Sheriff, San Miguel Co. to Samuel Kelley against Wilson Waddingham, to satisfy lien, Pablo Montoya Grant, not redeemed.

Quit claim deed: Samuel Kelley and wife to Wilson Waddingham 8 25 1879 Pablo Montoya Grant 655,-468.07 acres.

Here follows carse No. 1414, Waddingham v. unknown heirs.

Desc. Pablo Montoya Grant, loc. on Red River in the present (then) county of San Miguel, extending in length from the Rincon de la Carta to the Trinchera, and in width from the Arroyo del Cuervo to the Mule Spring. Decree quiets except 800 acres, F. Lopez, and 6,714 acres to James T. Johnson and Thomas L. Johnson. Defendants excepted Esmerajilda Sanchez, Abelina Miera de Sanchez and Paula Montoya.

W. Deed: 6 4 1884 Wilson Waddingham and wife to The Fort Bascom Cattle Raising Company. San Miguel Co. 51, 289.39 ac. — being all that portion of the Baca Loc. No. 2 outside of the exterior lines of Pablo Montoya Grant.

Agreement: 12 7 1887 Thomas L. Johnson to Wilson Waddingham will give w. d. land on Canadian or Red River about 12 mi. above Fort Bascom; was 6,417 ac. on both sides of Canadian River in Montoya Grant. A sole part - this deed conveys 5,050 ac

W. Deed: 12 27 1887 Thomas L. Johnson and wife to Wilson Waddingham. All their int.

Art. of Inc. The United States Agricultural Society 6 18 1881. Principal place of business Fort Bascom, San Miguel Co.

Deed: Wilson Waddingham and wife to United States Agricultural Society, a corporation 1 12 1881. Pablo Montoya Grant 655,468.07 ac., **excepting** 17,419 ac. owned by assignees of Waddingham.

Re: Pablo Montoya Grant and Baca Loc. No. 2, San Miguel Co.

Cert. of Inc. 9 9 1882 The United States Cattle Raising Company Principal place of business: Fort Bascom, San Miguel Co. Directors for first 3 months: Wilson Waddingham, Chandos Fulton, Charles F. Madison, Reymond Jenkins and Josph Waddingham.

Deed: 9 23 1882 United States Agricultural Society to United States Cattle Raising Company. Cons 2 million dollars. Pablo Montoya Grant, San Miguel Co.

Being on the Red River and in rectangular shape and extending in length from the Rincon de la Cinta to the Trinchera and in width from the Arroyo del Cuervo to the Mule Spring and containing 655,468.07 ac. **excepting** and reserving unto Wilson Waddingham and his certain assignees, 17,419 ac. from this tract herein described, the said tract herein conveyed by Wilson Waddingham and wife to the United States Agricultural Society 11 12 1881.

Deed: 4 3 1888 The United States Cattle Company, a corporation, to Robert Waddingham. undivided 43/-160 part (29,625 $\frac{1}{4}$) in and to a rectangular piece of land — a lengthy desc. — can't tell location. Contains 110,233.44 ac. Gives Townships and ranges.

Deed: 6 28 1889 Robert Wadding to William J. Mills, trustee above land.

Deed: 4 3 1888 The United States Cattle Raising Company to Emma Waddingham und. 43/160 part, or 29,625 $\frac{1}{4}$ ac.

Deed: 6 8 1889 Emma Waddingham and Wilson Wadding-

- ham, husband to William J. Mills, Trustee, 43/160 part, 29,625¼ ac.
- Deed: 4 3 1888 The United States Cattle Raising Company to Mary Goodrich. und. 37/160 25,491½ ac. (desc. U. S. Cattle Raising Co. to Eliza A. Brush, 4 3 1888 - see)
- Deed: 4 3 1888 The United States Cattle Raising Co. to Eliza A. Brush. 37/160; 25,491½ ac. (whole contains 110,233.4 ac.)
- Iease: 4 4 1888 Mary Goodrich, Eliza A. Brush and husband, Mrs. Emma Waddingham and husband, and Robert Waddingham to Goodrich Cattle Raising Co. Same desc. as Brush deed.
- Deed: 1 22 1891 Eliza A. Brush and husband and Mary Goodrich to George S. Bixby: und. 74/160 part (40,983 ac.) Total acreage 110,233.4 ac.
- Deed: William J. Mills, Trustee, and George S. Bixby to Samuel J. Drake 1 22 1891. und. 86/160 part (59-250½ ac.)
 Brunswick to W. J. Mills, trustee, land
 Brunswick to W. J. Mills, trustee, land
 also, Brunswick to Mills land
 also, Brunswick to Mills land
 also, Brunswick to Mills land and other pieces, same parties.
- Deed: 1 22 1891 George S. Bixby to Samuel J. Drake und. 74/160 (50,898 ac.)
- Deed: 1 22 1891 George S. Bixby to Samuel J. Drake und. 74/160 (50,983 ac.)
- Deed: Samuel J. Drake and wife to Willard Brown and Charles W. Wells 4 23 1894 und. 86/160 (59-250½ ac.)
- Deed: Same parties as above; und. 74/160 (50,983 ac.) 4 23 1894.
- Deed: 5 16 1890 Wilson Waddingham to William J. Mills part of Pablo Montoya Grant, 8,600 ac.
- Cert. of change of name.** 4 2 1889 The United States Cattle Raising Company changed to **Bell Ranch Company.**

Trust deed follows, dated 9 2 1889, Bell Ranch Company to Illinois Trust & Savings Bank states Bell Ranch Company is seized of the Pablo Montoya Grant in San Miguel Co. (The Valverde Land and Irrigation Company had Admendaris Land Grants in Socorro and Sierra Counties. Entire stock of both corporations owned by the same parties; both corporations desire constructing irrigation systems; will borrow 2 million dollars. Wilson Waddingham was President of the Bell Ranch Company. * States Montoya Land Grant in San Miguel County contains 655,468.07 acres. * Charles T. Gilbert, Secretary. (This mtg. is released.)

A mtg dated 9 15 1890, Bell Ranch & Irrg. Co to The State Trust Co. (65,468.07)

Pablo Montoya Grant exc northern portion thereof of AC containing 110,233.4 ac.

(86/100 W. J. Mills, trustee

79/160 Mary Goodrich and

Eliza A. Brush mtg of 2,250,000.

In Assign of mtg, the parties are: John Greenough, Wilson Waddingham and James Brown Botter as committee of **liquidation and re-organization of N. M. Land and Irrg. Co.** to Central Trust Co. of N. Y. 3 26 1894

Louis Sulzbacher and wife to John Greenough, QCD 9 13 1890 all their int. in Pablo Montoya Grant (Yetta Kohn land)

James T. Johnson and wife deed, 3 29 1879, to Miteria Carpenter. Part of Johnson purchase.

Frank Carpenter and wife deed to Thomas S. Bugbee 2 21 118 above.

Thomas S. Bugbee and wife to Cassius M. Gilbert. Johnson purchase land.

John Greenough and Carolina H. Greenough his wife to Bell Ranch Land and Irrigation Company 5 4 1894 (Deed)

und 74/160 part (50,983 acres)

Greenough to Bell Ranch Land and Irrigation Company,

- Recorded Book 49, p 249 deed records. Tract contains 110,233.44 acres.
- Also, und 8*/160 part, 59,250½ ac. Tract contains 110,233.44 acres.
- Also, Hilario Gonzales tract. Deed records 7-139 exc 2 items.
- Also, Thomas L. Johnson to Waddingham land, 5,050 acres (his share).
- Also, land Lawrence P. Browne and wife to Wilson Waddingham, 1/14 part of a tract.
- Also, M. Brunswick, assignee of Romero, to Wilson Waddingham, 1/6th int. in Pablo Montoya Grant.
- Also, Romero to Waddingham, 1/6th und int in Grant.
- Also, Romero to Wilson Waddingham, 16th und int in Grant.
- Also, Delgado to Wilson Waddingham, 1/6th und int in Grant.
- Cassius M. Gilbert and wife to John Greenough, QCD, 6 19 1894. Their int in Grant.
- WD: Willard Brown and Stella Drake Brown, Wife and Charles W. Wells and wife to John Greenough. 4 3 1894. Lengthy desc.
- QCD: 6 9 1894 W. J. Mills and wife to John Greenough all their int in Grant.
- NEXT, follows QCD deeds to Bell Ranch and Irrigation Company. Some deeds cover Pablo Montoya Grant and Baca Loc. No. 2.
- Certiifcate of appointment 10 25 1897
- Cert. states that the principal place of business in N. M. of the Bell Ranch Land & Irrigation Company is Las Vegas, San Miguel Co., that Mr. Arthur J. Tesdall is their duly authorized agent; that the principal place of business outside Terr. of N. M. is New York City.
- Signed by Geo. R. Davidson, Pres., and S. M. Butler, Secy.
- QCD: 1 12 1896 P. W. Bouldier and James E. Bouldier, only heirs of David W. Bouldier, deceased, to William P. Hardeman and Mary E. Hardeman, wife Baca

Loc. No. 2 99,289.39 acres.

Art. of Inc. The Red River Valley Company 5 24 1898

Incorporators: Ezekiel G. Stoddard, Edward E. Bradley and Wilson Waddingham. Cap stock 1,-250,000. (In trust deed, desc. is Pablo Montoya Grant and Baca Loc. No. 2, San Miguel Co.)

Deed: 7 27 1898. Wilson Waddingham to The Red River Valley Company states that on final survey of Pablo Montoya Grant it was found that Baca Loc. 2 overlapped the Grant by 48,000 acres.

Warranty Deed 6 30 1889 Bell Ranch Land and Irrigation Company to Red River Valley Company. Pablo Montoya Grant, Private Land Claim No. 41, in San Miguel Co. The interest conveyed being the same tract of land calling for 8,819 acres conveyed in 1898 by Wilson Waddingham to American Bank Note Co.

WD: Bell Ranch Land and Irrigation Co. to Red River Valley Co. Pablo Montoya Grant 6 30 1889.

WD: Bell Ranch Land and Irrigation Company to Red River Valley Company 7 18 1899. (Desc. of 9 pieces of land — Greenough to Bell Ranch Land and Irrigating Co. 5 4 1894).

WD: Fort Bascom Cattle Raising Company to Red River Valley Company 7 20 1889. 51,283.39 acres.

WD: John Greenough and wife to The Red River Valley Company 8 24 1889. Interest in Lopez land.

QCD: Louis Sulzbacher and wife to The Red River Valley Co. 6 18 1900. Baca Loc. No. 2 and Pablo Montoya Grant.

Decree: 3 21 1903. The Dawson Railway Company vs. The Red River Valley Co. et al re railway right of way — favor of pltf.

United States of America to Heirs of Luis Maria Baca Certified copy of application certificates dated 3 9 1961 Relating to Location No. 2 of the private claim confirmed to the heirs of Luis Maria Baca. 99,289.39 acres

CHAPTER TWO

POST ON THE CANADIAN

August 13, 1863, excitement ran high at Fort Union. Troops lined the parade ground. The names of one hundred and twelve men of the U.S. 7th Infantry, New Mexico Volunteers, California Volunteers were called to follow the standard of Captain Peter William Livingston Plympton, a soldier of some experience whose mission now was to establish a new post as a barrier to the Comanche-Kiowa inroads on the settlements. Amid tears and cheers and the noise of the rumbling wagons, the troops advanced southeast to a spot twelve miles north of the site of Tucumcari on the Canadian, known to some as the Red River. Authors vary as to whether the captain located on the north or the south side of the Canadian. Some say they took pictures as late as 1914 and the ruins definitely showed that the post was on the south side. The Whipple Trail was along the south side, and most of the comancheros used the south shore but since Plympton was moving down from Fort Union he would have had to ford the river if he located on the south bank. Which-ever side, the fact remains that it was on the Canadian in the New Mexico plains area. Some officials referred to it as on the north bank but James M. Foster, Jr., in his M.A. Thesis entitled FORT BASCOM, NEW MEXICO, says they are in error. Official records refer to it merely as being on the right (which is the south) side of the Canadian. So, Company F of the 7th U.S. Infantry, Company I of the New Mexico Volunteers, some men who marched with Carleton from California, freighters, a few laundresses, blacksmiths, foragers, medical men felt so small and alone in what they considered a desolate spot. Many of the men were experienced adobe makers and set to work with a

will, but Plympton remained only long enough to start the groundwork when he was recalled to Santa Fe for other duties. The march had taken two days out of Fort Union, during the hottest season of the year. The men preferred tents to the burning sun but they worked on unhindered by Indians who observed the work from afar. Ten days later the RIO ABAJO WEEKLY PRESS, ever on the alert for something to give its readers, announced that "The new post is named in honor of Captain George N. Bascom." From experience in the Albuquerque area, the editor hoped that the town that would mushroom just beyond the military limits, also be called Bascom. He was disappointed to learn that the soldiers preferred to call it Liberty. If the editor had his way, every town in New Mexico would honor a man who gave his life for his country. Cochise might have thought differently wherever the name Bascom was involved. The Apache chief looked upon him as anything but a hero. He had reason to remember him to the date of his death. Plympton had been stationed in many forts throughout the West despite his tender years, and had a fairly good idea of what was needed here if the Indians were to be held in check. It was well planned, neatly laid out even if not as solidly constructed as Fort Union or Fort Sumner. The buildings trimmed the parade ground very much like business houses around a town plaza. The parade ground itself was divided into four rectangular sections running north and south. In the center, as if rising out of the ground of its own accord, was the flag pole. The lone building to the south, living proof of the expression "solitary confinement," was the fort prison. Stables, outhouses, slaughter bins, stock yards and corrals were to the north. The outer buildings on the east side of the parade ground were the mess halls, hospital, laundry and quarters for the laundress and servants of the officers. The inner group of buildings directly off the parade ground were the barracks.

"The officers quarters, five in number and located on the northwest side of the garrison, were constructed of sandstone (and very poorly constructed at that) and roofed with poles and earth. Each set of officers quarters was di-

vided by a wide, covered passageway, leaving two rooms on each side. The rooms were small, fifteen by nine feet, and very inconvenient. Roofs leaked badly, rendering the quarters very uncomfortable during wet weather. Only one set of quarters was wholly completed. All other buildings of the fort were constructed of stone. They also had leaky dirt roofs and harden earthen floors, and were most uncomfortable when it rained. The soldiers barracks, situated on the southeast side of the garrison, were divided into four rooms, one hundred by twenty by thirteen feet with three large fireplaces in each room. Other buildings of the post were the quartermaster's storehouse, commissary's storehouse, mess hall, hospital, guardhouse, cavalry stable, cavalry corral and quartermaster's corral. The whole was enclosed with an adobe wall . . . " (Anderson — INDIAN COUNTRY OUTPOST — New Mexico Magazine, March 1956).

Moore, never one to make light of a business opportunity, was post sutler for a time, but gave it up to concentrate on Fort Union and other garrisons closer to the Rio Grande. The post traders later were Hopkins and Stapp who stocked their goods in a building outside the walled post, north and west of the corrals and officers quarters. Hopkins was killed by Kiowas and his wife scalped. Stapp eventually moved to Las Vegas where his children worked hard for the recognition of the Fort Union National Monument.

Plympton selected the spot because it had three essentials to a well ordered army post — water, grass and timber. The undulated prairie had the protection of numerous mesas. Westward was the Mesa Rica. South and east the llano, lomas and barrancas or rock-laden cedar brakes played hop-scotch. Arroyo secos, hidden by the tall grama grass, often made riding hazardous if not really dangerous. The comancheros and Comanches knew these cuts in the earth, the soldiers were still to learn them. Captain E. H. Bergman succeeded Plympton as commandant. No sooner in office than he was out on a twenty-day scout in the direction of the Mesa Rica where recalcitrant Navajos were re-

ported in hiding as a protest against conditions at Bosque Redondo. They made raids on Trujillo, Anton Chico, killed eleven inhabitants at Questa (Villanueva) and ran off stock. Since the responsibility belonged more to the soldiers at Fort Sumner who had charge of the Bosque Redondo reservation, Carleton ordered Captain Emil Fritz to move against the escapees and cut off any possible flight to the south; Captain Cremony was to head them off from the north. If the Indians offered resistance they were to be killed. Cremony came in sight of the fugitives but for some reason (some say the horses were too worn out to pursue and that the rations gave out) he returned to Fort Sumner without offering to attack. This so disturbed Carleton that he passed some uncomplimentary remarks causing a rift between himself and the captain. They were never on friendly terms after that. Carleton remains unforgiven in Cremony's book on the Apaches. Fritz fared no better. When Cremony accompanied Indian Agent Labadie on his next scout after Indians, Carleton wrote to Major Wallen at Fort Sumner: "It is hoped that Captain Cremony will march with more judgment and will report some good results." Bergmann returned as empty handed as Cremony and Fritz.

Captain Bergmann seemed more concerned over the ghost-like comancheros who appeared and disappeared at will on their way to and from the Palo Duro country. He suspected them of selling ammunition to the Indians and of giving reports of the movements of troops. Despite his restrictions they managed to trade guns, ammunition, flour, ear-rings, Navajo captive children, bear skins, sheep skins, turkey feathers, eagle feathers, sheep skins, whisky, hides, buttons, thread, needles, cloth, flax and hemp along the Canadian and Comancheria land. Bergmann detained many at the post because he said the guns and ammunition sold to the Indians were used in turn by them to harass the caravans coming in from the States. Comancheros protested these tactics, claiming that they were civilians not subject to military restrictions. They went to Fort Sumner and appealed to the Indian Agent there for help. He promptly issued passes. Infuriated, Bergmann wrote to Carleton ask-

ing if the Agent had the power to countermand his orders. Carleton replied that he was to relieve the comancheros of their passes because they were trading with Comanches, enemies of the United States. The Indians retaliated by uniting with the Kiowas in terrorizing caravans moving along the Cimarron route of the Santa Fe Trail. No caravan could come through safely unless under the protection of California Volunteers and New Mexico Volunteers commanded by officers of the Regular Army. Carleton appealed to his friend, Kit Carson, to cease issuing passes to the comancheros as well as to the Navajos and Mescaleros who ought permission to hunt buffalo on the plains. Writing to Carson at Fort Sumner, on August 15, 1864, he said:

"Please give no more passes to Indians living on the reservation until further orders. There are now many Indian troubles and the people will be alarmed even at seeing friendly Indians from the reservation. The Comanches have, within a few days, killed five Americans at Lower Cimarron Springs and run off cattle from a train of five wagons belonging to Mr. Allison of this (Santa Fe) city. You will therefore have no word sent to them to come to make a treaty with Navajos. Will two hundred Apaches and Navajos go with troops to fight Comanches in case of serious troubles with the latter Indians?"

Before Carson was able to answer the letter he was transferred to the Cimarron country, where lived his friend of many years standing, Lucien Bonaparte Maxwell, who had trapped with him in their younger days and had accompanied Fremont over the Rockies. Carson was not a lettered man. He did little reading and less writing but was fortunate enough to surround himself with friends capable and able in the arts. It was Fremont who first gave Carson to the world. Carleton continued to be impressed by him. Carleton wrote to Bristol at Fort Sumner:

"Enclosed herewith please find a copy of a letter to Captain E. H. Bergmann, 1st. N. M. Cav., commanding Fort Bascom. Should the commanding officer of that post require help from you — a contingency contemplated in that letter — send to him as much as you can spare. Would it

not be well to send one hundred or more picked Apaches and Navajos to help whip the Comanches, their hereditary enemies? . . . ”

Meantime Bergmann was remanded to Fort Union for supplies, from which post he was to continue on to Cimarron Crossing to protect in-coming freight from possible Comanche attack. Captain Deus, in command during Bergmann's absence, was charged with the direction of completing the still unfinished post. Adjutant Ben Cutler wrote to Bergmann, August 22, 1864: "The general commanding the Department directs that you take fifty rank and file and one officer, have them well mounted, and march without delay to Fort Union. Leave careful instructions with Captain Deus about continuing the building of your post. You will leave behind the mechanics and men who will be most essential to that purpose. You will caution Captain Deus about having a lookout party down the river to let him know whether any demonstration is about to be made against him by any large parties of Comanches, and if so, to send word to Fort Sumner in case these demonstrations are of an unmistakably hostile character so as to get help from that post. The Comanches, Kiowas and Cheyennes are attacking trains between the Cimarron and the frontier of Missouri, and some men have been killed by them on the Cimarron. You will have thirty infantry added to your force at Fort Union and remain in or near the Upper Cimarron Spring, Cold Spring, or Cedar Bluffs, according to how you find the best grazing. Each of the three points is a favorite place where the Indians lie in wait to attack passing trains, and the purpose for which you are sent is to see that these trains are properly guarded until those points are properly passed. With the thirty infantry you can have your camp secure while you are making scouts, and are escorting with your cavalry. Major Joseph Updegraff, U. S. Army, with fifty infantry and fifty cavalry, will be at or near the Lower Cimarron Spring. Should he need assistance from your party, he will send to you for it. If you need assistance from his, send to him. The general commanding thinks that you had better take your guide, Mr. De Lisle,

with you as he knows all the country around the upper Cimarron, and is familiar with all the Indians who frequent that part of the country."

Further instructions to Major Updegraff at Fort Marcy in Santa Fe asked him to exercise the greatest care in protecting the livestock from the marauding Kiowas and Comanches. These tribesmen were notorious horse thieves. Every precaution must be taken in guarding the remuda each night. He was asked to round up the animals at nightfall, tie them to a picket line and place a heavy guard over them. Soldiers were to occupy their hours during the day in cutting the fine gramma grass which was to be hauled into the camp on the Arkansas and fed to the horses at night. Carleton felt that the Indians would be less apt to disturb feeding horses than sleeping horses. The latter condition was less of a risk than the former. Carleton, who never tired of holding a pen, wrote to Colonel Carson at Taos, September 18, 1864:

"I have received through Brig. General Crocker, V. S. Vols., a message from Lucien B. Maxwell that some two hundred or more Ute Indians, now near Maxwell's place on the Little Cimarron, are willing and anxious to go out on the plains and attack the Kiowas and other Indians now depredating our trains and killing our people who are enroute to and from the States and New Mexico, provided that they — the Utes — can be furnished with some rations, ammuniton, perhaps a blanket apiece, and provided that they have whatever stock or other property they may be able to capture from the hostile Indians alluded to. I desire that you proceed without delay to Mr. Maxwell's, and if a strong party of these Utes, say two hundred, are willing to go on the service above alluded to, under your direction and command, I wish them to do so on the terms above indicated, except that if they capture from the Indians of the plains any stock belonging to the U. S. or to the citizens, such stock shall be restored to the rightful owners on the owners paying to said Utes a fair sum per head. This sum must be agreed upon between yourself and the said Utes before they start upon the expedition. All stock

belonging to the hostile Indians themselves, and not captured from the U. S. troops or trains, or from citizens, the Utes shall receive as their own in case they can capture the animals from the hostile Indians. It is important to have these Utes start at once in case they go at all, and I desire that you should lead them. There are fifty cavalry and thirty infantry at or near Cold Spring under Captain Bergman, and fifty cavalry and fifty infantry at the Lower Cimarron Spring under Major Updegraff, and a like force at the crossing of the Arkansas, under Captain Davis; there is also a company of infantry on the road near Gray's ranch. Any one of these parties will co-operate with you on showing this authority to its commander. In case the Utes will go, you will proceed to Fort Union and report to me the number and the length of time for which they should draw subsistence, etc. It is important that there be no unnecessary delay in this matter. It is believed that a demonstration of this kind, made at this time, will be productive of good results. The main object is to have the Utes commit themselves in hostility to the Indians of the plains, that there may be less chance for them to join in any league which the latter Indians may attempt to make for a general war by all the Indians between the mountains and the Missouri, upon the whites. Your knowledge of the haunts of the Indians of the plains, and the great confidence the Ute Indians have in you as a friend and as a leader point to yourself as the most fitting person to organize, direct, and bring this enterprise to a successful issue . . . "

Meantime the Comanches, learning from comancheros that Carleton was inaugurating an all-out campaign against them, sent in some lesser chieftains to parley with Captain Bergmann at Fort Bascom. Bergmann offered the Indians the hospitality of the post while he sent dispatches to Carleton and sought his advice in the matter. Captain Cyrus H. de Forrest, answering in the absence of Carleton, cautioned Bergmann: "The Kiowas and Comanches who come to your post under a flag of truce have attacked our trains, killed our people, run off our stock. We believe their hearts are bad; they talk with a forked tongue. We put no confi-

dence in what they say. They must go away as we regard them not as friends. They need not come in with any more white flags until they are willing to give up all the stock they have stolen this year from our people, and also the men among them who have killed our people without provocation or cause . . . They are not to visit the Navajos on the reservation nor are they permitted to make a treaty with the Navajos until the injuries done us have been atoned for to our satisfaction. These Indians came in only to spy out our strength and have a force nearby to swoop off the stock as was done at Fort Larned. Enclosed is a letter to Col. Chavez ordering him to proceed and take command of Fort Bascom (i. e. during Bergmann's absence) . . ."

"To Lt. Col. J. Francisco Chavez: The commanding general directs that you at once proceed to, and take command of, the post at Fort Bascom, New Mexico." Politically minded Chavez was in Santa Fe at the time and voiced his objection. He told Carleton that while he had no objection to the position, he felt it would hinder his campaign for the office of Delegate to New Mexico, then in full swing. DeForrest forwarded his reasons to Taos. On October 1, 1864, Carleton, still in Taos, wrote: "The order for you to go to Fort Bascom was intended to keep you there until Captain Bergmann's return, as I wanted to avail myself of your prudence and experience with reference to Indians during the present proximity of Kiowas and Comanches to that post. I do not wish any of those Indians to play tricks on us as they did at Fort Larned. Captain Deus is a very good man but not experienced with Indians. I will send down Col. Abreu to whom you will turn over your instructions." James Carleton. The general then wrote to Abreu: "I desire you to proceed without delay to assume command of Fort Bascom. You can have as escort one sergeant; two corporals; fifteen men of Captain Johnson's California cavalry. These men will remain with you at Fort Bascom until further orders."

Carleton also wrote to Kit Carson "at Maxwell's on the Cimarron" — October 14, 1864: "I have received your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the Utes and Apaches.

You will issue to the men of those tribes who will be sure to go, one and a quarter pound of beef and one pound of breadstuffs per man, each day, and the necessary amount of salt. You will send to Fort Union for the salt and get the meat and breadstuffs from Mr. Maxwell. The amount of issues must not exceed the number of your party. Send me an exact list of the number who will be sure to go. As soon as I get off the Arizona mail and make arrangements for Thompson's company and a train of supplies which are to go to Fort Whipple, I will commence the organization of your party. General Crocker writes that some of the Apaches (Mescaleros) from the Bosque will go. They are the best fighting Indians we have. It is possible you may not be able to get off quite so soon as we talked, as I may have to wait for Bergmann to come back. The guns, ammunition, the blankets and shirts will be sent to you. At Taos we agreed on two hundred men and one hundred Indians as the strength of the party. You now say three hundred men. These I will try to raise, but the Apaches from Fort Sumner will have to be included . . . "

Fearful that in chasing the Kiowas and Comanches out of New Mexico he would leave them loose to ravage along the Cimarron cut-off and the plains of Kansas, Carleton entreated General Curtis in Kansas to come to the rescue. Directing Carleton's letter to Major General James Blunt, U. S. Vols., Curtis asked him to move down from Fort Larned to hem in the Indians moving east from Fort Bascom. The comancheros, who played both ends against the middle, informed Carleton of the movements of the Indians. Ever ready with the pen, the general passed on the information to Blunt: "This is to inform you that a report has reached me, coming through (New) Mexicans, that the Kiowas and Comanches are now encamped on a creek called Palo Duro, some two hundred miles in the northeasterly direction from the mouth of Utah creek on the Canadian or Colorado river, east of Fort Union, New Mexico. This would make them about, say, two hundred miles south of Fort Larned, or southwardly from the post. I shall, within ten days, send a force of three hundred volunteer troops —

two hundred mounted and one hundred on foot — with two mountain howitzers, and, say, one hundred Ute and (Jicarilla) Apache Indians — i. e. four hundred in all, under Col. Christopher Carson, to attack the Kiowas and Comanches. This force will move down the Colorado to within fifteen miles of the Ute creek and there doubtless take a road running northeast toward the States, which raid is said to come into the Arkansas from the southwest near the mouth of Walnut creek . . . ”

To Kit Carson he wrote: “As you see, I have given you more men than you asked for, because it is my desire that you give these Indians, especially the Kiowas, a severe drubbing. You know what atrocities they have committed. You know how to punish them. I need not repeat to you the orders given to all commanders whom I have sent out to fight the Indians, that women and children will not be killed, only men who bear arms. Of course, I know that in attacking a village women and children are liable to be killed, and this cannot, in the rush and confusion of a fight, particularly at night, be avoided; but let none be killed willfully and wantonly. We make war upon men who have murdered and robbed our people. I have written to General Crocker that if thirty of the Mescalero Indians wish to go under Cadette, they can come to Fort Bascom with Captain Emil Fritz and join you there. In this case the general will give them a blanket and shirt apiece and arm them. They complain that their horses are poor. They will be told that they can get better ones from the Kiowas. You had better come at once to Fort Union and see everything started to suit yourself, and then return to Maxwell’s and go on with the Utes. Remember to take everything from Union which you will require for packing, as at Fort Bascom you will find little or nothing belonging to the post for that purpose. Should you get among the buffalos, you can stay out, if necessary, for a much longer period than you otherwise could. Be sure to take some spades and axes so as to form an entrenched camp for wounded men and supplies if necessary . . . ”

Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Matthew Steck, took

a dim view of these preparations. He asked Carleton to call the whole thing off or at least postpone preparations until it could be definitely proven that the Kiowas and Comanches were definitely proven to be the culprits guilty of punishment. He was fairly convinced that the brutalities reported to the general were not perpetrated by these Indians. The general resented Steck's attitude and sent him a nice long letter telling him why it was the Comanches and Kiowas thus offering an apology for the campaign against them:

"The information upon which your letter is based differs from that which has reached me from other channels, in regard to the complicity of the Comanches in the late robberies and murders on the plains. I am advised that these troubles first commenced when the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and, in the attempt to conciliate those tribes, Col. Bent and Indian Agent Colley, acting on the part of the government, issued to those Indians liberal supplies of stores. This excited the jealousy of the Comanches and Kiowas, who alleged that they did not understand why they, who had remained quiet, should be excluded from the bounty of the government, while those who had been murdering and robbing should be thus favored; and, as no attempt was made to remove this cause of complaint, they, too, commenced repredating, and I was not aware, until the receipt of your letter, that any doubt existed as to the guilt of the Comanches, equally with the Kiowas. It is certainly understood that the interruption to our line of travel to the States is owing to the hostility of the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Comanches and Kiowas. The attack upon the trains at Walnut creek, and the murder of our countrymen was known to be by the Comanches and Kiowas. The horses taken from the mounted company on the long route between Forts Larned and Lyon were taken by the Comanches and Kiowas. The mules taken from Mr. Bryant's train near Fort Larned were, beyond a doubt, run off by the same Indians, who, it is alleged, crawled through a (New) Mexican train and up to Bryant's train before they gave the yell which stampeded the mules. These mules oth-

er Comanches and Kiowas mounted, were ready to take charge as soon as they broke from the wagons. So it was said. The taking of oxen at Pawnee Fork, where there were several men killed, is well known to have been by Comanches and Kiowas. The large number of mules taken from Don Ambrosio Armijo's train, this side of the upper crossing of the Cimarron, were taken by Comanches and Kiowas, for they were recognized as such by the teamsters in charge of the train. The outrage upon Mr. Allison's train, at the lower Cimarron Spring, was, as I have been informed by the eyewitnesses, committed by the Comanches. The (New) Mexicans with the train witnessed the whole transaction, and saw the five Americans taken out from among them and shot down in cold blood. The bodies of the sufferers were afterward buried by Captain Nicholas S. Davis, 1st. Inf. N. M. Vols., whom I sent to the crossing by the Arkansas to render what assistance he could, when these Americans were so brutally murdered and scalped. The (New) Mexicans, their companions, were furnished by the Comanches with the means to return unharmed to the settlements. All the stock taken by the Indians at the points named along the Arkansas river was driven southward directly into the Comanche country, where, it was understood, those Indians have a large depot of stolen stock — cattle, horses, mules. The expedition now on the plains under the command of General Blunt is for the purpose of making war upon the Comanches and the Kiowas. For this purpose, it is understood that the expedition moved into the country of those Indians. There can hardly be a doubt, that while the Comanches were thus robbing murdering at the points named, other parties of Comanches were depredating on the frontier settlements of Texas, and have brought herds of cattle away from that State, as well as out of our northeastern portion of (New) Mexico; but these latter raids of these Bedouins of our plains do not prove the former not to have been made. The discrimination which the Comanches have frequently made in favor of the people, natives of this Territory, and against Anglo-Americans cannot be regarded in any other light than as an insult

to the government and to our people, and I suppose there will be no doubt what it becomes my duty to do in reference to it. It seems to me that this favor shown to (New) Mexicans lessens the weight of the information which you have received. The (New) Mexicans, finding themselves thus favored, of course feel inclined to favor the Indians in return; and the (New) Mexicans would doubtless be further induced to this course from a desire to continue the trade which is carried on with these Indians by the very men from whom you get your information. I also feel myself compelled to differ with you in regard to the past conduct of the Comanches on our eastern frontier. I cannot venture for information upon this subject as far back as eighty years, but I am advised that in the year 1856 the Comanches, in connection with a few Kiowas, made a raid through the settlements in the direction of the Navajo country, and it is said that on their return from the Rio Grande they robbed houses, violated women, and killed the stock of the citizens. After they had collected various small lots of mules and horses they finally drove off from near Las Vegas fifty odd mules, the property of our present Governor Connelley. I cannot enumerate all the robberies and outrages which they committed from time to time through 1851 and 1856, during my first sojourn in New Mexico, particularly about Chaparito and on the Pecos. I myself was sent in pursuit of them on one occasion. Then three Mexican boy captives got away from them, and these General Garland sent home to their friends in Mexico. I am informed that in 1860 they drove off one hundred odd head from Mr. Giddings and killed a number of his fine sheep which, at great cost, he had brought from the States. About this time, too, they attacked the grazing camp of Messers Moore and Rees on the Pecos, killed one man, and destroyed and ran off the horses and cattle from that camp. In the very early part of 1861 they drove off four hundred and fifty head of cattle belonging to the U. S. To these robberies may be added a large list mentioned in a letter from Mr. Levi J. Keithly which was published about the same time. In May, 1861, Col. Collins, the Superintendent of In-

dian Affairs, in company with Captain Wainwright of the Army, met the Comanches at Alamogordo when several chiefs were present, among them Esaquin and Pluma de Aguilar, who are known to be the principal chiefs of the band of Apaches which occupies the country along the Canadian. Stipulations of peace were agreed upon by those chiefs and they promised not to return to the settlements again unless permitted to do so by the authorities of the government. This agreement, however, was violated within a few days after the council; the Indians returned to the settlements, and, after being warned off by Captain Duncan, U. S. Army, were attacked by him, and one of their number was killed and several wounded. Since then I have not heard of their committing any depredations upon the settlements of New Mexico. But if you contemplate the record of their atrocities upon our people of the plains this year, and count among those atrocities the going up to unoffending citizens and then coolly shooting them down, the scalping of two innocent boys yet living and now in the hospital at Fort Larned, the killing and mutilating of the bodies of the five Americans with Allison's train, I think that you can hardly fail to see that I should be derelict in my duty if I should refrain from making at least an attempt to avenge our slaughtered citizens. For all these reasons I have sent Col. Carson into the field with as many men as could be spared to make such an attempt, and it is not proposed to embarrass him with such instructions as you have done me the honor to suggest. If, however, you are satisfied that any portion of the Comanche tribe have not participated in the late outrages, and who seriously desire peace, and will send a reliable agent with Col. Carson to designate that portion, he will be charged to make the discrimination, unless he have information which may lead him to believe that such agent is mistaken . . . I assure you that it has been with reluctance that I sent these troops into the field to make war. I cannot see what else there is left for us to do unless it be to hear all these outrages uncomplainingly, and as soon as spring opens witness their recurrence with increased barbarity, for these Indians

would attribute our refraining to strike to our fears, and then kill and rob our people with impunity."

Moving troops against the Comanches from various points in Texas, Kansas and New Mexico did not originate with Carleton. In December of the year 1859, following a raid on San Miguel del Bado, Anton Chico, Questa, San Geronimo, Tecolote, Las Vegas and adjacent areas, Commissioner A. B. Greenwood wrote to Jacob Thompson that three columns should be organized to move against the Plains Indians. The citizens of Las Vegas held an indignation meeting and the aroused, irate citizens called in volunteers from Mora, La Cueva, Buena Vista, Chaperito, Golin-drinas, Lucero, Rociada, Terramote, Coyote and Alamitos in pursuit of the marauders because they accused the army of acting too slowly on their behalf. The Comanches got away.

Captain Bergmann left Fort Bascom on August 29, 1864, taking the route to Fort Union where he hoped to replenish his supplies. He took with him Lt. M. Cronin, Cav. N. M. Vols., and fifty men belonging to Companies T and M. He made his report to Carleton on September 1st: "Here, a force of thirty men belonging to B Company, 1st. N. M. Vols. Infantry, under the command of 2nd Lt. C. Martinez, was added to my command and through the kind and prompt assistance of Captains Enos and Shoemaker I was enabled to leave that place for my destination the next day. Finding no grazing in those points named in your letter (Cedar Bluffs, Cold Springs, Cimarron Springs) I was compelled to establish my camp at the Cimarron creek about three miles north from the upper Cimarron Springs. Here I found excellent grazing and from the adjoining high points my pickets were enabled to overlook the country for many miles. For several days I remained at this camp, recruiting my animals and making the necessary arrangements for a scout, having at the same time pickets on the lookout. On September 23, I moved camp about a mile below and placed Lt. Martinez, who was to remain in charge of the camp, in a secure position, and left with the mounted men north of the Cimarron road. Having marched down

as far as the Escuvititas and having examined that part of the country for signs of Indians, I returned to Fort Bascom by the Rabbit Ear Mountain route . . . ”

Carleton sought to interest the soldiers in the various minerals along the route. He was inclined to believe that if the soldiers — especially those from California and Colorado who remained for the duration — were aware of potential riches in New Mexic they might re-enlist and eventually settle in New Mexico. The five things the soldiers must always look for were gold, silver, grass, water and salt. Again Capt. Bergmann wrote from Fort Bascom: “Not having been able on account of the high water to follow my wagons to the Salt Springs as reported in my letter of May 20 last, I took occasion to visit that place when returning from the scout last month. This lake is somewhat over seventy miles due east from here, situated on the north side of the Canadian river, and about a mile from the same among numerous small sand hills. It measures nearly eight hundred feet in width — in the elliptical shape — the basin of the lake was filled with an extremely strong brine to a depth of nearly two feet, and does singularly not show any saline matters from evaporation around the edges. The salt is nearly pure, colorless and transparent, and, I am inclined to believe, deposited in large masses; for my men loaded their six ox wagons with that important article — nearly 24,000 pounds — in a very short time and found on examining it the next morning that the hole was again completely filled . . . ”

It is rather strange that of all the commanders Fort Bascom had during the few years of its existence none has left us a description or comments about the routine life lived there. It was left to a sweet old lady whose family became tragically involved in the Maxwell Land War to pen the only full picture we have. Apart from the confusion of dates, conceivable at her age, it is happily accurate. An interview years ago, prior to her death in a car accident, brought out the same information later preserved for future historians in book form: “No sooner had we reached Fort Union than Richard (Richard Russell, her husband)

received orders to proceed to Fort Bascom, a small outpost on the Canadian river, in eastern New Mexico. All the territory between the Red and Canadian rivers was called New Mexico at the time. To Fort Bascom we went, to find it a picturesque little place among low, rolling foothills. Here the soldiers quarters, as at Fort Union, were of log. They were arranged around a square parade ground, in the center of which stood a flag pole. That flag pole was associated in my mind with much military discipline. The California Walk around that pole was considered by the soldiers as bitter punishment indeed. The offending soldier was forced to carry on his shoulder a four foot length of heavy, green log. Around and around the flag pole he marched from daylight until dark — an hour of continuous marching followed by an hour of rest beside his burden in the hot sunshine. Sometimes a soldier would be sentenced to sixty days of the California Walk. I have seen as many as six doing it at the same time. It was dubbed C. W. by the members of the First California Vols. in memory of that long, hot walk from California over the lava beds.

“Sometimes for what seemed to me trivial offenses, soldiers would be suspended by their thumbs for hours at a time. Their toes just cleared the ground and the weight of their entire bodies would be upon their thumbs. I still think this is a cruel and inhumane practice. An old German by the name of Pete Borden was strung up. Hanging there by his purple, swollen thumbs, he asked one of the other soldiers if he wouldn’t come and wipe his nose for him. That was considered a great joke for days at Fort Bascom. I confess I couldn’t see the humor. For a time I was the only white (i. e. Anglo as distinct to native New Mexico — New Mexican women certainly belong to the white race) woman at Fort Bascom. Some miles from the fort lived a German family by the name of Dorsett. Mrs. Dorsett was a jolly young woman with a round, red face. There were four little children, all with blistered noses and tow-colored hair. I saw as much of Mrs. Dorsett as I could, because I liked her and often grew lonely for the company of another

woman. It was Mrs. Dorsett's skill and kindness that later saved my life.

"We had come to Fort Bascom in September of 1865, and my first child was born in March of the following year. I rode horseback every day until the day of the baby's birth. Some odd events took place at Fort Bascom. A (New) Mexican laundress became deeply enraged over something a white soldier was supposed to have said about her. She told the man that if he ever said anything untrue about her again she would cut his tongue out. The man laughed, thinking it was just an idle threat, and again his tongue betrayed him. One day the soldier and the Mexican woman's husband got drunk together. They went into the Mexican's quarters to sleep it off. In some way the Mexican laundress managed to cut off the end of the drunken man's tongue. Just how she managed the difficult thing I don't know. This happened after my baby was born. Richard and I owned the only (milk) cow at the fort, and we divided the milk with the wounded man. He was in the hospital for a long time and could eat no solid food . . . Just outside the confines of Fort Bascom stood a new store building. It was called the Sutler's Store and was operated by Charlie Hopkins, whom I had known at Santa Fe. His sister, Hattie Hopkins, had gone to school with me at the Academy (of Our Lady of Light in Santa Fe — see notes), and it was for her that I named my baby. Charlie Hopkins' wife (Luisita Moore) was a dark, silent girl, the daughter of one C. H. Moore, a pioneer settler living near Fort Bascom. It seemed that they at first lived with her father. Then they took a place of their own farther down on the Red river. While they were still living with Mr. Moore the young husband would go to his own place each morning to erect the building and get it ready for his wife. One morning he left saying that he would be back by noontime. When he failed to return his wife saddled her horse and went in search of him. She found a band of Indians at the new place. On the well-curb lay her husband's lifeless body. Beside herself with grief she ran to where he lay. One of the Indians seized her by the hair and pressed the edge of a knife to

her throat. However, a renegade Mexican (actually a comanchero), who had joined the Indian band, interceded for her. Angry, the Indian lifted the young wife bodily and threw her into the well. Fortunately the well was not very deep, neither was there much water in it. However, the fall hurt her, and she had difficulty in dragging herself to the stone curbing above water level. Hours passed and darkness came. She could not get out, and all the time she thought of her husband's lifeless body on the well-curb above her. Next morning the renegade (New) Mexican came and helped her out.

"One day the soldiers brought to the fort two (New) Mexican women who had been held prisoners by the Indians. One was middle-aged and had been a Comanche captive for so many years that her sole language was the Comanche grunt. The other woman was young and rather good looking. Just how they made their escape I can no longer remember. The soldiers found them along the trail and brought them in. They were very dirty and their bodies were covered with vermin. The younger woman who spoke Spanish rather fluently told us that they had been delayed in getting to the fort as the older woman had had a baby on the way. The little papoose had died and the young woman told us how they had laid the little baby under some bushes by the roadside and hurried on. Their pitiful flight aroused the sympathy of the entire fort and everybody wanted to do something for them. The women were given to the doctor's wife to care for. The younger one seemed so glad to be clean once more and always kept herself that way. Not so the older woman. She had been with the Indians too long. At last, in desperation, the doctor's wife turned her over to the Mexican laundress. I do not know what became of her but the younger one was sent to Santa Fe.

"The soldiers stationed at Fort Bascom received eleven dollars per month, plus rations. They were allowed four pounds of tea per month. A bit of salt was allowed them and they could have all the hard tack, beans and beef that they wanted. Soap was also doled out very sparingly. We

used a great deal of dessicated potatoes which looked a bit like brown sugar. A cup of boiling water poured over them made a still-dough that was worked into cakes and fired. There was a fireplace in our living room, but during the warm summer days a fire was never lighted. However, the current of air passing up the great, stone chimney made it the coolest place in the house. Inside the fireplace I laid newspapers and placed my pans of milk. On the hearth-rug stood Hattie Eliza's little cradle. One day I heard the milk pails rattling and there, inside the fireplace, were two large rattlesnakes. It was not pleasant to think how easily they could have crawled into my baby's cradle. She had grown to be such a pretty child. The new-born look had left her face, her wee head was covered with soft, dark hair. One August morning, I thought she slept a wee bit too long and I went to raise her. It was a long time before I realized that my baby was gone from me forever. I stood there holding her until Richard came and took her from me. Life seemed horribly empty at Fort Bascom after the passing of that little soul. Day succeeded day and I found no joy in the common tasks. Richard watched me with eyes of pity, and at last received a leave of absence that we might go together to Santa Fe . . . It was all over too soon and we had to prepare for the return to Fort Bascom. We did not stay too much longer in Fort Bascom because Richard was ordered to report to Fort Union once again. We left the little fort on the Red river slowly and with aching hearts. Behind us lay little Hattie Eliza's grave . . . " (M. Russell — MEMOIRS — in various newspaper articles, interviews, N.M.H.R. and in book form).

A glance at the official records gave little insight to life at the lonely post from 1863 to 1875 as it was lived by the soldiers, laundresses, servants, sutlers, wood-carriers, hay contractors, butchers, cattlemen and settlers in the area who looked to Fort Bascom for protection against Comanches and Kiowas. More lonely still were the men in the detail stationed fifteen miles from the post known as the Pickets. A wag at the garrison who signed himself A Gent—Elman often wrote to various Territorial papers about life

as it was lived during the time he was stationed there. He was apparently from the East and had no use for his lot. Here is a letter he wrote at Fort Bascom on August 2, 1867. It was published in the SANTA FE GAZETTE:

"It has been some time since I noticed in your columns anything from this post. An item or two may be of some interest to the readers. Every four months the paymaster makes us a visit and his appearance is always looked upon with as much interest as astronomers view the eclipse. On the 19th of the past month Lt. of Co. J., Howe Watts, arrived. His brother and Mr. Rosenthall of Fort Sumner were with him. On the day following payments were made to Co. K — 124 U. S. Colored Troops, and Co. E — 3rd U. S. Cavalry. The day of payment passed off pretty well considering. There was but little exercise of the diltoid biceps muscles, although there was considerable favor shown to spiritus frumenti and several curse-ory remarks were made but overlooked as on payday such language is cust-omary. On the 23rd of July General Marcy, Inspector General of the U. S. Army, arrived from Fort Sumner and Mr. Frenger was with him. The general stayed one day and inspected post quarters, commissary and quartermasters departments and left on the day succeeding. We did not learn what were the opinions of the general with reference to the post — if a ditch and breastwork on one side of the post can be called defenses. Five hundred could drive off all the stock of the post, and all belonging to those in the vicinity of it, and I much doubt whether they would not be able to take the post itself. In its present condition, those in the post or in the vicinity of it are not safe. A few mornings ago there happened quite an exciting occurrence. Most of the men of Co. E. after breakfast became suddenly sick and the doctor having been called in, by a careful examination found sugar of lead had been put in the coffee. One or two seemed to think of it as a good joke, but if it is positively ascertained who was guilty of the trick, it is thought it will be a very serious a-neck-dote. Although Bascom has been quite chill and nothing of a very exciting character has been transpiring, yet within the past ten days we have had two

levees (i. e. deserters). Four men having allowed their patriotism to ooze out took a few articles they needed, which they supposed Uncle Sam could spare, and departed. No clue as to their whereabouts nor reliable information of the exact time when they left, although it is supposed about 10 p.m. at night, when the guard positively asserts he heard someone singing, 'Oh! Why Did You Go for a Soldier?' This is the first leave E of the season . . . "

Another letter written August 28, 1868, is also quite interesting. It was the year of the grasshopper plague and everybody was on edge: "The post gardens, upon which much time and hard work has been spent, have suffered terribly, and I must say it is very discouraging to have the patient toil of weeks and months almost entirely destroyed. We now have at the post two companies. I do not mean an aristocratic and yeoman, a Fifth Ave. and a Five Points (he refers here to the Livingston St., Chatam Square area of N. Y.) society; for we are happy to state we have no shoddy aristocracy, no petroterim monarchs, no soap and tallow chandler kings and princes, but we have two companies of soldiers of good physique and fine appearance; one of the 3rd Cav. and one of the 37th Inf. We have six officers also, who will treat a visitor with cordiality and hospitality, and if he desires, will spend the evening with him and have a serenade or a tea party. The mosquitoes are fat and healthy, although not as plentiful as during mid-summer. A soldier died here a few weeks ago. He drowned in the Canadian. He had a rather cold funeral. One in the service of his country deserves more heartfelt thanks. A soldier dedicated his life to his country. There should be more warmth in caring for such. We have music sometimes at this retired post. We have tunes on a banjo. We even have a band of minstrels known as the Kentury Brother Minstrels. We charge admission. It is one dollar for adults; fifty cents for children. Col. Bergmann, who once commanded this post, paid us a visit. He came at the quest of John Watts . . . "

NOTES ON CHAPTER TWO

BASCOM, GEORGE NICHOLAS. Ky. Ky. CADET M A 1 July, 1853 (26), bvt 2 lt 9 inf 1. July 1858; 2 lt 7 inf 23 Apr. 1859; 1 lt 16 inf 14 May, 1861; capt. 24 Oct. 1861; killed 21 Feb., 1862, at battle of Valverde, N. Mm. (Heitman).

One day in the month of October of the year 1860, a band of what is known as "bronco" Apaches (i. e. not belonging to any organized tribe) rode up to the house of John Ward, on the Sonorita river, about twelve miles from Fort Buchanan in Arizona. The depredators took Ward's cattle and everything in the house they could carry. They also carried off a half-breed boy named Mickey Free, the son of Ward's Mexican wife and an Apache warrior. Because Mrs. Ward bore an Apache child they did not harm her. Upon her husband's return she asked Ward to do what he could about getting back her child. He rode to Fort Buchanan and reported the incident of the raid to Col. Pitcairn Morrison, the commandant. The colonel dispatched a patrol to track down the Indians. This patrol was commanded by Lt. G. N. Bascom, Bascom rode to Wallace's wagon station and told the freighter that he would like to contact Cochise, the Apache chief he suspected of the raid on Ward's property. Wallace, well known to Cochise, rode to the Apache's camp and told him that Bascom wished to speak with him. Cochise rode in accompanied by two of his brothers, a brother-in-law and three young warriors. Without much ado Bascom demanded the cattle and the seven-year-old boy. Cochise told the lieutenant that he was not aware of what took place but would investigate. Cochise left to send out runners to track down the roving band. He returned to Bascom and told him what he had done. This infuriated the young soldier who felt that the Apache was toying with him and delaying for time to get both cattle and boy out of his reach. Despite the fact that the Indians came to him under a flag of truce, Bascom ordered their arrest. Enraged at what he considered Bascom's treachery, Cochise sought to cut his way out of the Sibley tent. The

sight of the weapon confirmed Bascom's suspicions. Guards caught Cochise in the act and opened fire. He was slightly wounded in the leg, but managed to effect his escape. The others were not as fortunate. Cochise came back with warriors and the bloody war was on. It was to last a long time. Captain B. J. D. Irin of Fort Buchanan came to Bascom's rescue. Bascom's death at Valverde atoned for this blunder.

Marian Russell died in Trinidad, Colorado, in 1936, the result of an automobile accident. She was ninety-two at the time. She did not say whether her husband and Bergmann got along but they seemed to be friends because Bergmann did not give Russell any scouting duties nor post duties after he was injured by a fall from a horse, even after his recovery.

The school records of the Academy of Our Lady of Light in Santa Fe do not list neither the Sloan nor the Hopkins nor the Moore girls for the year Mrs. Russell mentions. Sister Joanna Walsh, who taught the girls, was transferred to Denver in 1864. Some of Mrs. Russell's classmates were Governor Bent's daughters, Lucien B. Maxwell's daughter, Moore's daughter Manuela, Governor Connelley's daughter Victoriana, Jose Pley's daughter Desideria and St. Vrain's daughter Maria Luz. Other daughters of noted fathers were the Leroux girls Maria and Mariquita, Julia Shoemaker of Fort Union, Juana Kozlowski of the Kozlowski Ranch made famous during the Civil War. Marian Sloan (Mrs. Russell) knew them all. Luisita Moore and Marian Sloan left the Academy in 1864, according to the school records, although she says she left in 1856. Since she dictated her MEMOIRS about seventy-two years later the switch in dates is understandable. Marian had just turned nineteen when she graduated from Our Lady of Light. She had enrolled at the Academy for the first time in 1854 when she was ten; stayed three years and re-entered upon her return from Kansas in 1860. The Moore girls also graduated in 1864. She was not registered as Hattie but Luisita. Hopkins was her second husband, the former was killed

by Comanches within weeks after the marriage. See the parish records at Las Vegas and the records in the Archives of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe.

William H. Ryus in his THE SECOND WILLIAM PENN or TRADING WITH THE INDIANS ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL, 1860, has some interesting data on W. C. Moore:

GENERAL CARLETON RECEIVED ORDERS FROM
MR. MOORE TO SEND SOLDIERS' PAY
ENVELOPES TO HIM

In March of 1865 I made my last trip across the renowned Santa Fe Trail from Kansas City, Missouri, to Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Somewhere on the route between Las Vegas, New Mexico, and Fort Union I met a Mr. Moore of the firm of Moore, Mitchel & Co. This firm owned a "sutler's store at Tecolote, Fort Bliss and Fort Union. The store at Fort Union was the general supply station for the other named stores. The stock carried at the supply store amounted to something like \$3,500,00 to \$500,000. This stock consisted general merchandise. It was to this store one went to buy coffee, sugar, soda, tobacco, and bacon, calico, domestic, linsey, jeans, leather, and gingham, officers' clothing, tin-buckets, wooden tubs, coffee pots, iron "skillets-and-leds," iron ovens, crowbars, shovels, plows, and harness. To this store the settlers came to buy molasses, quinine, oil and turpentine, ver-million and indigo blue. Everything used was kept in this store. During those times there were no drug stores, shoe stores, dry goods stores, etc., but everything was combined in one large store. Calico was sold for \$1 per yard, common bleached muslin sold for \$2 a yard, domestic was from \$1 to \$1.50 and \$2. per yard. Sugar was 75 cents to \$1 per pound. Coffee brought about the same. Tobacco and cheap pipes brought stunning prices.

Mr. Moore rode with us for an hour or two, then he asked me quite suddenly, "Aren't you Billy Ryus?" I told him I usually answered to that name. Then he asked me if I was acquainted with John Flournoy of Independence,

Missouri. I answered, "Yes, we drove the stage over the Long Route together for six months." Then Mr. Moore said that he wanted to take me to one side and have a talk with me. Reader, you are well aware that some men are born to rule — Mr. Moore was one of those men. He even went so far as to order General Carleton, commanding officer of the troops in that portion of the country, to make the payment to the soldiers and mechanics at Fort Union through him and let him pay off the soldiers. These payments would run up to \$65,000 or \$75,000 per quarter. Up to the time of his meeting with me, no one had dared to thwart his wishes.

At his request I walked out a piece from the coach with him, and he said, "Billy Ryus, I have been on the lookout for you for a year!" I was astonished, and asked him what he had been looking for me for. His answer was that he wanted me to stop at Fort Union on my way back from Santa Fe and go up to their store and clerk for them. I answered, "Mr. Moore, that is practically impossible; I can't do it." Then he said, "You've got to clerk for us." I am a little hot headed myself, and I answered him as tartly as he spoke to me. "Mr. Moore," says I, "I've got to do nothing of the sort." Then Mr. Moore cooled down and talked more like a businessman and less like a bully.

"No, Mr. Ryus," (I was young then and quickly noticed the Mr. Ryus) "this is our proposition: "We will give you \$1,000 a year, board, and room and you can have your clothes at cost. And," he said, "I'll make you a check right here." I told him that his proposition did not make a bit of difference to me, for I was working for Mr. Barnum and could not leave his employ without giving him thirty days' notice to get a man to take my place. Mr. Moore was quick to respond, "Ah, let that job be da--ed." This side of Mr. Moore's characted did not suit me, and I asked him what he would think of Mr. Barnum if he should stop over at his store and take one of his employees off without giving him a chance to get another in his place, and what would he think of the clerk that would do him that way. I told him that I would not do him that way. Mr. Moore said that

he saw that I was "squeally" but that he saw my point, and supposed I was right. "Now, Mr. Moore," I said, "when I get to Santa Fe, if Mr. Barnum is there I will tell him about your proposition, and if he can let me off now, and will take the stage back to the States for me, I will take your proposition." He replied, "Well, that's all right, you come back to us, if you don't get here for sixty days, and we will pay your expenses here."

Mr. Moore put the spurs to his horse and galloped out of sight. What my impression was of Mr. Moore could hardly be expressed. I certainly had not the slightest feeling of awe — that one of the passengers said he felt for the man, but I do not know whether or not I felt any great confidence in him. However, when I came to know him, as I did by being in his society every day for a year, I found him to be a man of many sterling qualities.

Mr. Barnum returned with me from Santa Fe to Fort Union and went up to the store with me. Mr. Barnum told me that he regretted that I wanted to leave his employ, but that if it was to my benefit, he would have to take the coach in for me and get a man in my place, "but," he added, "I do not think I will be able to find a man who can make peace with the Indians, as you have always done." Mr. Barnum told me Mr. Moore that he had never lost a life since I had been doing the driving, and that I had not only saved the lives of passengers, but that I had saved him money and time.

When Mr. Barnum prepared to leave the store, he had the coach driven up and my things taken off, then he turned to me and held out his hand, saying, "Billy, in making the treaties with the Indians, such as you have, you have not only saved the lives of many passengers and won the title of the second William Penn, but you have endeared yourself to me and to the other boys in this company, and to all the settlers between Kansas City and Santa Fe." I was greatly agitated and impressed by his impressive speech, and I thanked him for his kind words of praise for the services I had given in my small way.

The morning Mr. Barnum left, I was feeling a little

lonely among my new surroundings, and Kit Carson sauntered into the store. As soon as I looked into his eyes I knew I had met a friend, and I also knew in a moment that it was Kit Carson, of whose fame as an Indian fighter I had often read.

I told him that I had heard many tragic tales of his wonderful heroism among the unfriendly Indians, and he told me that I had heard many a da--er lie," too, he reckoned. He never killed an Indian in cold blood in his life. He told me that if the Indians had not been trespassed upon, that the great Indian wars would not have become a thing of history.

The enormous trade at the "sutler's store" kept us four counter jumpers continually on the jump for a year. There was no five cent picture shows to keep the clerks out with their girls there, and the only amusement we had was to either play cards or billiards, or to sit around and watch Kit Carson and the boss play. Kit was a fine player and seldom ever lost a game, but he would not put up very much. To see him play billiards was one sport, every time he hit a ball, he would kick up his foot and say, "A boys, ay."

This store of Moore's was built like a fort. The walls a 150-foot square and built of brick. Everything in Fort Union was of brick. It was a two-story concern with a rotunda or plaza in the center. Here the wagons drove in to unload and reload. The front of the store was near the big gate. It had a safe room, an office and the store room proper.

One trip per year was made to Kansas City with large mule trains to get goods to stock these three stores. These trips were sometimes full of suffering and hardships. Many a freighter left his wife and babies never to return to them any more. They were often killed by Indians who had come to their train to get food, but were repulsed by the poor policy of the wagon bosses who have often ordered the ox drivers to "pull down on the red devils" and so start trouble, which was often disastrous for the whites, in view of the fact that the Indians on these plains were numerous

while the white men were few and straggling.

Sometimes the old Indian squaws would come to the store to buy sugar, candy, nuts, tobacco or coffee. She would come riding in on her pony as slowly as her quick footed pony would carry her, greatly interested in all her eyes beheld. She was greatly attracted by the bright colors of the calicos and I have often made treaties with the Indians by offering their squaws some bits of bright ribbon or calico.

The Mexican women were very fond of bright colors. Their dresses did not amount to much. They wore a short skirt and rebosa. Their head-dress covered their hair and came together in front under the chin and hung to the belt. What dress she wore must be very bright and gaudy and I have known a pretty Mexican girl with about \$2.50 worth of dress come in and purchase an \$8.00 pair of shoes. If she wanted an extra nice pair of shoes "made out of Spanish leather," such a pair as would look nice on the dancing floors at their fandangoes. The serapa takes the place of the American woman's bonnet.

In 1866 when the war was coming to an end, trade began to get dull. I had been wanting to get out of the store and "try my wings" at something else. When I began to cast my eyes about for something different from the routines of store work, I met a certain Mr. Joe Dillion, who offered me the opportunity I was seeking."

On July 19, 1863, Captain Peter W. L. Plymton was relieved of the command of Fort Union and ordered to march to Fort Stanton to help Colonel Smith quiet the Mescaleros marauding the area. Comanches and Kiowas presented themselves at this time causing General Carleton to reverse the order, sending Plymton to the site of Fort Bascom. Very little correspondence between Carleton and Plymton, the founder of Fort Bascom, is extant. Here is one letter from Carleton, dated August 19th, addressed to Plymton at Fort Bascom: "Immediately upon receipt of this letter you will send Lt. Brady (the same Brady who was later to figure so prominently in the Lincoln County

War) with twenty-five picked men from Capt. Bergmann's of 1st N. M. Vols, on a scout up Red River to Canon Largo — the mouths of the Conchas and Mora — and to hunt up and destroy any parties of Navajos or Apaches which may be found in that section of the country. No women or children will be harmed. These will be taken and held as prisoners until further orders. Lt. Brady is said to be a very energetic, determined man, and will doubtless perform this special service with marked credit to himself and to your command. Similar scouts are out from all the posts, and it is hoped that by activity and caution the Indians now infesting the country east of the Rio Grande will be destroyed. The party will be absent on this duty thirty days. A journal will be kept by Lt. Brady of each day's march and operations, which will be sent to me. While he is in the neighborhood of Canon Largo it would be well for him to see if the road could be made off the mesa from the direction of Fort Union . . . ”

A letter written at Fort Bascom from one who signed himself Americus — Nov. 1, 1866: “ . . . Arrivals and departures are the most usual causes of commotion, and from one of these, the post is at present only partially recovered. On the 23rd of October Lt. Col. J. Howe Watts arrived, to make a periodical payment of troops, and in company with him came his brother, Mr. Justice, and a small escort. The visits of a paymaster are always welcome and usually produce a very vivifying effecting upon those paid, ending up by their becoming ‘intensely anxious’ or ‘powerfully nourished’ and desiring to tell you an affecting incident about their ‘long lost brother.’ One patriot came especially under my eyes, who, without stopping for the small matter of an introduction, said, ‘I’m powerfully glad to see you.’ He said that he hadn’t seen me for a long time; that I certainly hadn’t been around much, but if I had, he was sorry he had not met me before; he had served in the artillery; had never deserted; was lame of an arm; asked if the Rebels hadn’t licked us at Bull Run; had a wife and two children; would I sign for a gallon for the father of the poor orphans!

One Company of the 3rd U. S. Cavalry constitutes the strength of this post, which was paid on the 24th, the paymaster leaving on the 26th for Fort Sumner. On the 31st Co. K of the 125th Colored Troops under command of Capt. Letterman arrived, which makes two companies at the post. Capt. William Hawley is at present commander of the post, and his duties have been arduous, as there was but one company to do duty. There will, however, be lighter work since the arrival of the company above mentioned. On the day of payment an unfortunate event happened, on account of some difficulty between two of the men, one shooting the other through the head, causing death in a few hours. The man was Sgt. Craddock of the 3rd U. S. Cavalry, who had served, it is said, in the Army fourteen years, and was last enlisted at Little Rock, Arkansas. One delegation of Comanches however came into the post during the summer . . . ”

April 30, 1865, the troops at Fort Bascom consisted of Major E. H. Bergmann, Commander; Co. E of the 5th U. S. Cavalry commanded by Capt. Martin Mullins; Co. D, 1st N. M. Cavalry under Lt. Charles Haberkorn; Co. E, 1st N. M. Cavalry commanded by Capt. Saturnino Baca; Co. I, 1st N. M. Cavalry led by Lt. Michael Cronin; Co. M, 1st N. M. Cavalry under Capt. Charles Deus — in all — one major and fifty-five officers and men.

A letter written to a Mr. Griffin, cashier at the First National Bank at Santa Fe, Feb. 27, 1873: “Today we send a petition to General Granger (head of the Dept. at Santa Fe) in the hopes of getting troops; yesterday morning a party was gotten up to go after a band of Kiowas who were camped above the Angostura. The party, nine in number, killed five and wounded several. Sgt. Rowalt killed the first and scalped him. I will give you a list of the men along: Sgt. Rowalt, L Troop, 8th Cav.; Corporal Foose, L Troop, 8th Cav.; Private A. P. Davis, L Troop, 8th Cav.; Private John Wilson, L Troop, 8th Cav.; Citizens C. B. Austin of the U. S. L. Imp. Co.; John Farrington of the U. S. L. Imp.

Co.; Frank Farrington of the U. S. L. Imp. Co.; Frank Marshall of Fort Bascom; A. Gersinger of Fort Union. If General Granger doesn't send us some protection I fear we will all leave to move up, as I am well satisfied they will return in greater force. Col. M. Mullin got through his work in time as these Indians came across the very place where he was. (Signed) Hugh Masterson. P. S.: Since writing the above a report comes in that one hundred Indians are encamped in the canon where Col. Mullin and myself were camped. I sent a man to Fort Union for assistance. We are all concentrating at the store and should they attack us we will do the best we can until assistance comes . . . "

Note: Assistance came — the Kiowas did not attack.

June 22 — 1875 — Samuel Jones, charged with larceny of government property at Fort Bascom, comes to trial . . .

Charles Kinney and a soldier charged with the murder of Felix Romero, seized the jailor, took his keys and escaped. Tranquilino Labadie, the deputy sheriff, overtook him and Samuel James, who elected not to be captured, fired on the deputy, wounding him. James was killed.

Charles Abel, the postmaster at Fort Bascom, died of a heart attack Feb., 1875.

Chapter Three

ADOBE WALLS

The apparent negligence of the military in Texas and Kansas in stemming the wave of raids and depredations in and around the Bosque Redondo reservation troubled General Carleton. Kiowas and Comanches were not his concern. His charges were the Navajos, Apaches and Utes. Officials in Kansas and Texas were equally provoked at Carleton's challenge in bringing the Navajos from their own habitat and dumping them on land claimed by the Plains Indians. The Medicine Lodge Treaty stipulated that White hunters could not cross the Arkansas river. The country below this was regarded as reserved for the Indians. The Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Comanches and Kiowas understood this to mean them to the exclusion of the Navajos, Apaches and Utes. Carleton's action rankled and served to increase their raids throughout Texas, Kansas and eastern New Mexico. The Navajos retaliated by running off Comanche horses. Carleton refused to blame his charges. He insisted that if the Kiowas and Comanches were also placed on reservations depredations on the settlements would cease. Officials in New Mexico blamed him for all their troubles, contending that if Carleton had left the Navajos where they were the Plains Indians would not have molested the frontier. Carleton retorted that they were equally responsible since they permitted comancheros to bring these very guns and ammunition in exchange for stock stolen from the ranchers in Texas. Meantime the Kiowas and Comanches made the best of an enigmatic situation and asked the comancheros to report to them all the movements of troops out of Fort Union and Fort Bascom. They reasoned that any concentration against them would be maneuvered from either or

both of these posts. No sooner had Kit Carson collected the Jicarillas and Utes at Maxwell's in Cimarron than comancheros rode out to the Palo Duro country to warn the Indians that the long awaited campaign against them had commenced. They were not surprised to learn that Kit Carson was placed in command of the campaign. The news failed to intimidate them.

Captain Edward Bergmann, commander of Fort Bascom, was the middle man. Many of the raids on Anton Chico, Questa, Chaparito, Trujillo and Las Vegas were the work of recalcitrant Mescaleros, Jicarillas and Navajos who objected to the confinement of the Bosque Redondo reservation. Carleton refused to recognize forays on outlying ranches as the work of his captives and placed all misdeeds at the door of the Comanches and their allies, the Kiowas. Bergmann, who knew the truth from comancheros, was powerless to make counter-charges. His job was to track down the Plains Indians. Many of the Indians at the Bosque wanted no part of the agricultural program set in motion by the commander at Fort Sumner. These sought out the Comanches for a peace treaty. Necessary permission to roam the prairie in quest of the Comanches was requested of Captain Bergmann who suspected ulterior motives and appealed to Carleton. The general ordered him to refuse not only the Navajos and comancheros but all wishing to travel across the plains.

Meantime word came through the grape vine that the Comanches would not enjoy their freedom for long. Plans were being drawn up to convert them into farmers even as their enemies, the Navajos. Being corraled like a bunch of cattle was not on the Comanche agenda. For a long time they had hoped that the Civil War would wipe out the white man and all their land would revert to them. It didn't seem to be working out that way. In fact more and more caravans moved back and forth over the comanchero trail, causing many tribes no uncertain alarm. Guns, ammunition, supplies, settlers, prospectors, freighters, ranchers, hunters were pouring into the country. Cattle markets were shaping up. Cattle drives were on the wing. Buffalo

were on the wane. The wind whispered a swan song heard by bison and Indian alike. Unless Carleton took drastic action the Bosque Redondo as doomed to failure and he would be the laughing stock of the nation. The Fort Bascom-Rabbit-Ear — Fort Union route was unsafe for travel. The Comanches invited Carleton out to the plains so they could scalp him. They sent warning through comancheros that they were on the lookout for him. Some of Carleton's enemies secretly hoped they would succeed. The Navajos sought alliance with the Kiowas and Comanches as a way back to their own country. They convinced the Plains Indians that the Bosque Redondo was not their doing. With the Comanches and Kiowas moving in from the east and north and the Apaches and Navajos from the west and south, Fort Bascom could be laid waste and the Plains Indians could have back their land.

Carleton himself was a study in contrasts. He was an enigma to friend and foe alike. His detractors considered him rather waspish, highly irascible at times, gossipy — for a man addicted to letter writing as he was could hardly be anything else — as pompous as a highpriest of the Egyptian pharaohs, afflicted with the buck-passing disease, ambitious to please his superior officers and near-sighted enough to lose sight of the over-all picture in favor of the one particular item that struck his fancy at the moment and cautious that no unfavorable comment from headquarters should ever come to rest on his desk. The friends recognized the strain under which he labored. Every Indian raid sent a flood of letters demanding better protection; spies constantly told of activity in Texas for the cause of the Confederacy. Non Union men hoped that the Indians would give enough trouble to occupy all men in government uniform, for they were ever ready for a coup d'etat and were anxious to inform Richmond of their success. Carleton was the sort of man you either hated or you loved. You never remained indifferent. Kit Carson loved him, which is probably why he was selected for the task of subduing the Comanches and Kiowas. Cremony's comments about Carleton were not favorable. Soldiers often remarked

that the Indians had better weapons than the soldiers. Many preferred their hunting rifles to the old muskets doled out to them. The newer models were in the hands of the Army of the Potomac, Army of the Tennessee, and, thanks to the comancheros, in the hands of the Comanches and Kiowas. Carleton was never able to stop the black market traffic during those Civil War years. Some have said that many of his own subalterns were implicated. Chagrined that the war meant no more to them than fighting Indians and protecting wagon trains when the thick of the fighting was in the Eastern States, they became lackadaisical, devoting much of their free time to prospecting for minerals. The Fort Sumner — Fort Bascom — Fort Union trail held many secrets. They were never Carleton's. Eventually the cries of his enemies reached Washington and his Bosque Redondo project investigated.

The general gave much time and thought to the Comanche campaign. The success of Kit Carson at Canon de Chelly (although he was not the first soldier to penetrate this natural fortress as some authors stoutly maintain), and his ability to cope with other tribes, nominated him for the Oscar as an Indian fighter. When Carson was certain that he was to lead the troops against the Comanches and Kiowas, he called a meeting of the Utes and Jicarillas at Maxwell's and selected seventy-five of the fittest, although he had originally planned on one hundred. The campaign opened with a march from Cimarron to Fort Union. Meantime, Carleton wrote to Lt. Heath (October 22) and Lt. Johnson, who was stationed there, to place their men at the disposal of the Indian fighter. A messenger was sent to Captain Witham, who was moving from Fort Bascom to Fort Union, to return to Fort Bascom with his men there to await Carson's arrival. Captain Deus, also at Fort Bascom, was told to ready his men for the campaign. Witham had sixty-five men; Deus sixty-nine. Captain Bergmann, who was out on a scout, was ordered to return to Fort Bascom. Other posts sent the aggregate of three hundred and fifty-three men. Rations were issued and all were in readiness by November 10th, the day Carson arrived at Fort Bas-

com. DeLisle, chief of scouts at Fort Bascom, reported Comanches and Kiowas to the east, along the Canadian. The Taoseno decided to strike while the Indians were in winter quarter when they were not at their fighting best. He had learned from experience that the Plains Indians as well as the Apaches were reluctant to fight in cold weather. He left Fort Bascom on the 12th in the following order:

Captain Fritz's Co. B, 1st. Cav. Cal. Vols. ____ 60 men
 Captain Witham's Co. M, 1st. Cav. Cal. Vols. __ 30 men
 Lt. Heath's Co. K, 1st. Cav. Cal. Vols. _____ 38 men
 Captain Dues' Co. M, 1st. Cav. N. N. Vols. _____ 69 men
 Captain Burney's Co. D, 1st. Cav. N. M. Vols. _ 39 men
 Lt. Edmonston's Co. A,

1st. Vet. Inf. Cal. Vols. _____ 58 men
 Lt. Pettis' Company K, 1st. Inf. Cal. Vols. _____ 27 men
 Two mountain howitzers

Seventy-five Ute and Jicarilla warriors

He placed the infantry under the command of Lt. Col. F. P. Abreu, 1st. Inf. N. M. Vols., and the cavalry under the command of Major Wm. McCleave, 1st. Cav. Cal. Vols. The Indians were commanded by Lt. Charles Haberkorn, 1st. Cav. N. M. Vols., who was well known to them.

In addition to these officers and men, Carson had with him Lt. J. C. Edgar as adjutant of the expedition; Lt. B. Taylor, 5th U. S. Infantry, who served as quartermaster and Dr. George S. Courtwright as surgeon. The complete force totaled fourteen officers, three hundred and twenty enlisted men and seventy-five Indians. Rations were issued to last until the 31st day of December. As Carson moved along the Canadian DeLisle's scouts reported that the Comanches were in the vicinity of Adobe Walls, in present Hutchinson county, near the site of Borger, Texas Panhandle, at a point where Adobe Walls creek, White Deer creek (then Sand creek — this creek was known by several names), Moore creek, Spring creek (all names of more recent vintage) flowed into the Canadian in a sort of letter H formation, the Canadian being the bar across the middle connecting the parallel streams. The Comanche village was between Moore and Adobe creeks on the Canadian or the

land included in the upper half of the H formation. The spot was well known to Carson who operated on this spot as a trapper and Mountain Man years before in the employ of St. Vrain & Bent. Bent had been successful for a time in trading with the Comanches, Cheyennes, Kiowas and other Plains tribes. His adobe trading post was well known over the Southwest but never achieved the fame of the better known fort in Colorado. Adobe Walls is more picturesque than Bent's Fort, at least a lexicographer would think so. Because Carson had in mind the protection of the abandoned trading post as a depot of supplies, he asked for, and received, a number of army wagons full of supplies to be dumped at Adobe Walls for use in the event the campaign should last over the end of the year. Immediate supplies were strapped to the backs of mules. He complained that the commissary allowed him only one hundred pack mules, hardly sufficient for the number of men with him. In spite of this inconvenience he made the march in easy stages without any mishap. A dirt trail used by comancheros and freighters alike spread like a long, thin winding carpet out of Fort Bascom along the north shore of the Canadian to the very portals of Adobe Walls and beyond, reaching out to the Palo Duro and north plains of Texas. The good weather was a kind of omen Carson liked. Suddenly they were engulfed in a snowstorm. You haven't really lived until you have experienced a "blue norther" blizzard in the Texas Panhandle. Carson did the only sensible thing under the circumstances: he stayed put. Even the Utes and Jicarillas, nature's own, hugged the camp. Carson sat tight for forty-eight hours until the storm spent its fury and ran away to gather strength for another day. The New Mexican leader was no sooner on the march again when the blizzard hit a second time. Some of the less injured officers pleaded with Carson to turn back, but he told them that on the contrary they should forge ahead since the Indians would hardly expect them in this weather. What Carson did not know was that comancheros had already warned the Indians of his approach. The old scout made camp for the moment on Blue creek in present Moore

county about thirty miles west of Adobe Walls. He named the creek Arroyo de la Mula. Here he dispatched two Jicarillas down the Canadian, cautioning them to keep out of sight of the enemy. They were to spy on the Comanche camp and report all moves to him. They were to pay particular attention to any signs of warlike preparations. The two spies returned about an hour after sundown with news of a large Comanche-Kiowa encampment that seemed totally unaware of the lurking danger. Of course, Comanches had their spies out to observe the Carson camp. They saw the two Apaches leave Carson's tent. To have killed them would have alarmed the expedition out of Fort Bascom and changed the plans of both camps. Indeed the fact that the village was on this side of Adobe Walls caused Carson to alter his strategy. The mules were unsaddled and all supplies placed in wagons. Lt. Col. Abreu and his infantrymen were left in charge while Carson continued on with the dismounted cavalymen, and the two howitzers flanked by Lt. Pettis's men. After a fifteen mile march that night, Carson made camp. Again he sent out the Apache (Jicarillas belong to the Apache nation) spies. They returned about two hours before sundown with the same message that the enemy suspected nothing. The men then "took the saddle" and continued down the Canadian. At daybreak on the morning of the 25th Carson was startled to see a number of Indians on the opposite bank of the river calling out to him to "come on over. We will give you all the fight you want." They both seemed ready and unafraid. The terrible truth dawned. They had selected the spot.

They hurled insults and taunts. They insulted by word and gesture. Major McCleave and Captain Deus begged permission to cross with their men and "git the devils." Carson nodded his assent. The Indians retreated to the northeast. It was too easy. Carson, with the remainder of the men and the two big guns, continued along the river in quest of the village. A five mile march brought him in sight of the lodges. He ordered Captain Emil Fritz to advance with his company and act in conjunction with Major McCleave. The sound of guns convinced him that the

Indians intended to make a stand. Lt. Heath was sent to aid Captain Fritz. Carson next readied the artillery, Captain Witham's and Captain Burney's men. The Indians abandoned the village of about one hundred and fifty tents but hotly contested the ground between the village and Adobe Walls. Here they charged Major Cleave's men, driving them back and gave way only when Carson arrived with the artillery. The howitzers were something new to the Indians. They retired from the field but only to discuss ways and means to cope with this new development. Carson availed himself of the lull in the fighting to order the capture of the Indian remuda, but the army horses were so played out that the attempt was abandoned. Carson ordered the men to dismount and partake of a hearty breakfast, after which they would destroy the village. Following a hasty breakfast, Carson picked up his field glasses to study the situation. A large force of Comanches and Kiowas was advancing. These were from another village three miles east of Adobe Walls said to contain at least three hundred lodges. He turned swiftly to the men and ordered them to saddle up. All companies were told to take position. No sooner in formation than a thousand shouting warriors descended on them. They noted the run-down condition of the army mounts in contrast to their own first class animals. Carson ordered the bugler to sound the charge. Just as the notes died away, Satanta (White Bear), the wily Kiowa chief who had learned to blow the bugle around the barracks in Kansas, sounded the retreat. This confused the soldiers. All that day during the battle whenever the army bugler blew one call, the Indian played the counterpart. All the men taking part in the battle agreed that they would have been massacred had it not been for Lt. Pettis and his howitzers. Later, when time made mention of the affair, a Comanche chief said that if he had two such guns no soldier would have escaped alive. When Carleton spoke later of Carson's victory, people in Santa Fe laughed at him. Wave after wave of Indians came in from the four points of the compass, always repulsed by the two big exploding guns. The fighting continued until sundown. Lit-

the Big Horn was in the offing for Carson as it would be for Custer. The howitzers spoke for Carson.

"The Indians still remained in my vicinity," wrote Carson in his report, "and I conjectured that it was their object to keep me in my position at the Adobe Fort if possible, until night when they thought they might have an opportunity to carry off their lodges and provisions from their villages; also some stock that they had left behind them in their retreat. I therefore determined to return to the village to destroy it. I now gave orders for Captain Fritz to protect my right flank with his company dismounted and displayed as skirmishers. Captain Witham's and part of Captain Deus's company composed the right flank; and Captain Birney's and Lt. Heath's detachment and a large part of Captain Deus' company in the same manner, to protect the rear. In this manner I commissioned my march on the village. The Indians, seeing my objective, again advanced, with the evident intention of saving their village and property if possible. Now commenced the most severe fighting of the day. The Indians charged so repeatedly and with such desperation that for some time I had serious doubts for the safety of my rear, but the coolness with which they were received by Captain Birney's command and the steady and constant fire poured into them caused them to retreat on every occasion with great slaughter. The Indians, now finding it impossible to impede my march by their repeated charges, set fire to the valley in my rear, which was composed of long grass and weeds, and the wind being favorable it burned with great fury, and caused my rear to close up at double quick. I immediately saw their object and had the valley fired in my front to facilitate my march. I then retired to a place of elevated ground on my right flank, upon which the grass was short, and upon which I knew I was out of danger from the fire. Here the Indians again advanced under cover of the fire and smoke which raged with great fury, but my artillery being in position, they were again repulsed with great slaughter. The fire was constantly kept up in the rear until I arrived within five hundred yards of the Indian village

when the Indians made a charge forward for the purpose of rescuing a part of their property. However, a few shells from our howitzers which were immediately put in position, drove them yelling from the ground, and the entire village and stores were in my possession. I then proceeded to destroy the village and stores amounting to one hundred and fifty lodges of the best manufacture, a large amount of dried meat, berries, buffalo robes, powder, cooking utensils and the property of Sierrito (Little Mountain), the Kiowa chief. Of the Indians which I engaged, the principal number were Kiowa with a small number of Comanches, Apaches and Arapahoes — all of which were armed with rifles, and I must say that they acted with more daring and bravery than I have ever seen before. The engagement commenced about 8:30 a.m. and lasted, I might say, without intermission until sunset, during which time I had two soldiers killed, ten wounded and one Indian killed and five wounded, and a large number of horses wounded. It is impossible to form a correct estimate of the enemy's loss, but from the number that I saw fall off their horses during the engagement, I cannot call it less than sixty in killed and wounded. I flatter myself that I have taught these Indians a severe lesson and hereafter they will be more cautious about how they engage a force of civilized troops.

“The officers and men engaged acted with the utmost coolness during the fight and the entire command showed a promptitude in carrying out my orders on all occasions. I take pleasure in bringing to your notice the names of the following officers whose conduct during the fight deserves the highest praise: Major McCleave, Captain E. Fritz and Lt. Heath — 1st. Cav. Cal. Vols.; Captain Deus and Captain Birney, 1st. Cav. N. M. Vols.; Lt. Pettis's howitzers were well served and done remarkably good service. Lt. J. C. Edgar, 1st. Cav. N. M. Vols., adjutant general of the expedition, was remarkable for his coolness and bravery during the engagement. I am indebted to assistant surgeon Courtwright for his prompt attention to the wounded of my command . . . I shall continue to travel slowly to Fort Bascom where I expect to arrive about the 10th of December. I

shall await there for further orders from the commanding general . . . ”

The soldier killed was John O'Donnell. John Sullivan, also a private, died of his wounds and was buried at Fort Bascom. The body was taken to Fort Leavenworth several years later. The other wounded were N. Newman, Thomas Briggs, J. J. Jamerson, P. Polygrafer, P. Mapes, Jasper Winant, J. Howley, Antonio Duran, Antonio Sanchez, Hilario Romero. Carson neglected to leave us the name of the Jicarilla who was killed. He also overlooked one Ute killed by an arrow rather a rifle shot and three other Utes wounded in the same manner. Never before in the history of the Southwest had so many Indians concentrated in a battle so adequately armed and mounted. The enormous amount of latest model rifles determined Carleton to put a stop to comanchero trade. He told a number of businessmen at Las Cruces, where he happened to be when Carson's dispatches arrived, that he would not rest until he stopped the illegal traffic in guns and ammunition. "If I do not stop this now, these guns and bullets will be turned against you and yours tomorrow. No wagon train will be safe; no caravans can safely move to and from the States should these conditions continue to prevail. Trading with the Plains Indians must be halted if we and our children are to survive." Carleton penned a short congratulatory note to Carson still at Fort Bascom: "I had the pleasure to receive your very interesting and satisfactory report of your battle with the Kiowas (and Comanches — later testimony proved that a great many more Comanches participated in the battle than Carson reported) on the 25th ultimo, and have sent a copy of it to the War Department. I beg to express to you and to the gallant officers and soldiers whom you commanded on that occasion, as well as to our good auxiliaries, the Utes and Apaches, my thanks for the handsome manner in which you met so formidable and enemy and defeated him. Please publish an order to this effect. The brilliant affair adds another green leaf in the laurel wreath you have so nobly won in the service of your country . . . ”

But others at Albuquerque, Las Vegas, Santa Fe, Mora, Taos and Cimarron were agreed that the laurel wreath went to the Comanches and Kiowas. They claimed Carson was more masterful in defeat than in battle. The howitzers covered his defeat, not his victory. One signing himself *Ranchero* wrote an open letter to the editor of the SANTA FE NEW MEXICAN in which he stated: "Now the real truth is that our own troops were badly whipped and compelled to leave the battleground; all the stock recaptured from the Indians when they were first surprised; was retaken by them and some of ours at the same time. The troops lost one or two pack mules packed with ammunition, and therefore the reason of that great essential having become exhausted in about six hours of fighting. All this has been confirmed by the Utes who accompanied the unfortunate expedition, and further confirmed by Col. Carson's course in getting back to Fort Bascom as soon as he could conveniently do so in reaching that haven of safety, minus of course, a number of soldiers who fled, wounded, and a few less mules than those he started with on that great expedition in which he 'taught the Indians a lesson they would not soon forget . . .'" SANTA FE NEW MEXICAN. Feb. 5, 1865).

Carson ridiculed the idea of his having been defeated and answered with a letter of his own in which he calls the author to task for believing Utes and Jicarillas. "Besides," he said, "El *Ranchero* was many, many miles away at the time of the fight and couldn't possibly have known what took place." Carson did not think it good for the morale of the people of New Mexico in general to read such tripe. He suggested that the editor soft-pedal such letters which served to produce Indian scares more alarming than possible attacks from the Confederate State of Texas. He spent several weeks at Fort Bascom brooding over the fickleness of men who slapped him on the back for his Navajo campaign but crucified him because he dared attack Kiowas and Comanches and thus lesson the chance for gain through the *comanchero* trade. Carleton echoes his sentiments in a letter to Major General Samuel Curtis January 14, 1865:

"Had General Blunt gone on to the Palo Duro, near the scene of the fight, those two tribes would doubtless have received a severe punishment . . . Permit me to suggest to you that if you will send six companies of cavalry and two infantry and a section of artillery via the bend of the Arkansas near Walnut creek, to the Palo Duro, there is a fine road leading to New Mexico by that route — and there to encamp for the summer, the cavalry to scout, the infantry and artillery to hold an entrenched camp with the hospital and supplies, the efforts of the Comanches and Kiowas would be paralyzed; for that point is the very heart of their country; is easy of access and has an abundance of fine wood, water and grass. If then you would have two companies of infantry and four of cavalry at old Fort Atkinson, twenty-six miles below the Cimarron crossing of the Arkansas, and two companies of infantry, one section of artillery, and four companies of cavalry, six companies of infantry and two sections of artillery, I think that what I could do from Fort Union to the crossing of the Arkansas, the route would be rendered safe . . . during the summer. I suggest what is here written from having some knowledge of the country and of the summer haunts of the Indians. I am getting troops prepared to occupy the lower Cimarron Spring, Cold Spring, Rabbit-Ear and Whetstone creek. These will furnish escorts from point to point to the crossing of the Arkansas, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles from Fort Union. Unless what is here suggested is done by the first of May next, there will be many lives sacrificed and much property destroyed . . . You bring the whole matter of the good results to be obtained by having telegraphic communication with Santa Fe. Movements can be contrived and timed by the commanders of these two military departments which must result in the total subjugation of the Indians of the plains . . ."

Carleton then proceeded to write to the Adjutant General in Washington sending with his letter others to prove his point. He sought to place the blame of the success of the Comanche arms on the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Matthew Steck, who issued passes at random with-

out investigating the motives the comancheros had in seeking out the Indians. Included in the packet was a letter from Governor Connelley in which he states that since General Carleton asked him to refrain from issuing such passes he complied. Another letter from Captain Edward Bergmann contained an autographed passport signed by Steck. An additional letter from the commander of Fort Bascom, dated December 4, 1864, at the time the Comanche campaign was in progress, contained additional passes and complaints lamenting the fact that the comancheros refused to comply with orders from Captain Bergmann. He had insisted that the traders remain at Fort Bascom until he heard from Carleton. The captain was convinced that every movement he made was reported to the Indians by the comancheros. Carson maintained that the powder, ammunition and guns used against him at Adobe Walls was obtained through the comancheros. Captain Murphy, stationed at Fort Bascom, warned many of these traders that the government was at war with the Comanches, but they continued on their journey in spite of his admonition, saying that they were merchants and had a right to trade. The infuriated Carleton, who felt imposed upon by Steck, Curtis and Blunt, again took up the pen: "You are aware, general, that the Indians robbed our trains on the route hence to the States during nearly all of last summer. That in the winter, as these same Indians moved south with their booty in stock, the (New) Mexicans here, whom the Indians have not harmed on the road as set forth in my letter to Dr. Steck, got passports from Dr. Steck to go out on the plains east of this territory to buy the stock robbed from Americans. They paid in part for this stock with ammunition which they knew would be used against Americans in a continuation of this iniquitous business, there is not the shadow of a doubt . . ."

Carleton hoped that the Kiowas and Comanches would abandon their resolve to destroy the Bosque Redondo project. He decided to contact the chiefs of the tribes for some sort of treaty that would assure him of no further disturbances against the Navajos. He rode to Fort Bascom in an

army ambulance to discuss the situation with Captain Bergmann. He asked the captain to select three men well known to the Comanches to invite the heads of the two tribes to Fort Bascom for a parley. They were also to negotiate for the release of three American women and three children, one Chihuahuan boy reported by comancheros to be held captives by the Comanches encamped at Palo Duro. Superintendent Steck was ordered to refuse all passes until the Indians signed a treaty and released their prisoners. Carleton appealed to comanchero Delgado of Las Vegas, one of the three men selected by Bergmann, to buy the captives if the Comanches would not freely turn them over to him. Steck was permitted to issue passes for the purposes of negotiating for these captives, and for peace talks but only provided they were countersigned by Bergmann or his delegate at Fort Bascom. Two months after Carson's campaign Bergmann was promoted to the rank of major. Upon Carson's return from Adobe Walls, the troops remained several weeks in Fort Bascom awaiting further orders. Finally, on December 31, 1864, these orders came out of Fort Sumner: "To the commander of Fort Bascom: Sir: Orders were sent to Santa Fe for Major McCleave to come to Fort Sumner; for Captain Fritz to return to this post; for Captain Witham, with his men, to return to Las Cruces via Fort Sumner and Fort Stanton, and for Companies A & K, 1st. Vet. Inf. Cal. Vols., to return to Fort Union, unless matters with the Kiowas and Comanches demanded further stay of these troops at or near Fort Bascom. The cavalry horses of Col. Carson's expedition must be fed hay as long as you have a pound at your post, particularly when the ground is covered with snow . . ." Carleton congratulated Bergmann in carrying out these orders. By emptying the post of these additional troops perhaps the Comanches and Kiowas would note his peaceful intentions and turn over their prisoners without further ado. The Indians eventually turned over the prisoners only because they planned warlike moves into the south plains of Texas and wished to guard against a surprise attack out of Fort Bascom. Carleton wrote to Bergmann on March 15, 1865:

“Major: I received yesterday your note of the 9th inst. I have written to Mr. Dold (Andres Dold and his brother, merchants doing business at Santa Fe and Las Vegas) that if he desires his train to proceed the escort (out of Fort Bascom) will go with it, as originally ordered. Let the company understand that it must be on watch at all time and not be surprised. By having it understood how the train shall march, with advanced spies, and with flankers, and with men in rear to give the alarm, and have it understood how the wagons shall be corralled in cases of alarm so that a corral can be formed at a moment’s notice; and by having it understood that the men are to fight to the last man in case of an attack — there will hardly be a doubt of their making a successful trip. You will tell the Comanche chief that they will send runners to warn the Indians that if they attack our trains, either upon the Palo Duro, the Cimarron, or the Raton mountains route, we will put enough men in the field against them to destroy them. Tell them that the question of a bitter war is left with themselves; that we do not propose to have our trains stopped or our people murdered with impunity; that if they keep off the road we shall not harm them. But if they attack our trains we shall make war on them which they will always remember. Tell the chiefs that if our trains are attacked we shall not wish to see them again; that we shall not believe ever in their sincerity, certainly not in their ability to control our people. I will send you another company, and if we are attacked, we expect, of course, that you will make a handsome defense. I believe that Deus (the captain taking the troops from Fort Bascom through Indian country) if he is not surprised, can whip all the Indians which dare come against a train of wagons filled with soldiers on the road, or against a well formed corral in camp. We must not have the commerce of the country stopped by rumors. We must go ahead, and if worst comes to worst, fight it out. Let that be understood just now. And be sure to impress this idea upon those chiefs. It will be a sorry time for their people in the long run. Tell them of their helpless condition in the winter, and the we shall not forget their summer rascalities.

Have the trains take some water barrels to hold water for the men, in case of having to form a corral for a fight when the train is not near a stream. Give Captain Deus orders to keep the barrels filled at all time . . . ” This indicates how much confidence Carleton had in Comanche and Kiowa proffers of peace.

Bergmann and the Indians had several talks but by June neither came to an understanding. The commandant had nothing to report except that the post was mourning the death of Abraham Lincoln, and the death of one of the privates at the garrison. Dated June 6th, the letter told Carleton: “Since my last communication a month has flown away on noiseless pinons, but has carried in its rapid flight an epoch in our nation’s history. While its hours have been passing, the surrender of Lee and Johnson had been penned; our brave soldiers have been marching home crowned with laurels of victory; the patriotic heart of the nation has throbbed with delight; and lasting peace, with a limited people, has been greeted with joy in the dawning future. But the joy was suddenly hushed, and the delight changed to gloom, the sable pall of death spread over a people weeping for an assassinated President. One night last week, Gustavus Grass, a private in Captain Hubbell’s Company, was found dead, a pistol shot through the head. Suicide — cause unknown. A native of Wuertenburg, age fifty years. Captain Ayers arrived with reinforcements from Fort Sumner. Jose Felix Ulibarri reports that he saw one thousand Comanches in camp. He is a native of Chaparito (thirty-six miles east of Las Vegas). How true his word is we have not had time to investigate.”

Troops in New Mexico had hoped for discharge now that the war was over. But an extensive campaign was carried out by the governor, General Carleton, editors of newspapers, commandants of forts and merchants all over New Mexico to urge the men to re-enlist at least for another year until the danger from Apaches, Kiowas, Comanches and Cheyennes had passed. Many inducements were offered, and, as a consequence, little change was made in military personnel during the two years following the sur-

render of Lee. Again Bergmann wrote on June 21, 1865: "The Comanchief Chief Skeer-kee-ma-kivaugh made his appearance here under a flag of truce for the purpose of making overtures of peace. The Indian is the same whom the commanding officer saw at this place last May and who, by the death of some other chief, has now become the principal chief of the whole Comanche nation. He is actually desirous to live in good faith with us, and whom, from what I have seen of him during his stay here, I am inclined to believe his desire sincere. According to instructions, he was kindly treated and taught that only the general commanding the Territory of New Mexico could decide the question of peace; that his desire would be laid before the general, and that he had to wait here (at Fort Bascom) until the conditions under which peace would be granted could be learned. He, however, objected to remaining here, stating that he had to see all his subordinates before he could do anything conclusive, but that he would return and bring them in the last quarter of the moon next month; that he would compel them to submit to whatever conditions should be stipulated by the commanding general. He further promises to me that he will not allow — as far as is in his power — any travelers on the roads to the States to be molested, and that he would give me information without delay should the Kiowas and Apaches, whom he mistrusts, contemplate a rapacious excursion toward this quarter, and, although I am content he will do so, I will this time not place too much confidence in his assurance. In regard to the other affairs at the post, I am sorry to say that during the past week we have made little or no progress in the erection of buildings. It is impossible to do anything as long as the weather remains in this state. The animals here were gradually improving, but another severe snowstorm set in last night, and the ground is covered with snow to the depth of several inches. This does not prevent my cutting grass in the prairie, but it will be the ruin of a great many animals."

Carleton's confidence in Kit Carson was untouchable, unbending and unlimited. No one dared hint in his pres-

ence that the Kiowas and Comanches had fared better at Adobe Walls than the colonel from Taos. To prove his confidence he ordered Carson to erect yet another post (Camp Nichols) to keep down the Comanches and Kiowas moving in from the Texas Panhandle. He wrote to Carson at Fort Union, August 6, 1865: "Your knowledge of what Mr. Doolittle (Chairman of the Congressional Committee investigating Indian affairs) desires and hopes you will be able to effect with the Indians of the plains, which knowledge you have derived in conversations with that gentleman, precludes the necessity of special instructions from me. Indeed, in this matter, where, as I understand it, the great object to be had in view by yourself is to make preliminary arrangements, if possible, with the Comanches, Kiowas, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, so that hostilities on their part will cease, and so that their chiefs and principal men will meet the commissioners in council to make a treaty of peace. Your great knowledge of the Indians — your knowledge of what is desired on the part of the government — your knowledge of the danger to be apprehended that the Indians may believe our overtures proceed rather from our fears of them than from a sincere desire not to make war upon them on our part — your knowledge of how to talk with them so that they may not suffer from any such delusion — these considerations you understand so much better than myself, that it is unnecessary for me to give you, or attempt to give you, any instructions in the case. I wish you to keep a journal of each day's march, and of each day's events, and of what Indians you meet. Please report your talks with them, and all they say in reply. This information is required for the War Department. If you go by Fort Bascom you have my authority to take Mr. DeLisle, the guide at that post, with you. He knows well the country between the Canadian and the Arkansas rivers. Please look well to the country you pass over, with an eye to the site of a large post to be built in the place where the Kiowas and Comanches spend their winters — a ten company post, with six of the companies cavalry."

Despite Indians, comancheros, wagon trains, military

escorts and freighters, life proved quite boring on this frontier outpost. A soldier using the pen name of Bascom wrote to the SANTA FE NEW MEXICAN May 6, 1865: "Very little occurs in a small post to interest or amuse the general reader. A constant quiet usually prevails, broken only by the sound of the bugle. The labors of the officers and men are ushered in by reveille, and the duties of the day are closed by tattoo. This daily routine is however sometimes disturbed and the drowsy feelings engendered by these long spring days of warm weather are aroused into activity and awakened into life. This has been the fortune of Bascom the past fortnight. The topic of greatest interest has been the arrival and departure of trains for the States. The preparations of the escort, their arms, equipment and supplies, the hurry of officers, the bustle of men, the packing up of clothing and storing away of articles for the road, and the sudden inundation of humanity from the trains have an unusual interest to the post. Last week seventy-one wagons arrived, and camped about a mile from the post; some sixty or seventy, I am informed, crossed about twenty-seven miles from here, and all traveled under one escort over the Palo Duro route. This route is spoken of by those acquainted with it, as being well supplied with water, wood, grass, and the only obstacle to prevent its being a constantly traveled route is its proximity to those Indians which have been committing outrages upon freighters and have been a terror and scourge of trains. We are happy to state that more security will be given this year and greater safety may be expected from the strong escorts which are being sent out with those trains which go this route. Most of those which have already passed are from San Miguel del Bado — the town — and San Miguel the county in which Fort Bascom was located) and Mora counties. The escort which left a few days ago was under the command of Lt. Haberkorn and was forty-five men strong, and will proceed up to Fort Larned. The wagons escorted will amount in all to about one hundred and fifty. There have been some reports brought in by traders in reference to the situation and disposition of the Comanches and Ki-

owas. Messers Herrera and Valdez of Las Vegas report that they saw two of the chiefs, Puertos and Kai-he-pah, the latter being the most influential. They represent these Indians, by the nearest road, to be about three hundred miles distant, and that the Kiowas are making a treaty of peace with the Texans, and for that purpose are returning the captives they have taken; that these Comanches assert that they are a separate and distinct tribe from those which have been committing depredations on the plains, and that they desire to remain at peace with the people of New Mexico . . . on April 20 we had a snowstorm which lasted the whole day; a visitation unprecedented in the annals of Bascom. But now warm weather has set in . . . ”

In 1866 Bergmann received the rank of Lt. Col. On June 6 of that year he wrote to Carleton at Santa Fe: “Captain C. M. Hubbell, 1st. N. M. Cav., returned on the 2nd. inst. to this post from a scout on which he had been sent in consequence of the many rumored Navajo depredations, and I herewith submit the officer’s report for the information of the general. On the day of Captain Hubbell’s return I myself started, accompanied by Captain Antonio Abeyta and twenty mounted men, on an expedition west of Fort Bascom, New Mexico, with a view of executing the instructions received from the general commanding, dated at Gerhardt’s (present Puerta de Luna) on May 27, having previously ordered Captain Healy, 1st. N. M. Inf., from the Mesa river and Lt. Daley, 1st. N. M. Vols., from Canon Largo with their mounted men to meet me near the Canon del Cuervo in the evening of that day, for the purpose of driving the Indians from the country west of this post and to scout in close proximity of each other toward the settlements, Hatch’s ranch, and Chaparito where it was reported the Indians keep themselves in large numbers. Captain Healy was at that place of rendezvous in proper time — but Lt. Daley, who for some reason or other had left the place I had assigned for the picket in accordance with instructions on how it could be found, did not arrive there. Sending Captain Healy and his men in a southwesterly direction through Canon del Cuervo by Ojo Charioso

north of the Mesa del Tio Pino to the Salitra, about four miles north of Hatch's ranch, I myself started with my command about 2 a.m. on the 3rd inst. from our place of rendezvous. After examining the country north of Hatch's ranch — the Rio Conchas, Mt. Varriadero and all the canyons and mountains in the vicinity — found myself toward noon on that day to the place where the expressman, Chambers, is supposed to have been killed near the Conchas Springs, without having been able to discover any signs of an Indian or at least indication of the presumed murderous deed, of which I shall allow myself to speak hereafter. Proceeding in the afternoon of that day from the place in a northwesterly direction toward the canons near Chaparito at the headwaters of the Rio Conchas, I was certain to find Navajos. I learned that the Indians were up on top of the Mesa Mapote for there were several persons who had seen Indians that day although my experience had taught me a different lesson, yet I did not hesitate to believe these reports and concluded to scout upon that mesa. Sending instructions to Captain Healy, who was to be that night at the Salitre, to scout back south of the Mesa del Tio Pino towards the Laguna Colorado, and on both sides of the old Fort Smith road, I and Captain Abeyta ascended the Mesa Majote, searched all the canyons and all the breaks of that mesa right diligently but without success. Meeting some gentlemen from Albuquerque, we were informed that they had been several days on that mesa in search of their sheep; that they had met a great number of herders, and with the exception of one herder belonging to Don Inez Perea, who is said to have lost eighteen sheep while herding east of Conchas Spring, they had not heard of another complaint, neither had they seen any signs of Indians, although they were traveling (unarmed) for some days, nearly toward every point of the compass on that mesa. Now we directed our course east descending the mesa near Corazon Mountain and went through mountain country along the mesa toward Kid river. Having again thoroughly searched the country along the Trementina, Canon de las Mistenas, near Canon Largo, having met any

number of herds and sheep and not heard a complaint, or even the statement that Indians had recently been seen in that region, we marched now southwest through a very rough country towards Conchas creek and Canon del Cuervo meeting nothing, however, with no better success than the previous days. Leaving now Captain Healy's scout south and Lt. Daley, who I found near the Trementina, to scout in that country north of the roads from here to the settlements, I returned to the post that morning. Before closing this report I beg leave to state that most of the reported Navajo outrages are as a general thing being much exaggerated, but in nine cases out of ten are nothing but inventions of men who seem to pursue a certain purpose. Officers and soldiers are willing to do their duty in good earnest but naturally become careless and discouraged and should not be blamed when even in real danger they weaken in the performance of their duties . . . In regard to expressman Chambers, I am not able at all to furnish any information whatsoever. The whole affair is at present a mystery which the future perhaps will reveal . . . "

Thus in inventing rumors and counter-rumors comancheros, rustlers and Comanches were able to weaken the Fort Bascom defenses in order to carry on their nefarious commerce unimpeded by Bergmann and his men. Meantime Goodnight and others were stocking the northern plains in spite of Indians, sheep and buffalo. Cattle rustling became an even greater scandal than depredations of roving Indians. It was now the duty of Fort Bascom to kill the comanchero trade, put a halt to rustling and chastise those making raids on Texas herds.

The defeat of the Comanches left them smarting and sulking. An alliance with other tribes and a peace treaty with the Texans would leave them free to formulate plans for the demolition of Fort Bascom and death for its occupants. The post must no longer be a barrier to their way of life as marauders, plunderers, nomads. Arthur Morrison left Las Vegas on a scout after some American women and children held captive by Comanches and Kiowas. He was ordered to offer good terms in exchange for the prisoners

but in no way to antagonize the Indians who might take their resentment out on the captives. He arrived at Fort Bascom in early March. On May 10, 1865, he was back in Fort Bascom and penned this letter to General Carleton:

"I started from Fort Bascom on March 18 and traveled down the river . . . Until I got as far as the Adobe Fort I did not see or meet an Indian, nor did I know of their whereabouts. I then sent two trustworthy men out for the purpose of finding out, if possible, the whereabouts of Indians, and gave them nine days to return to the camp. They came back to me on the eighth day and did not find any rancheria of Indians, but came across a war party of thirty-eight Comanche Indians who robbed them of their pistols, saddles and other things they carried along, and the men only escaped with their lives. The Indians told these men that they and the Kiowas and twelve other nations formed a treaty of peace with the Texans; that they received ammunition, clothing and articles of subsistence from the Texans; that they (the Indians) must aid them in an expedition against New Mexico to start on the next rise of the new moon, which must be about the latter part of this month, or on June 1st. They say further that they will attack Fort Bascom and Fort Larned for the purpose of destroying the two forts entirely, and then enter New Mexico to carry off cattle, sheep, and herders. All these Indians are together in Texas, on the other side of the mountains called by the Texans the Sierra Jumanes, and in fact show signs of hostility against the Americans and the people of the Territory. Shortly after the above mentioned two men came back to my camp another party of Mexicans who had obtained a permit also for going out to the Indians, and who had been in advance of me, returned and came to my camp, the Indians having stripped them of everything they had, took their effects and only spared their lives and told them the same things they told my men. The men are residents of Pojuaque, near Santa Fe. They were ten in number. A Kiowa man and woman spent ten days in my camp and told me the same things. They were aggrieved over the attack made against them by Colonel Carson and sought

revenge. They are backed by the Texans and will make a good thing out of this summer. They say that they will not leave a sign of Fort Bascom but are determined to destroy it. The women I went for were turned over to the Texans and are now free. All this talk caused me to return to Fort Bascom. I was out two months. Fort Bascom is in a precarious and perilous condition owing to the small amount of troops (at this time Bergmann had Companies D, E, I and M of the First New Mexico Cavalry). Two more expeditions of (New) Mexicans have returned without effecting anything. They are citizens from La Cueva and Mora and glad they escaped without losing anything."

Carleton at first refused to believe that the Indians were serious about their attack on Fort Bascom, but the more he thought about it the more he recognized the possibility, especially if encouraged by Texans who never became quite reconciled to the fact that Jackson (Alex, not Stonewall), Baird, Hart, Sibley, Baylor and others were unable to make New Mexico a Confederate possession. More men were dispatched to Hatch's Ranch now serving as a temporary military installation and second line of defense should the Indians penetrate Fort Bascom. Erastus W. Wood, sent by Carleton to inspect the military defense at Hatch's Ranch, was told as early as January of that year of Comanche designs on Fort Bascom. He sent a letter to Bergmann asking him to be especially cautious because the Indians had spread the word about that they hope to blot out the shame of Adobe Walls by wiping Fort Bascom off the face of the earth. Carleton pleaded with military officials in Washington for more men but he was told he had more than ample to take care of his needs if he knew how to distribute them and how to use the volunteers from California as well as New Mexico. The Comanche plot on Fort Bascom failed to materialize.

CHAPTER THREE — Notes and Comments

Carleton had many come to his defense as we note from this letter:

Fort Sumner, New Mexico, November 18, 1864

Mr. Editor: I have been for some time past an astonished observer of the efforts made by interested parties in New Mexico, through their organ, the NEW MEXICAN, to cause discontent among the people with the establishment of the reservation at the Bosque Redondo. But believing that this opposition would soon cease from convictions of the wisdom of the selection made, I have heretofore refrained from attempting to give my views on this matter; nor would I do so now, but that in the issue of the NEW MEXICAN of the 21st ultimo I find that its editors and correspondents have adopted the last resort of all demagogues, who, when their arguments are defective and fail to convince, adopt the very questionable course of supplying their places with low sarcasms and personalities; and as it is evident that these people commenced their opposition from motives of interest, backed by jealousy, they will not be convinced of their errors or swayed from their objective by motives of patriotism. It becomes the bounden duty of every citizen of New Mexico who loves its well-being and prosperity to raise his warning voice against the sophisms of those who, regardless alike of their duties as citizens and editors, and of the best interests of the Territory, endeavor by all possible means to renew the Indian atrocities of the past two hundred years. The sending them back to their own country would unquestionably have this effect, and none other. Nor must it be understood that I entertain any fear that the intelligent people of New Mexico can be so influenced against their interests as ever to be brought to countenance such a measure. But people abroad, who know comparatively nothing of our affairs, may in time begin to think that "where there is so much smoke there must be some fire," and, acting on opinions wrongly conceived, use their influence as the seat of government to destroy the only chance of peace which has

been vouchsafed this country since 1684.

The most elaborate attempt yet made to advance their views is contained in the issue before referred to, and this, with your permission, I propose to answer. He says: "It is the policy of the general commanding and others (principally contractors, etc.) to urge upon the government the establishment of this reservation." Only one citizen of respectability has as yet appeared in public as the opposer of this reservation, (Don Miguel Romero y Baca) and it is questionable whether this was his voluntary act. Be this as it may, on the appearance of his protest in the name of the people of San Miguel county, it was indignantly contradicted by most of the intelligent and responsible citizens of the very county which he so misrepresented. But "there were contractors." It is rather improbable that so many contractors are inhabitants of San Miguel; it is well known that such is not the case. But, supposing that some of these gentlemen were engaged in supplying the necessary wants of the government, they have more interest in the well-being of San Miguel county and the Territory at large than the editors and his associates can ever hope to acquire; and they were citizens of New Mexico before the said editor had discovered that such a place graced the map of North America. These being the facts, we are bound to believe that when they assert that the present location of the reservation works no injury to the interests of their county, but on the contrary tends materially to promote the well-being of the whole Territory. But there is one whose testimony I propose to offer, whose evidence not even the editor of the NEW MEXICAN will dare to deny, being entirely disinterested.

Colonel Carson, in his report of the 7th of May, says: "And here let me observe that the department commander has shown no less wisdom in his policy (meaning that of reservation) than judiciousness in the selection he has made of a reservation. In my campaigns against the Mescalero Apaches and Navajo Indians I have traversed nearly the whole Territory, and, in my opinion, a more judicious selection could not have been made; besides, removing these

Indians from their former haunts and fastnesses and from old associations, where they would be continually reminded of the comparative impunity with which they formerly made the citizens contribute to their support, and rendering it much harder, if not altogether impossible to teach them to depend on their honest industry to supply their wants." Here is the testimony of as loyal a gentleman and as truthful a citizen as ever honored any country or age. And as he says he traveled over the whole Navajo country, not excepting the Rio Chiquito, with the capabilities of which he is perfectly familiar, can as much be said of those who vaunt its applicability as a site for a reservation? I venture to say not. From the source to the mouth of the Little Colorado there cannot be found a space, sufficient at any one place, where over fifty families could be located. Not more than five such places could be found, and these many miles apart. Here there might be provision for about 1,250 persons, were there not some serious drawbacks. At certain seasons of the year the stream of water is so small as to be wholly insufficient for irrigation, and at others the bottoms overflow, abundant evidence of which can be seen by anyone who examines the country. It is possible that in the whole extent of the Navajo country places might be found, at each of which from ten to fifty families might be located, and thus provide for the whole tribe. But this I very much doubt; and they would have to be settled many miles apart; and to think of making them self-sustaining is simply preposterous, a dream which could never be realized; nor can I clearly see how, under such circumstances, the system of a reservation could be carried out. To adopt the plan would be nothing more or less than making another treaty; and we who are not New Mexicans know to our cost, what this means applied to these Indians. Their history conclusively proves that it was only while force was being applied that they remained well disposed, and that as soon as this force was removed they relapsed into their former habits of lawlessness. Perhaps our sapient friend imagines that they are already so weaned from old associations that with impunity they might be permitted

to go back to their former haunts and fastnesses; does he think, in his ignorance, that when scattered over so vast an extent of country, as would necessarily be the case, this force could be employed? Those who know the Indians and their former country know that in both he is wrong.

He complains of removing them "from a country where it is well known that with a little assistance they can support themselves from the natural resources of the country, into one where their only resources is the product of their own labor." Now I would ask where and in what consist these resources? In game? There is not enough wild game in the Navajo country to subsist the tribe for one day. This is a fact well known to every one who has campaigned through it. There is an old saying that "the devil is not as bad as he is painted." This is certainly true of the Navajo, and it was the absolute lack of all resources which necessitated his raids on the flocks and herds of the people. Perhaps this is the resource of which he writes; and if so, the people of New Mexico, particularly the stock owners, must feel greatly indebted to those who advocate a measure which will remove those Indians from their present location, "where their only resource is the product of this labor," back to their haunts and fastnesses, where, as Colonel Carson says, "they would be continually reminded of the comparative impunity with which they formerly made the citizens contribute to their support." Self-preservation — about the only law which controls an Indian — would immediately force them into their former habits, and again would robberies and murders become matters of common occurrence. Better by far that they should occupy twice the quantity of land they now do, accompanied by the certainty that never again will the people be called upon to maintain them as heretofore.

It is true, as he says, that this year's crop was a failure; but for this, nature alone is responsible. It could not be foreseen or prevented. Had it not been for the influx of the "cutting or army worms," they would have raised about seventy-two thousand fanegas of corn — an amount more than sufficient to support them for one year. But it

was not alone the reservation which suffered in this manner. The crops throughout many portions of the Territory failed likewise.

I am informed that Mr. L. B. Maxwell, who, in former years, used to dispose of about two thousand fanegas of corn produce of his farm, has this year raised scarcely sufficient to feed his animals, notwithstanding that the usual planting was made. Next year, no doubt, he will have better success, and so, also will the reservation and when five thousand additional acres will be cultivated, as is intended, we have every reason to feel convinced that next fall will see these Indians self-sustaining. When we consider that, notwithstanding the many difficulties which, last summer, they had to contend against, they cultivated three thousand acres, we have every reason to believe in their ability and willingness to support themselves by their industry; and the cheerfulness with which they bore the misfortune attending their labors, only goes to prove that where persons assert that they are contented and happy, they but bear testimony to the naked truth, no matter whether such persons have been here for weeks, months, or years.

In estimating the cost of each Indian per diem, your contemporary is mistaken, as usual. Instead of its being forty cents, as he states, it is exactly $15\frac{3}{4}$; and as there will be planted this fall and winter about three thousand acres of wheat, this amount will soon be reduced, if not entirely done away with. So much for his calculations. But supposing that it cost all he says it does; how does he propose to reduce it by removing them, and thus trebling the cost of transportation? Nor would the expense attending this measure be inconsiderable of itself. Let him understand that since 1849 the government has expended about \$30,000,000 in their subjugation, and let this amount the losses sustained by the people during the same period, and, if he can comprehend anything, he will understand that it is a measure of economy, the expending on them, even for a longer period, than will be necessary, the amount needed for their support, thereby securing peace and safety

to the Territory.

Your contemporary expends a great deal of unnecessary sympathy over the hardships of the poor Indian at the Bosque, and it delights me to be able to comfort his philanthropic soul with the assurance that their hardships are purely the offspring of his own too fertile imagination. The Indians on the reservation do not "carry wood for fuel on their backs for eight or ten miles." On the contrary, the only trouble experienced by those interested in their farms is that they cannot get them to clear ground of the mesquite fast enough for the ploughs; I need say no more than the the Indians live on these farms. His statement that there was a scarcity of water here last summer is equally incorrect. The fact is, we had too much. The rains which fell last summer were more than sufficient to irrigate the farms, and the river was so swollen as to overflow its banks in many places. It is now the middle of November, and the river is as low as it usually is, and yet we have sufficient water to overflow the five thousand acres which is being broken up, besides abundant to supply the domestic wants of the reservation. So much for the "reliable men at Fort Sumner." If all his correspondents are equally reliable, his numerous errors are not to be wondered at.

I fear I have already engrossed too much of your space by this article, and, in sooth, I do not see that much remains to be answered. The remainder of the paper is made up of an appeal to the people to beware of the savage instincts and barbarous nature of the Indian, which according to him will here receive nurture until it finally rushes forth to slay and destroy; but send them back to their former country and they at once become changed beings — as mild as the sheep now in the possession of their owners, but which they would quickly appropriate. A little too illogical this to need comment.

I have studiously refrained from taking notice of his personalities, well knowing that the parties referred to are above such attacks; their acts speak for them; nor is there anything which I could say which would add to their well-

earned claims on the gratitude of this people, and when, as is not unlikely, the owner and editors of the NEW MEXICAN, like their predecessors, will have to seek in other portions of the Union some more congenial society in which for a brief while to figure, and obtain unenviable notoriety, the originators of this reservation will remain beloved and honored citizens of New Mexico, if living; and if dead, mourned as its best benefactors. When the future history of this Territory will be written, the name of General James H. Carleton will stand proudly forth as the only department commander who made its interests his own, and who adopted and carried out the only successful measure ever introduced by which its permanent peace and prosperity were secured.

JUSTICE.

Fort Sumner

Twitchell — quoting REPORTS, 17th B.A.E. (1896) page 1 — in his LEADING FACTS OF NEW MEXICO HISTORY Vol. 11, footnote 35: "The Kiowa Apache, with a part of the Comanche, made their winter camp on the South Canadian, at Red Bluff on the north side, between Adobe Walls and Mustang creek in the Panhandle. While here early in the winter they were attacked by the famous scout, Kit Carson, with a detachment of troops, assisted by a number of the Ute and Jicarilla Apaches. According to the Indian account five persons of the allied tribe, including two women, were killed; the others after a brave resistance, finally abandoned their camp which was burned by the enemy . . . The engagement is thus mentioned in the testimony of an army officer several months later: 'I understand Kit Carson last winter destroyed an Indian village. He had about four hundred men with him, but the Indians attacked him as bravely as any men in the world, charging up to his lines and he withdrew his command. They had a regular bugler who sounded the calls as well as those sounded for troops. Carson said that if it were not for his howitzers few would have been left to tell the tale. This I learned from an officer who was in the fight. The

engagement is described in detail by Lt. Geo. H. Pettis, who had charge of the two mountain howitzers during the fight. The expedition which consisted of 335 volunteer soldiers and 72 Ute and Jicarilla Apache Indians, was under the command of Col. Christopher Carson, the noted scout and Indian fighter, then holding a commission in the 1st. N. M. Inf. . . . Starting from Fort Bascom they started down the Canadian, the intention being to disable the Indians by taking them by surprise in their winter camp as Custer did four years later on the Washita. The first village, a Kiowa camp, consisted of 176 tipis, was discovered on the Canadian at the entrance of a small stream, since known as Kit Carson creek, in what is now Hutchinson county, Texas, a short distance above Adobe Walls. The attack was made at daybreak of November 26, 1864. After some resistance the Kiowa retreated a few miles down the river where there were other allied camps of Kiowas, Comanches and Apache. Re-enforced from these, they returned and made a separate attack upon the invaders so that Carson was glad to retire after burning the upper village, although the other camp against which the expedition was directed was in plain sight below. The battle lasted all day, the Indians disputing every foot of his advance and following up his retreat so closely that only the howitzers saved the troops from destruction. In the early part of the engagement the soldiers corralled their horses in an abandoned adobe building. This Pettis called Adobe Walls but which was probably the ruins of an old trading post built by Bent some twenty years before. The Adobe Walls where Quanah Parker led his celebrated fight were not built until 1873 or 1874 and were some distance down the river (?). Several white captives, women and children, were in the hands of the Indians at the time of the attack, but none of these were rescued. The Kiowas also saved all of their horses, although most of their winter provisions and several hundred dressed buffalo skins in the first village, together with the tipis, were destroyed by the troops. Quite a number of the enemy, as skirmishers, being dismounted, and hid in the tall grass, made it hot for most of us by their ex-

cellent marksmanship, while quite the largest part of them, mounted and covered with their war dresses, charged continually across our front from left to right and visa versa, about two hundred yards from our line of skirmishers, yelling like demons and firing from the necks of their horses at intervals. About two hundred yards in the rear of their line all through the fighting at Adobe Walls was stationed one of the enemy who had a cavalry bugle and during the entire day he would blow the opposite call that was used by the officer in our line of skirmishers; for instance, when our bugler sounded the advance, he would blow retreat and when ours sounded retreat, he would blow advance. Ours would signal 'halt' and he would follow suit; so he kept it up all day blowing as shill and clear as our very best bugler. Carson insisted that it was a white man (he later agreed that it was an Indian), but I have never received any information to corroborate this opinion. It was most probably a Kiowa, possibly Satanta himself, who was most famous for a bugle, which instrument he blew on state occasions. Deeming it unsafe to remain longer after destroying the first village, Carson formed the troops in marching order, with skirmishers in front and on the flanks, and the howitzers bringing up the rear, and began the return march. The enemy was not disposed to allow us to return without molestation and in a very few minutes was attacking us on every side by setting fire to the high grass on the river bottom; they drove us to the foothills and, by riding in the rear of the fire, as it came burning toward us, they would occasionally get within a few yards of the column. Being enveloped in smoke, they would deliver the fire of their rifles and get out of harm's way before they could be discovered by us . . . ' On the side of the troops Pettis reports two soldiers killed and twenty-one wounded, several mortally, together with one Ute killed and one wounded. The official report which he quotes makes the number of tipis in the village destroyed about 150 and the Indian loss in killed and wounded together only sixty. Among these there were four crippled or decrepit old Indians who were killed in the tipis by a couple of Ute squaws

searching for plunder . . . A single instance of Indian bravery is noticed by Pettis. At one of the discharges a shell passed through the body of a horse on which a Comanche was riding at full run and went some two hundred feet farther on before it exploded. The horse on being struck went head foremost to earth, throwing his rider as it seemed twenty feet into the air, with his hands and feet sprawling in all directions, and as he struck the earth apparently senseless, two other Indians who were nearby proceeded to him, one on each side, and throwing themselves over on the sides of their horses, seized each an arm and dragged him from the field between them amid a shower of rifle balls from our skirmishers. More than a score of these were eye-witnesses to this feat . . . ”

General Orders No. 2

October 22, 1864 — Calling for the organization of an armed expedition against the Kiowa and Comanche Indians: “Their depredations upon our trains, and their murdering of our people on the roads leading to the States is ample reason . . . ” After G. O. No. 2 was published and issued, Ben C. Cutler — January 31, 1865, added: “And its receipt acknowledged, passports were issued to citizens to go out upon the plains to trade with these very Indians. The traders to whom these passports were given were warned upon their arrival at Fort Bascom, N. M., by Lt. Col. Abreu, the commanding officer (in the absence of Bergmann) of the state of hostility which existed between our troops and the Kiowas and Comanches; these traders were ordered not to proceed further toward the Indian country while the present condition of affairs existed. These orders were utterly disregarded; the traders got stealthily past our pickets (pickets were fifteen miles beyond Fort Bascom) and, the Indians themselves say brought them news of the approaching troops. Also there cannot be a doubt that these traders sold the Indians the very powder and lead with which our brave soldiers were killed and wounded. These matters have so clearly developed as not to leave the shadow of a doubt on the subject. It is therefore or-

dered that no citizen trader will hereafter be allowed to pass any military post or picket along the eastern frontier of New México, for the purpose of trafficking with the Kiowas and Comanches, unless it shall have been announced in orders by the military authorities that we are no longer at war with those Indians, or unless his passport be vised and countersigned at these headquarters (Santa Fe) and all commanders of posts, pickets and bodies of troops are hereby ordered to arrest and hold as prisoners any person or persons without such passport who may be found trafficking with Kiowas and Comanches, or found proceeding to the country of those Indians for the purpose of such traffic, until notice be duly given that we are at peace with those tribes, as above stated. The general commanding the departments is charged with the protection of the lives and property of the people from hostile Indians, and he regrets to be compelled, for the reasons given, to pursue the course here indicated. He has a right to suppose, on general principals, that no such passports would either be asked for or given, and that no such illicit commerce would be carried on with our enemies; such a course, it will be readily seen, tends not only to embarrass the military, but to paralyze their efforts to punish those savages for their repeated crimes . . . ”

Comanches

Carson's fight was mostly with Kiowas and Noconees — or Staked Plains Comanches. The Comanches in the Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico and Kansas areas were the Pennelakas, Noconees, Pamparakas, Quahadas, Coocheetakas, Yachakeenes and Moachis. Other tribes at peace with the Comanches besides the Kiowas were the Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Wacoes and Wichitas. A few from most, if not all, these tribes fought against Col. Evans. The Wichitas were preparing to come to the aid of their allies, when suddenly it was all over. Hodge, in his *HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN INDIANS*, Vol. 1 p. 327-38, has this to say about the Comanches: Comanche — one of the southern tribes of the Shohonean stock, and the only one of that

group living entirely on the plains . . . They were friendly to Americans generally, but became bitter enemies to the Texans, by whom they were dispossessed of their best hunting grounds, and carried on a relentless war against them for nearly forty years . . . The Comanches were nomad buffalo hunters, constantly on the move, cultivating little from the ground, and liking in skin tipis. They were long noted as the finest horsemen on the plains and bore a reputation for dash and courage. They have a high sense of honor and hold themselves superior to the other tribes with which they are associated. In person they are well built and corpulent. Their language is the trade of the region and is more or less understood by all the neighboring tribes. It is sonorous and flowing, its chief characteristic being the rolling r. The language has several dialects . . . ”

Kiowas

Hodge o. c.

“A tribe at one time residing about the upper Yellowstone and Missouri, but better known as centering about the upper Arkansas and Canadian in Colorado and Oklahoma, and constituting, so far as present knowledge goes, a distinct linguistic stock. Among all the prairie tribes they are noted as the most predatory and bloodthirsty, and have probably killed more white men in proportion to their numbers than any of the others. Although brave and warlike, the Kiowa are considered inferior in most respects to the Comanche. In person they are dark and heavily built, forming a marked contrast to the more slender complexed prairie tribes to the north . . . ” pp. 699-700.

Satanta (White Bear) Hodge o. c. Vol. 11 p. 469 — “A noted Kiowa chief, born about 1830, died by suicide in the Huntsville, Texas, prison, October 11, 1878. For about fifteen years before his death he was recognized as second chief in his tribe. the first rank being accorded to his senior, Setangya, or Santank, and later to Lone Wolf, although probably neither of these equalled him in force and ability. His eloquence in council gained for him the title

of 'Orator of the Plains' while his manly boldness and directness and his keen honor made him a favorite with army officers and commissioner in spite of his known hospitality to white man's laws and civilization. He was one of the signers of the Medicine Lodge Treaty of 1867, by which his tribe agreed to go on a reservation, his being the second Kiowa name attached to the document. The tribe, however, delayed coming in until compelled by Custer, who seized Santana and Lone Wolf as hostages for the fulfillment of the conditions. For boastfully avowing his part in a murderous raid into Texas in 1871, he, with Setangya and Big Tree, was arrested and held for trial in Texas. Setangya was killed while resisting the guard. The other two were tried and sentenced to life imprisonment in the Texas State penitentiary. Two years later they were released, conditional upon the good behavior of their people, but in the fall of 1874, the Kiowa having again gone on the warpath, Satanta was re-arrested and taken back to the penitentiary where he finally committed suicide by throwing himself from the upper story of the hospital. In appearance Satanta was a typical Plains warrior, of fine physique, erect bearing, and piercing glance. One who saw him in prison in 1873 describes him as a 'tall, finely formed man, princely in carriage, on whom even the prison garb seemed elegant,' and meeting his visitor with 'such dignity and grace as though he were a monarch receiving a foreign ambassador.' His memory is cherished by the Kiowa as that of one of their greatest men . . . "

Assistant Adjutant General Benjamin Clark Cutler (1834-1868) — Came to New Mexico as a Santa Fe trader. Said to have been a native of Missouri. When the Civil War broke out he volunteered his services and was assigned a white collar job in Santa Fe because of his ability as a business man. After the war he settled in Las Vegas (Old Town) and entered the hotel business. In 1868, upon receiving the appointment as Surveyor General of New Mexico, he moved to Santa Fe, where he died on October 18 in the prime of life and before he could quite demon-

strate his ability in his new office.

Wm. Blackmore, in his lengthy introduction to Col. Dodge's book about the plains, has this to say about Kiowas and Comanches: The Kiowas and Comanches are wild and roving Indians, whose range extends over a large part of Western Texas and the southeastern portion of New Mexico and Northern Mexico. The two tribes in 1867 numbered 2,800. The Kiowas or 'Prairie Men' make the signs of the prairie and of drinking water. Catlin, when he visited them, describes them as being a much a finer race of men than either the Comanches or Pawnees, tall and erect, with an easy and graceful gait, and long hair, cultivated frequently so as to reach nearly to the ground. He states that they have usually a fine and Roman outline of head, and are decidedly distinct from both the Comanches and Pawnees, both in appearance and language. The Kiowas have the reputation, and doubtless deserve it, of being the most rapacious, cruel, and treacherous of all the Indians of the Plains. They range mainly south of the Arkansas, and south of the Rio Grande. They have the credit of influencing the Comanches of doing whatever they suggest.

"The Comanches (Les Serpents), imitate by waving of the hand or the forefinger, the forward crawling motion of a snake. In stature they are rather low, and in person often approach to corpulency. These fierce, untamed savages roam over an immense region, living on the buffalo, and plundering Mexicans, Indians, and white with judicial impartiality. Arabs and Tartars of the desert, they remove their villages (pitching their lodges in regular streets and squares) hundreds of miles at the shortest notice. The men are short and stout, with bright copper faces and long hair, which they ornament with glass beads and silver gewgaws.

"On foot slow and awkward, but on horseback graceful, they are the most expert and daring riders in the world. In battle they sweep down upon their enemies with terrific yells, and, concealing the whole body, with the exception of one foot, behind their horses, discharge bullets or arrows over and under the animal's neck rapidly and accurately.

Each has his favorite war-horse, which he regards with great affection, and only mounts when going into battle. With small arms they are familiar; but 'gun-carts,' or cannons, they hold in superstitious fear. Even the women are daring riders and hunters, lassoing antelope and shooting buffalo. They wear the hair short, tattoo their bodies, have stolid faces, and are ill-shapen and bow-legged. These modern Spartans are most expert and skillful thieves. An old brave boasted to General Marcy that his four sons were the noblest youth in the tribe, and the chief comfort of his age, for they could steal more horses than any other of their companions. They are patient and untiring — sometimes absent upon war expeditions for a year, refusing to return until they can bring the spoils of battle. When organizing a war party, the chief decorates a long pole with eagle feathers and a flag, and then, in fighting costume, chants war songs through his village. He makes many raids upon the white settlers; but his favorite victims are Mexicans. Like all barbarians, he believes his tribe the most prosperous and powerful on earth, and, whenever the Government supplies him with sugar, blankets, or money, attributes the gifts solely to fear of Comanche prowess. Never tilling the ground, insensible alike to the comforts and wants of civilization, daring, treacherous, and blood-thirsty, they are the Bedouins of the frontier, and the mortal terror of weaker Indians and the Mexicans. According to tradition, their ancestors came from a far country in the west, where they expect to join them after death. Catlin says of them: 'In their movements they are heavy and ungraceful; an one their feet one of the most unattractive and slovenly-looking races of Indians I have ever seen; but the moment they mount their horses, they seem at once metamorphosed, and surprise the spectator with the ease and grace of their movements. A Comanche on his feet is out of his element, and comparatively as awkward as a monkey on the ground, without a limb or branch to cling to; but the moment he lays his hand upon his horse, his face even becomes handsome, and he gracefully flies away like a different being.' . . . The Kiowas number at present

about 2,000 and the Comanches 3,000."

Letter of Erastus W. Wood, Aide-de-Camp, asking Bergmann to be on his guard against Kiowas and Comanches:

January 6, 1865: Dear Col. Bergmann: General Carleton directs me to write that you must not relax your vigilance with reference to the Kiowas and Comanches. He neither expects they will surprise you, nor your post, nor run off your stock. Whether it is judicious to herd your stock as far away as the Conchas is a point about which he has much doubt. You will have that stock guarded wherever it may be at least a full company complete — officers and all — the companies will take turns every ten days on this duty, and the greatest watchfulness will be observed that the animals neither stray, are stolen, nor are run off by the Indians. The commanding general here alludes to the commissary and quartermaster's animals and Captain Baca's horses. In this connection he desires that you will send him a list of all these animals, made from actual count. Have a party of men under a careful officer drilled in the use of the howitzers. You will not have much ammunition to expend on practice with these guns. Make a requisition for what you need and showing the exact amount on hand. You will keep your troops busily employed in drilling, carefully tending their stock and completing your fort. Report every week your progress, the condition of your stock, all intelligence received in relation to hostile Indians, and if any of the Indians send in a flag of truce treat the bearers well and tell them to wait at the post until you hear from the department headquarters. Send an intelligent officer to visit the different herds of sheep and cattle which may be grazing between Hatch's Ranch and Fort Bascom, and warn the men in charge of those herds that until all danger of a visit from the Kiowas and Comanches shall have passed by they had better move their flocks and herds on the west side of the Pecos, between Anton Chico and Giddings Ranch. Report the result of this warning. There is good pasturage between Agua

Negra and the Gallinas, and on the east side of the Pecos, to which they might be driven. In case you are menaced by an attack of a large force of Kiowas and Comanches you will send to Fort Sumner and ask help of General Crocker, in the event that you have not troops enough at your own post to whip that force. Report at once the amount of supplies which you have on hand . . . ”

February 21, 1865 — this letter also by Wood, was sent to Bergmann:

“Major Arthur Morrison of Las Vegas is anxious to send out a wagon with some goods, such as blue cloth, manta, bread, tobacco, etc., to the country of the Kiowas and Comanches in order to make an effort to buy some captive women and children who are said to be held by those Indians. This wagon will be under the charge of a man named J. Anaya, with not to exceed eight other citizens along. In case Major Morrison himself decides to go this passport will include him as well. The party are to have no arms but what are necessary for their own defense, and only a limited supply of ammunition. No arms or ammunition or liquor (with the exception of the arms and ammunition just named) are to be allowed to pass with this party. It being important to leave no means untried to recover from a horrible captivity these American women and children is the only reason why this passport is issued at this particular juncture when we have not yet concluded a treaty of peace with the Comanches for which the Comanches have already made overtures. This party and all other parties to whom passports have been or may be given to go to the Comanche and Kiowa country in an endeavor to obtain these or other captives, will be required to take oath in writing before yourself that they will convey no information whatever with reference to the number, position, kind, or movements of any troops within this department. And they will each and all be warned that if they break this oath or sell the Indians arms and ammunition that they will be amendable to suffer the utmost rigor of the laws . . . ”

Chapter Four

BLEAK CHRISTMAS

Despite Carleton's plans Carson was not given a second chance against the Kiowas and Comanches. Even the best laid plans of generals sometimes fail to materialize. Time has given dimension to Carleton's Bosque Redondo project and the overall picture is quite a contrast compared to the antics of the non-reservation Chiricahua, Gila, Sierra Blanca, Kiowa, Comanche. The government Navajo problem was nil compared to the twenty years of warfare yet remaining before these tribes could be subjugated. As long as Kiowas and Comanches roamed the plains they remained a threat to Carleton's project. Nor were the comancheros any help. He repeatedly warned Fort Bascom to be ever vigilant for he little valued any peace overtures on the part of the Plains Indians. When Bergmann wrote concerning Comanches who had come to Fort Bascom under a flag of truce, Assistant Adj. Gen. Cyrus H. De Forrest, 2nd Colo. Cav., answered for Carleton: "In the absence of the commanding general the chief of staff directs that you at once take from these Indians their arms and horses. To this they cannot object if they are acting in good faith; and in this condition they will not be so liable to do you injury. Explain to them that this is done as a military necessity, and only until you hear from the general, and that this is no disrespect, nor is any intended, toward their flag of truce. You may exercise the greatest vigilance both day and night that they do not surprise you. Your animals must be kept within your post. They will be fed hay and grain; if you have no grain, an extra quantity of hay. Give the Indians no opportunity whatever to take advantage of you in that respect. If it comes to a fight, be sure and whip

them. Again you are directed to be on the alert against treachery." (De Forrest to Bergmann, Sept. 27, 1864).

Fearful that the commander of Fort Bascom would not act on this letter since it was not from Carleton, De Forrest directed a second one to him on the same day hoping to impress on Bergmann the seriousness of around the clock alertness as long as the Indians remained at the post. "The commanding officer directs me to say to you that you tell the Kiowas and Comanches who came to your post under a flag of truce that their people have attacked our trains, killed our people, run off our stock; that we believe their hearts are bad, and that they talk with a forked tongue; that we have no confidence in what they say; and that they must go away, as we regard them not as friends; that they need not come in with any more white flags until they are willing to give up all the stock they have stolen this year from our people, and also the men among them who have killed our people without provocation or cause; nor permit them to visit the Navajos on the reservation; nor permit any treaty to be made with the Navajos until the injuries done us have been atoned for to our satisfaction."

At the end of 1867 Bergmann, now a colonel, decided not to renew his enlistment but mustered out to go to Cimarron as L. B. Maxwell's partner in a mining venture near Mt. Baldy. Colonel Andrew Jonathan Alexander, who had come to the Southwest shortly after the Atlanta campaign, replaced him. Rumors still persisted that the Navajos, not the Comanches and Kiowas, were the marauders about Chaparito, Las Vegas, Questa, Del Bado and Anton Chico. Alexander was instructed to take a scout north of Fort Bascom and to kill any Indian, irrespective of tribe, who galloped about bearing arms. This made the colonel breathe easier for he said that he was certain many of the soldiers at Fort Bascom didn't know the difference between a Navajo or a Comanche; or at least pretended not to know. All Indians seemed to bother them. Alexander started out by moving west toward Trujillo. They struck a fresh Indian trail indicating a small party. They came upon six Navajo

warrors afoot, and a lone woman on horseback. While this reversed the usual order among them, women not deemed fit to ride, they had hoped to scare off the soldiers if women tracks were not discovered. The soldiers approached the Navajos expecting a fight. They merely stood there waiting for Alexander and his men to make the first move. One thing now became certain: rumors of Navajo depredations were not all false. Alexander fired a shot into the air and called on his men to ready their rifles. When the Navajos saw that the commander of Fort Bascom meant to kill them they broke for the hills. They were surrounded. Alexander did not understand the Navajo but he knew the language of mercy and spared their lives. Alexander came across a second trail. He was surprised to learn that one of these was Manuelito, the Navajo chieftian in whom Carson and Carleton had placed their first trust and confidence. Manuelito refused to be captured. He fired the prairie, the smoke and flames keeping the soldiers back until the Navajos found refuge among the canyons of the table land. Outwitted by the resourceful Manuelito, the colonel decided to abandon the chase for the evening in order to scheme a retaliation of his own. He gave his captives to understand that the woman would not be killed but indicated that the braves would not be so lucky. One of the sentinels was instructed to abandon his post sometime after midnight. The ruse worked. The seven captives fled. In order not to arouse suspicions, several soldiers gave chase, shooting at the fleeing shadows. Recall was sounded and Alexander went back into his tent. The colonel surmised that these Indians eventually found their way back to the Bosque Redondo, too scared to perpetrate further forays. No doubt he was correct since Manuelito later aided against recalcitrant Apaches. After this there were no more actual campaigns against the Comanches and Kiowas as acts of war but rather expeditions to break up Comanche rustling, comanchero activities and to corral the Kiowas and Comanches into reservations around Camp Supply, Fort Sill and other posts in Nations Territory (present Oklahoma). This may seem like a misleading statement, but the cam-

paigns of Evans, Custer, Sheridan, Price, Miles and others had these objects in mind although it took warlike maneuvering to do it. To understand the background behind the Evans hunt for Comanches one must make excursions into history, put the many strings together to make the lasso that was to pull the Plains Indians into the reservations. Such digressions are necessary for the proper focus. An artist mixes many colors for a painting but the picture is one.

Colonel J. H. Leavenworth was not convinced that the answer lay in sicking Carson on the Comanches and Kiowas. These Indians had no fight against Americans. They only wanted their hunting grounds and would come to terms with Texans and Navajos if these "nestors" cleared out. When the Navajos eventually went further west the Kiowas and Comanches looked upon it as a moral victory. Now all that remained was to convince the Texans that they should move. They demanded it by right of the treaty signed near the site of Wichita, Kansas, October 18, 1865. The great pow-wow commenced in August of that year and was more of a fiesta than a way and means to peace. None of the Indians seriously believed that the white man would do all he said any more than the white man trusted the Indian. But it was fun while it lasted. The Indians agreed to cease all acts of violence, discontinue raids on the settlements, permit wagon trains through without hindrance and make every effort to show they were at peace with the government. Die-hards on both sides refused to recognize this treaty. The commissioners protested that only six of the nine bands of Comanches were present at the time, leaving three bands free to raid and plunder and consider themselves at war with the United States. Also, contrary to the laws of Texas, the treaty called for taking land in what is now called the Golden Spread of the Texas Panhandle, this to be given to the Kiowas and Comanches. Others maintained that the treaty infringed upon the rights of the Pablo Montoya and the Baca land grants. The government had recognized these claims as legitimate. How could the commissioners now turn it over to Kiowas and

Comanches? Comancheros were pleased with the arrangement and smiled like so many cats after licking a saucer of fresh cream. The ranchers in the Panhandle area, few as they were at the time, set up a howl loud enough to drown out the noise of a thousand coyotes baying at the moon. By what authority? And Indians! What rights did a white man have? And so the music and the dance went on and on ending up by everybody getting tired nobody satisfied. The Indians said they had to make sacrifices too. They had to give up all their precious captives, horses and cattle, stop terrorizing overland trains, settlements and camps. It took all the joy out of living. A Comanche's wealth was commuted in horses, captives and scalps. Texas maintained that the federal government took in all the land of the republic when the Lone Star country was admitted into the Union. This included land the government now wished to give to Kiowas and Comanches for the sake of peace. What peace? And for how long? Texas asked for the right to raise a militia to spank these tribes into line but the government refused. Governor Throckmorton was eventually to find a way out of the dilemma. Meantime the Indians became increasingly bolder in their demands. Complaints rode the rails to Washington. Charles Boggy and W. R. Irwin, special agents of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, were sent to investigate the situation. Their findings indicated that the Kiowas and Comanches had been treated contumeliously by officers and agents alike. The Indians did not receive their annuity goods and were distributed blankets unfit for use even as a saddle blanket. It was plainly evident that if the government failed to take corrective measures, and soon, the whole frontier faced a general Indian uprising. The investigation of Boggy and Irwin brought about the famous Medicine Lodge Council. Despite the failure of the Medicine Lodge Treaty, many interested parties on both sides were sincere in their efforts for a lasting peace.

Medicine Lodge is more readily recognized as the place where Carrie Nation marched with her hatchet-swinging brigade, than as the site of the famous pow-wow, although

the town as such was not in existence at the time of the treaty. KANSAS: A GUIDE TO THE SUNFLOWER STATE, pages 256-57 gives a good picture of the Medicine Lodge Council: "When settlement of the Territory was brought almost to a standstill by constant Indian wars in the 1860's, representatives of the Federal Government made plans for a great peace council between the Indians and the white man. Scouts, soldiers, settlers and gold seekers were enlisted to carry word to tribes that government representatives desired to meet them and negotiate a treaty of peace at a place of their own choosing. After months of tribal councils and pow-wows the tribes chose the site of their own medicine lodge on the banks of the wooded river (the Medicine Lodge river). Two factors influenced their choice. They believed that near their ancient sanctuary the Great Spirit would watch over all that took place. The spot was two miles from the white man's civilization and here, in their own country, they believed there would be less danger of treachery on the part of the white man. Plans were completed for the meeting in the early fall of 1867 and in October of that year at the present site of Medicine Lodge 15,000 Indians met with 600 government representatives in what is said to be the largest gathering of Indians and whites in the history of the United States. The commissioners, whose duty it was to negotiate the treaty with the five plains tribes (Kiowa, Comanche, Arapaho, Apache and Cheyenne), were all men of prominence in war and government affairs. N. G. Taylor, orator and scholar, was president of the commission. General W. T. Sherman, Civil War hero, and S. J. Crawford, Governor of Kansas, were there as advisors. Others who played important parts were Col. A. G. Boone, grandson of Daniel Boone, Col. Edward W. Wynkoop. Agent of the Arapaho and Cheyenne, respected by the whites and possessing the trust and confidence of the Indians, Col. James H. Leavenworth, Agent of the Kiowa and Comanche, Kit Carson and William Matthewson, Indian fighters and scouts, and Jesse Chisholm, for whom the Chisholm cattle trail was named. Henry M. Stanley, later known for his explorations in

Africa and his search for David Livingstone, covered the event for the NEW YORK TRIBUNE:

"Towering above all the Indians in native intellect, and bearing a remarkable resemblance to Andrew Jackson, was Little Raven, orator and chief of the Arapaho. A. A. Taylor, later governor of Tennessee, attended the council as a secretary. In an account of the event published in the early 1900's he said: 'Little Raven's speech before the commission on the question of damages . . . his reference to the ill treatment the Indians had received from the whites was scathing, and his plea for protection and better treatment in the future was the most touching piece of impassioned oratory to which I had listened before or since . . . ' Of no less importance to the gathering were Satanta, chief of the Kiowa; Young Bear, Iron Mountain and Painted Lips of the Comanche; Wolf Sleeve, Iron Shirt and Crow of the Apache; and Black Kettle, Bull Bear, and Slim Face of the Cheyenne. Council meetings were held in a large tent near the river bank. Commissioners and Indian chiefs sat on camp stools in a circle and secretaries wrote on large packing boxes. Thus after three years constant warfare, Indians and whites met peaceably, exchanged words instead of blows . . . Each chief spoke before the council and the grievances and claims of each tribe were settled individually. At the end of two weeks negotiations, the treaty was signed. It fixed the southern boundary of Kansas and stipulated that south of that line should be 'Indian Territory' . . . as long as 'grass grows and waters run.' It ended a war of three years duration, thus clearing the way for white settlement of the entire Southwest. As a result of the treaty the populations of Colorado, North Dakota, South Dakota, New Mexico and Arizona were augmented, making it directly responsible for those States to enter into the Union . . . "

Actually settlement of New Mexico did not hinge on Medicine Lodge. The treaty did not bring restful sleep to the settlements. If anything, eastern New Mexico, the Texas Panhandle and parts of Kansas and Oklahoma expected more bloodshed as a result of the breaking of the treaty

than if it had never been called into being. This was due in part to the rise of the cattle industry, discovery of gold on the Maxwell Land Grant, the flood of buffalo hunters into the Panhandle, the advance of the railroad and the parade of nestors and squatters in quest of free land. Tongue in cheek, the commissioners agreed to the Kiowa and Comanche demands for land claimed by Texas. And the Comanches and Kiowas knew that the Texans would not give up their ranches without a fight. Medicine Lodge gave everybody a good time but settled no issues. The commissioners distributed many gifts; the Indians were given all the food and coffee they wanted — free. Satanta, the first to speak, gave the commissioner to understand that schools, houses, farms, labor were not the answer any more than reservations. The Kiowa had his own way of life. Ten Bears, speaking for the Comanches, proved himself the Cicero of the day. The white authorities, on the other hand, insisted that the Indians refrain from further attack on wagon trains and the settlements and learn to accept schools, farms, medical attention, agencies, agriculture as a way of life. They were to permit roads, railroads and travelers to cross their lands. They were told in effect to cease living as Indians and to accept the dress, eating and living habits of the white man. This was called civilization. Ten Bears said that he had been to Washington two years before and had seen enough of the living habits and civilization of the white man to want no part of them. The hardest pill to swallow was being “fenced in” with only 5,546 square miles of land to roam in. Nor did they relish being termed government wards and reservation Indians. They were no longer the Lords of the South Plains. General Sheridan, in his *PERSONAL MEMOIRS*, Vol. 2, p. 283, hints of all these things and how Medicine Lodge eventually made impact on Fort Bascom:

“Although the chiefs and head-men were well nigh unanimous in ratifying these concessions, it was discovered in the spring of 1868 that many of the young men were bitterly opposed to what had been done and claimed that most of the signatures had been obtained by misrepresen-

tation and through proffers of certain annuities, and promises of arms and ammunition to be issued in the spring of 1868. This grumbling was very general in extent, and during the winter found outlet in occasional marauding, so, fearing a renewal of the pillaging and plundering at an early day, I . . . made a trip to find out for myself the feelings of the Indians of the Plains . . . In July the encampments about Fort Dodge began to break up, each band or tribe moving off to some new location north of the Arkansas, instead of toward the proper reservation to the south of that river. Then I learned that a party of Cheyennes had made a raid on the Kaws — a band of friendly Indians living near Council Grove — and stolen their horses, and also robbed the houses of several white people near Council Grove. This raid was the beginning of the Indian War of 1868. Immediately following it, the Comanches and Kiowas came to Fort Larned to receive their annuities, expecting to get also the arms and ammunition promised them at Medicine Lodge, but the raid near Council Grove having been reported to the Indian Department, the issue of arms was suspended till reparation was made. The action of the Department greatly incensed the savages, and the agent's offer of annuities without guns and pistols was insolently refused, the Indians sulking back to their camp, the young men giving themselves to war dances and pow-wows with Medicine Men till the hope of control was gone. The Indians came to see Brig. General Alfred Sully . . . and protested that it was only a few bad men who had been depredating, and that all will be well and the young men held in check if the agent would issue arms and ammunition. Believing their promises, Sully thought that the delivery of the arms would solve the difficulties, so on his advice the agent turned them over along with the annuities, the time the Indians condescendingly accepting. This issue of arms and ammunition was a fatal mistake. Indian diplomacy had overreached Sully's experience, and even while the delivery was in progress a party of warriors had already begun a raid of murder and rapine, which for acts of devilish cruelty perhaps has no parallel in savage warfare. The raiding

on the Arkansas and Cimarron was done principally by the Kiowas under their chief, Santana, aided by some of the Comanches . . . These and other minor raids which followed, made it plain that a general outbreak was upon us. The only remedy, therefore, was to subjugate the savages immediately engaged in the forays by forcing the several tribes to settle down on the reservations set apart by the treaty of Medicine Lodge. The principal mischief makers were the Cheyennes. Next in deviltry were the Kiowas, and then the Arapahoes and Comanches. All four tribes together could put on the warpath a formidable force of about 6,000 warriors . . .

“At the outbreak of hostilities I had in all, east of New Mexico (i. e. east of Fort Bascom and Fort Sumner — Bascom was about 87 miles north of Sumner), a force of regulars numbering about 2,600 men (1,200 mounted and 1,400 infantry). The cavalry was composed of the Seventh and Tenth Regiments, and Infantry of the Third and Fifth Regiments and four companies of the Thirty-Eighth. With these few troops all the posts along the Smoky Hill and Arkansas had to be garrisoned, emigrant trains escorted, and the settlements and routes of travel and the construction parties on the Kansas-Pacific railway protected. Then, too, this same force had to furnish for the field small movable columns that were always on the go, so that it will be rightly inferred that every available man was kept busy from the middle of August till November; especially as during this period the hostiles attacked over forty widely dispersed places, in nearly all cases stealing horses, burning houses, and killing settlers. It was, of course, impossible to foresee where these descents would be made, but as soon as an attack was heard of assistance was always properly rendered, and every now and then we succeeded in killing a few savages . . . The end of October saw completed the most of my arrangements for the winter campaign, though the difficulties and hardships to be encountered had led several experienced officers of the Army, and some frontiersmen like Jim Bridger, the famous scout and guide of earlier days, to discourage the project. Bridger even went

so far as to come out of St. Louis to dissuade me, but I reasoned that as the soldier was much better clothed and fed than the Indian, I had one great advantage, and that, in short, a successful campaign could be made if the operations of the different columns were energetically conducted. To see to this I decided to go in person with the main column, which was to push down into the western part of the Indian Territory, having for its initial objective the villages which, at the beginning of the hostilities, had fled toward the headwaters of the Red river, and those also that had gone to the same remote region after decamping from the same neighborhood of Larned at the time that General Hazen sent Buffalo Bill to me with the news. The column which was expected to do the main work was to be composed of the 19th Kansas Volunteer Cav. commanded by Colonel Crawford, under General Custer (eleven troops of the 7th U. S. Cav.), and a battalion of five companies of infantry under Brevet Major John H. Page. To facilitate matters, General Sully, the district commander, was ordered to rendezvous these troops and establish a supply depot about one hundred miles south of Fort Dodge, as from such a point operations could be more readily conducted. He selected for the depot a most suitable place at the confluence of Beaver and Wolf creeks, and on his arrival there with Custer's and Page's commands, named the place Camp Supply. In conjunction with the main column, two others also were to penetrate the Indian Territory. One of these, which was to march east from New Mexico by way of Fort Bascom, was to be composed of six troops from the Third Cavalry and two companies of infantry, the whole under Colonel A. W. Evans. The other, consisting of seven troops of the Fifth Cavalry, and commanded by Brevet Brig. General Eugene A. Carr, was to march southeast from Fort Lyon; the intention being that Evans and Carr should destroy or drive in toward old Fort Cobb any straggling bands that might be prowling through the country west of my own line of march; Carr, as he advanced, to be poined by Brig. General W. H. Penrose, with five troops of cavalry already in the field southeast of Lyon. The Fort Bascom

column, after establishing a depot of supplies at Monument creek, was to work down the main Canadian, and remain out as long as it could feed itself from New Mexico; Carr, having united with Penrose on the North Canadian, was to operate toward the Antelope Hills and headwaters of the Red river; while I, with the main column, was to move southward to strike the Indians along the Washita, or still farther south on branches of the Red River . . . All hands were hard at work trying to shelter the stores and troops (at the new Camp Supply), but from the trail seen that morning, believing that an opportunity offered to strike an effective blow, I directed Custer to call in his working parties and prepare to move immediately, without waiting for Crawford's regiment, unaccountably absent. Custer was ready to start by the 23rd, and he was then instructed to march north to where the trail had been seen near Beaver creek, and to follow it on the back track, for being convinced that the war party had come from the Washita, I felt certain that this plan would lead directly to the villages.

"The difficulties attending a winter campaign were exhibited now with their full force, as the march had to be conducted through a snow storm that hid surrounding objects, and so covered the country as to alter the appearance of the prominent features, making the task of the guides doubly troublesome; but in spite of these obstacles fifteen miles had been traversed when Custer camped for the night. The next day the storm had ceased, and the weather was clear and cold. The heavy fall of snow had, of course, obliterated the trail in the bottoms, and everywhere on the level; but, thanks to the wind, that had swept comparatively bare the rough places and high ground, the general direction could be traced without much trouble. The day's march, which was through a country abounding with buffalo, was unattended by any special incident at first, but during the afternoon, after getting the column across the Canadian river — an operation, which, on account of the wagons, consumed considerable time — Custer's scouts (friendly Osages) brought back word that some miles ahead

they had struck fresh signs, a trail coming into the old one from the north, which, in their opinion, indicated that the war party was returning to the villages. On receipt of this news, Custer, leaving a guard with the wagons, hastily assembled the rest of the men, and pushing on rapidly, overtook the scouts and detailed a party from his regiment which had accompanied them. All halted on the new trail awaiting his arrival. A personal examination satisfied Custer that the surmises of his scouts were correct; and also that the fresh trail in the deep snow could at night be followed with ease. After a short halt for supper and rest, the pursuit was resumed, the Osage scouts in advance and although the hostile Indians were presumed to be yet some distance off, every precaution was taken to prevent detection and to enable our troops to strike them unawares. The fresh trail, which was afterward ascertained, had been made by raiders from Black Kettle's village of Cheyennes, and by some Arapahoes, led into the valley of the Washita, and growing fresher as the night wore on, finally brought the Osages upon a camp fire, still smoldering, which, it was concluded, had been built by the Indian boys acting as herders of the ponies during the previous day. It was evident, then, that the village could be but a few miles off; hence the pursuit was continued with redoubled caution until a few hours before the dawn of the 27th, as the leading scouts peered over a rise on the line of march, they discovered a large body of animals in the valley below. As soon as they reported this discovery, Custer determined to acquaint himself with the situation by making a reconnaissance in person, accompanied by his principal officers. So, sending back word to hold the cavalry, he directed the officers to ride forward with him; then, dismounting, the entire party crept cautiously to a high point which overlooked the valley, and from where, by the bright moon then shining, they saw just below how the village was situated. Its position was such as to admit an easy approach from all sides. So, to preclude an escape of the Indians, Custer decided to attack at daybreak, and from four different directions.

"The plan having fully explained to the officers, the remaining hours of the night were employed in making the necessary dispositions. Two of the detachments left promptly, since they had to make a circuitous march of several miles to reach the points designated for their attack; the third started a little later; then the fourth and last, under Custer himself, also moved into position. As the first light grew visible in the east, each column moved closer in to the village, and then, all dispositions having been made according to the prearranged plan, from their appointed places the entire force — to the opening notes of 'Gary Owen,' played by the regimental band as the signal for the attack — dashed at a gallop into the village. The sleeping and unsuspecting savages were completely surprised by the onset; yet after the first confusion, during which the first impulse to escape principally actuated them, they seized their weapons, and from behind logs and trees, or plunging into the stream and using its steep bank as a breastwork, they poured upon their assailants a heavy fire, and kept on fighting with every exhibition of desperation. In such a combat mounted men were useless, so Custer directed his troopers to fight on foot, and the Indians were successively driven from one point of vantage to another, until, finally, by 9 o'clock the entire camp was in his possession and the victory complete. Black Kettle and over one hundred of his warriors were killed, and about fifty women and children captured; but most of the non-combatants, as well as a few warriors and boys escaped in the confusion of the fight. Making their way down the river, these fugitives alarmed the rest of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and also the Kiowas and Comanches, whose villages were in close proximity — the nearest not more than two miles off. Then of course all the warriors of these tribes rallied to attack Custer, who meantime was engaged in burning Black Kettle's camp and collecting his herds and ponies. But these new foes were rather wary and circumspect, though they already had partial revenge in an unlooked for way by cutting off Major Elliott and fifteen men, who had gone off in pursuit of a batch of young warriors

when the fight was going on in the village. In fact, the Indians had killed Elliott's whole party, though neither the fate of the poor fellows, nor how they happened to be caught, was not known till long afterward. It was then ascertained that the detachment pursued a course due south, nearly at right angles to the Washita river, and after galloping a couple of miles over the hills, crossing a small branch of the Washita on the way, they captured some of the fugitives. In bringing the prisoners back, Elliott was in turn attacked on open prairie by a large number of savages from farther down the Washita, who by this time were swarming to the aid of Black Kettle's village. The little band fought its way gallantly to within rifle range of the small creek referred to, but could get no farther, for the Indians had taken up a position in the bed of the stream, and from under cover of its banks Ellitt and all his remaining men were quickly killed. No relief was sent to them. Custer, not having seen Elliott set out, knew nothing of the direction he had taken, and, besides, was busy burning the villages and securing the ponies, and deeply concerned, too, with defending himself from the new dangers menacing him. Elliott and his brave little party were thus left to meet their fate alone.

"While Custer was burning the lodges and plunder and securing the ponies, the Indians from the villages down the Washita were gathering constantly around him till by mid-day they had collected in thousands, and then came a new problem as to what should be done. If he attacked the other villages there was great danger of his being overwhelmed, and should he start back to Camp Supply by daylight, he would run the risk of losing his prisoners and the ponies, so, think the matter over, he decided to shoot all the ponies, and keep skirmishing with the savages till night-fall, and then, under cover of the darkness, return to Camp Supply; a program that was carried out successfully, but Custer's course received some severe criticism because no effort was made to discover what had become of Elliott.

"Custer had, in all, two officers and nineteen men killed, and two officers and eleven men wounded. The blow

struck was a most effective one, and, fortunately, fell on one of the most villainous of hostiles that, without any provocation, whatever, had perpetrated the massacres on the Saline and the Solomon, committing atrocities too repulsive for recital, and whose hands were still red from the bloody work on the recent raid. Black Kettle, the chief, was an old man, and did not himself go with the raiders to the Saline and Solomon, and on this account his fate was regretted by some. But it was old age only that kept him back, for before the demons had set out from Walnut creek he had fully encouraged them by 'making medicine' . . . We reached the valley of the Washita a little before dark, and camped some five or six miles above the scene of Custer's fight, where I concluded to remain at least a day, to visit the command and give it a chance to re-fit. In the meantime I visited the field in company with Custer and several other officers, to see if there was a possibility of discovering any traces of Elliott's party. On arriving at the site of the village, and learning from Custer what dispositions had been made in approaching for the attack, the squadron of the escort was deployed and pushed across the river at the point where Elliott had crossed. Moving directly to the south, we had not gone far before we struck his trail, and soon the whole story was made plain by our finding, on an open level about two miles from the destroyed village, the dead and frozen bodies of the entire party. The poor fellows were all lying within a circle not more than fifteen or twenty paces in diameter, and little piles of empty cartridge shells near each body plainly showed that every man had made a brave fight. None were scalped, but most of them were otherwise horribly mutilated, which fiendish work is usually done by squaws. All had been stripped of their clothing . . . The Kiowas were now in our hands, and all the Comanches too, except one small band which, after Custer's fight, had fled toward the headwaters of the Red river. The party was made up of a lot of very bad Indians — outlaws from the main tribe — and we did not hope to subdue them without a fight, and of this they got their fill; for Evans, moving from Monument creek

toward the western base of the Wichita Mountains on Christmas Day, had the good fortune to strike their village. In the snow and cold his approach was wholly unexpected and he was thus enabled to deal the band a blow that practically annihilated it. Twenty-five warriors were killed outright, most of the women and children captured, and all of the property was destroyed. Only a few of the party escaped, and some of these made their way in to Fort Cobb, to join the rest of the tribe in confinement; while others later in the season surrendered at Fort Bascom . . . ”

Sheridan was decidedly kind to Col. Evans in his account. Neither the Comanches nor the column from Fort Bascom agreed with the general's remarks covering the action that took place that Christmas Day. Getty and Evans were particularly anxious to track down the Kiowas and Comanches but for reasons other than those proffered by General Sheridan. More and more complaints reached Santa Fe from the Texas Panhandle. Fort Bascom seemed to be the focal point for stock stolen from the cattlemen by the Comanches and brought into New Mexico where comancheros found ready buyers. The Indians received whisky, guns, blankets, ammunition and some food in exchange. The traders from Anton Chico, San Miguel, Las Vegas, Trujillo, Questa (present Villanueva), Puertecito (present Sena), Puebla, Taos and Costilla proved more elusive than the Indians because they traveled in small bands moving as far south as Fort Richardson, Fort Griffin and Fort Worth. It would be easier to stop the Indians. Thus Fort Bascom again became a beehive of activity. Getty ordered troops from various posts to assemble at Fort Union, then to march down to Fort Bascom where they would meet the supply wagons. Fort Bascom was to be made headquarters for the Kiowa-Comanche campaign. Like Carson, Sheridan, California Joe and others experienced in the art of Indian fighting, Evans was convinced that Indians were not at their best as warriors in the winter months. He sent scouts out along the Canadian to report any signs of comancheros, Comanches and Kiowas. He would follow in order to establish a depot at Monument creek according to

the wishes of General Sheridan. The General's report to his superior officer was short and to the point: "... to make this campaign, I directed General Getty to quickly organize a small column at Fort Bascom, New Mexico; General Eugene Orr to organize a column on the Arkansas and a third column was directed to concentrate at or near the junction of Beaver creek with the North Canadian. To General Getty was entrusted the organization and supply of the column from Bascom . . . The plan of operations to accomplish these purposes was to let the small column from Bascom consisting of six companies of the 3rd Cavalry and four mountain howitzers, aggregating 563 men — operate along the main Canadian — establishing a depot at Monument creek — and remaining out as long as it could be supplied, at least until some time in January . . ."

On November 7, 1868, Evans called for a review of the troops at Fort Bascom. He was aware of Custer's march but did not know that it was directed toward the Washita rather than the Canadian as he had hoped. The Pueblo Indian scouts proved no more useful than the regular army scouts. He would wait another day. On the 18th the column moved out of Bascom for Monument creek, one hundred and eighty-five miles down the river. It was a cold, gray day. A swift breeze kept the guidons unfurled. Determination marked the faces of the marching men. One good battle and back to winter quarters, away from the biting winds, the blinding blizzards that visited the plains this time of the year. Not one in the column was too happy about chasing Indians in sub-freezing weather. This was the marching order as the column left Fort Bascom:

Major A. W. Evans, 3rd Cav. Bvt. Lt. Col. U. S. Army,
Commander

1st. Lt. Edward Hunter, 3rd Cav.

2nd. Lt. A. H. Von Leutwitz, 3rd Cav.

R. H. Longwill, Medical Officer, Surgeon

Capt. Hurley, 3rd Cav. Commander of Co. A

Capt. Cain, 3rd Cav. Commander of Co. C

Lt. Hildebrun, 3rd Cav. Commander of Co. D

Lt. Cushing, 3rd Cav. Commander of Co. F

Capt. Monahan, 3rd Cav. Commander of Co. G — with
Lt. Mulford

Bvt. Major Tarlton and Lt. King — 3rd Cav. Com-
manders of Co. I

Capt. Gageby and Lt. Baird, 37th Inf. Commanders of
Co. I

Lt. G. K. Sullivan in charge of the Battery of Moun-
tain Howitzers

The march to Monument creek and Adobe Walls proved uneventful save that all were equally discomforted by the cold snap that hounded their steps from the very outset. Evans established his supply depot at Monument creek on December 7th where the men dug into the earth, roofing the excavations over with squares of sod in an effort to keep out the cold. Everywhere disgruntled soldiers remarked on their lives as prairie dogs. They saw no difference in their dugouts than the furrows of the inquisitive little animals who often scolded the men for this invasion of both their privacy and their colony. Word reached Evans of Custer's fight on the Washita and he decided to move southeast to intercept any Indians seeking refuge in the Wichita Mountains. Leaving a small guard to protect his impediment and all his tentage, he took after the Indians Custer left behind when he returned to Camp Supply. He left the cantonment at Monument creek on December 18 after waiting a few days to see whether or not some of the Indians were headed toward Fort Bascom in search of comancheros to replenish their ammunition supply. Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Kiowas, Comanches — none seemed venturesome enough to make the attempt. All were anxious to hide in the mountains where friendly Wichita Indians would furnish food, horses, mules and a place to hide.

The sky was lead colored. All along the brakes of the Canadian icy ridges and small trees, bare of foliage, refused to shelter them from the barrage of howling winds that whipped them mercilessly as they moved along toward their objective. The drivers of the three ammunition wagons almost froze to death. Forty-two miles from Monument creek they struck the trail of the fleeing Indians. Sleet

blanketed the area. Icicles stiffened beards and moustaches. No one dared laugh for fear of skin tearing. They didn't march any more; they stamped and pounded the sleet to keep their feet warm. Every now and then an oath and curse against weather and Indians punctuated the stomping sound. The Antelope Hills afforded some shelter but there was no lingering here. Orders sent them after Indians. They were reminded of this in the Indian signs all about them. No doubt the warriors were coming along this Fort Bascom route but decided on the Wichita Mountains when the cold wave rolled over the Staked Plains and the Canadian. Drifts piled up as high as an elephant's eye; snow flakes parried the eyes like so many sparring partners striking then dancing away; every blow was a telling one as eyes burned and eye-lashes stiffened as if loaded with unmelted wax. The trail led across the Canadian, south. A blue norther lashed out at the men as if it had signed a peace treaty with the Indians against the soldiers. Snowflakes square-danced all about them and the wind was the caller changing steps, positions, partners, with ever quickening pace, angered to a degree, because the men refused to join the frolic and fellowship. Washington at Valley Forge was not more uncomfortable. Many of the men murmured that they didn't enlist to battle the elements. Evans shouted what words of encouragement he could, but the soldiers were not convinced. Tarlton remarked that the Indians were worse off since their food supply was cut off by Custer. The men took no consolation in this. If the Indians were worse off they deserved it. They thought of the pinon logs burning at Fort Bascom; the comfort of the adobe walls and floors; the steam moving upward from the large kettles in the mess hall. They marched on. December 23rd. found them sight of Headquarters Mountain. The North Fork of the Red river flows here to the Sierra Jumanos, the home of the Wichita Indians. These latter had their spies out watching every move on the part of Evans. They burnt whatever grass dry enough to take the flame and destroyed anything that might serve as forage for the equally miserable horses and mules. They probably had

some choce words for soldiers and Indians alike, and no doubt each told each other so when they rubbed noses. The Indians also went about picking up every stick and twig that the soldiers might need for fuel, and otherwise doing all they could to add to the sorry plight of the column. These Indians later denied this but sufficient evidence stacked up against them to classify them as hostiles. The horses and mules were in danger of dying from starvation. Evans realized that without mounts the men would be completely at the mercy of the braves. He decided to pass south of the mountains where he expected to find some forage for the animals. Once the animals were fed he would pick up the trail on the other side of the canyon and continue the pursuit. Early on December 24th the dejected, forlorn troopers crossed the North Fork and marched south and southeast over an extensive prairie which sloped gradually to the south. During the day Indians showed themselves, but well out of rifle range. They indicated by signs that they were patient and it was but a matter of time when the soldiers would be in their power. They would select the time and place for the attack. Evans felt that they knew his every move from the time he set out of Fort Bascom and were leading him into a trap. Like Carson, he relied on the howitzers. He called a halt as scouts went over the ground. After a careful study the scouts reported that the Indians did not come from the southeast as Evans supposed but from some other part of the gorge. Evans decided to camp here for the night. It was Christmas Eve. Many thought of home and the preparations for the Christmas dinner. Some hummed a bar or two of a familiar Christmas carol. Those born in Germany remembered the yuletide tree, the candles, paper trimmings, Nativity scene. All quiet on the Wichita front. Indians could not disturb their dreams for each youth was in a make-believe world or a real world of another day. No one talked. Some things are better left unsaid. Faces were frozen and hearts were sad; only the eyes flickered the thoughts like little Christmas lights twinkling about the evergreen. They would not forget this Christmas Eve. Almost a solemn pact of under-

standing, it seemed like an unwritten law never to put on paper what went on in the heart that night in the shadow of the Wichita Mountain. This suffering could only be understood out there, far from tinsel, lights, fruit cakes, rum and brandy, girls with yellow ribbons, women with wedding bands, children with teething pains, brothers, sisters, friends aglow with the frolic and spirit of the season. No literature of the Southwest or anywhere in America has the story of this bleak Christmas spent out in the cold, cold prairie by the boys from Fort Bascom looking for Indians to place in reservations. Seems like an idiotic way to celebrate Christmas. But it is the way of Americans to always make the country a better place to live in — safe for democracy, safe for so many things — These soldiers were fighting to make the eastern frontier of New Mexico livable rather than a paradise for comancheros and rustlers.

"This is one Christmas," remarked Captain Hurley, "that I can say I spent devoid of cheer."

No one bothered to even look at the speaker. Hurley wrapped his blanket about him and went off to sleep.

Christmas Day dawned as bleak and cheerless as the eve. Not one Christmas greeting was exchanged. The men tightened their belts, formed ranks and headed northeast. Evans hoped to pick up the trail at the eastern end of the gap. Again the snowflakes swirled about making dart boards of the men's faces. There was more cursing than praying that day. The ground was a quilt, a patch of snow here, bare ground there depending on the whims of the wind. Teeth rattled. Horses limped; mules balked; fingers number; feet froze. Soon even rifles would be too heavy to carry. The cold chilled to the marrow as the hours passed, and no relief in sight. The wind seemed to enjoy it and sought to convey this message to the men. Every now and then the column halted as a horse sank to the earth, worn out from exposure, exhaustion and starvation. It seemed as if the Indians were celebrating Christmas. Not one was sighted. At last Evans decided to go into camp on the bank of the river, under shelter of the granite peakks, so as to permit the weary men to enjoy what was left of the sacred

day as best they could.

The column approached the stream from the south, opposite the mouth of Devil's Canyon. This trail was first opened by the U. S. Dragoons in 1834. Gregg, Marcy, McCellan and other prairie travelers had more than a nodding acquaintance with the route. At this juncture two New Mexican scouts rode in and reported that they had seen and spoken to two Indians who had been watching these preparations from a distance. Evans immediately sent a squad of men to capture the two spies if at all possible. Further up, nestled in a grove of trees, just about a mile and a half east of the ruins of an old Wichita village, was a camp of sixty lodges inhabited by Noconee Comanches. Evans was certain that was the same band Sheridan was after because of the murders near Gainesville, Texas, and repeated raids at Spanish Fort during the summer and early fall. The general was particularly anxious to bring this band to justice. The chief of this village was Horseback, one of the signers of the Medicine Lodge Treaty. He was known to be friendly to the whites and had been induced by Bvt. Major General N. B. Hazen to remain with his family at Fort Cobb where he happened to be at the time Evans came upon his village. Horseback was not in agreement with Sheridan's policy but did trust Hazen. In the absence of Horseback a minor chief named Arrow Point was war chief. It was he who prepared the village for action against Evans. Subordinate to him were the sub-chiefs, Howea, Happy-wake and one or two others.

The Indians had completely camouflaged the village hoping that Evans would by-pass it and well he might but for the vigilance of the New Mexico scouts. If he failed to discover the lodges they planned to close in on him from the rear. There would be no escape. It was while the squad was hunting the two spies that the village was seen. Arrow Point panicked. The sight of the few soldiers made him overconfident. He sent warriors to capture them before they were close enough to give them an even chance. Tarlon saw the Indians coming. He asked the men whether they wanted to make a run for it or stand their ground

and fight. The men decided to fight. The battle joined about a mile west of the village. The Comanches charged Tarlton vigorously, using lances, rifles and pistols. It was apparent from the very outset that Tarlton bit off more than he could chew. He sent one of the scouts for help. Evans dispatched Capt. Monahan with his company. Arrow Point also sent additional warriors to aid Howea. With the arrival of these reinforcements Tarlton again asked for relief. This time Evans sent Capt. Hawley and his company. With the timely arrival of Hawley, Tarlton was able to take the offensive and pushed the Indians slowly back toward the village. Arrow Point came to take charge. He directed his warriors back to the open ground lying west of their village. Here they were joined by other Indians and their resistance became increasingly bolder and stronger with each moment of battle. They brought the soldiers to a standstill and a skirmish took place. Arrow Point suffered a gunshot wound through the mouth. When he fell his men carried him away, but not before the soldiers were able to strip him of his war bonnet, gun and lance. He lingered some hours before he died. Upon examination, the lance was found to be of ancient Spanish manufacture. Perhaps Arrow Point used it for a symbol rather than a weapon.

Adjutant Edward Hunter now arrived with two sections of mountain battery each drawn by four mules and manned by infantrymen with previous military experience. The small howitzers were placed in position, and threw two spherical case shot into the Indian camp. The first round proved a dud; the second exploded. The Indians in the village, not occupied in fighting, remembering how Custer burned Black Kettle's winter provisions on the Washita, formed squads to collect all utensils, food and clothing necessary for a quick flight. The projectile burst in their midst, stirring them like a group of excited ants whose hill had been invaded. The noise of the explosion and the sharp crack of rifle fire stampeded the remuda east across the shallow river. Aware that there would be no escape if the horses were lost, many of those collecting food left that work to chase after the frightened runaways.

Those who had horses in camp mounted and galloped after the herd in an effort to turn it back to the village. Many had no desire to fight after hearing the howitzers in action. They looked for ways to hide the women and children, sending them up the mountain at the north end of the village. Once they got a start upwards the braves returned to face the soldiers to give the escapees a chance to avoid capture.

Tarlton charged into the village. He dismounted his men in the grove of trees, leaving a few to guard the horses and whatever property would be captured. He now pushed forward on foot, fighting his way to the high ground lying just northeast of the camp. A sierra-like line of large granite rocks protruded from the ridge at this point, forming a half-moon from the river bank at the right to the precipitous mountainside on the left. Tarlton's men squatted behind these rocks and commenced sniper tactics against the Comanches who were now riding in half circle across the front of the firing line. Despite the targets being in plain view the soldiers were unable to make a direct hit. Back at Fort Bascom they said that it was so cold that they could hardly bend the trigger finger, nor could they hold the guns steady, causing greater recoil than usual. All the bullets went wild, much to the amusement of the Indians who always had great respect for the marksmanship of the American soldier. As smug as Tarlton felt, he was worried about the rear where Indians were gathering to cut him off from Evans. It was the story of Major Elliott all over again. The new enemy arrivals were Kiowas under Chief Woman Heart. It was the noise of the exploding howitzer that warned him the Comanche village was under attack. He swiftly assembled his warriors and came to the rescue. Large numbers of them were riding in from the east, fording the river, and taking position on Tarlton's front and right rear. Tarlton would be cut off completely. Evans saw the danger as he studied the situation through his field glasses. He mounted the remainder of the command and rode to prevent Tarlton's massacre. Next he ordered two cavalry companies to the river bank to protect Tarlton's right and rear, and pushed Capt. Gageby's company of in-

fantry to the left to prevent the Indians from getting between Tarlton and the mountain. The Indians, observing this maneuver, divided into two groups. One section rode to the northwest along the creek which rises at Soldier Spring; the other trotted southwest along the river bank. The soldiers opened heavy, steady fire against both groups which scurried out of range. Those along the river hid among the sand dunes on the south bank to await an opportunity for a fast, concentrated charge. The other group took refuge among the trees just south of Soldier Spring. Some managed to secret themselves behind a large rock about six hundred yards southeast of Soldier Spring.

The Indians were now so scattered that Evans saw how futile it would be to close in on them. Besides their mounts were fresh, well fed and watered and superior to the best horse in his outfit. He ordered Tarlton to retreat to the now vacated village. The withdrawal was orderly, quick and without incident save for one soldier who had been so engrossed in watching the Indians that he was totally aware that he was alone. The last man was already in the grove of trees when he turned to make comment. Imagine his dismay when he saw his plight. He had no intention of being a one-man army. Quick as a flash he jumped up and ran for the grove. Mama-tay-te, the Kiowa chief, rode after him but failed to cut off his retreat. Kills-Enemy-Near-Mountain (K'op-ah-hodel-to) also made an effort to capture the fleeing soldier, severely wounding him with a lance thrust. He was unable to make a coup, so valued by Kiowa and Comanche alike, and felt humiliated. To have touched the wounded soldier with his hand would have made him a great warrior. It was not lack of effort on his part. Some of the soldiers kept up a rapid fire to keep him off their comrade.

Meantime the infantry company remained in position at the extreme left. Gageby sent word to Col. Evans that he was pinned to the ground by fire coming from Indians who had scaled the mountainside. He dared not retire for fear of exposing his men to sudden death. The colonel deployed three companies of cavalry under Tarlton to flank

out the Indians annoying Gageby. As the cavalry approached the sharp rock that jutted out of the ridge, the Indians hiding behind the projection, suspecting that the advance was against them, shot from their hiding place like a covey of quail and fled west toward the timberland bordering the mountain. Several volleys were sent after them and a number fell. Others valiantly disregarded their own safety to pick up the fallen warriors and carry them to safety. Evans, Gregg, Pope and Sheridan reported a number killed at this moment but Indians in the fight told Horseback at Fort Cobb later that actually only Mama-day-te fell because his horse bucked him in the excitement. He was not hurt. This was true. It was true also that a number of Indians were killed. Kiowas and Comanches never mentioned losses in battle; only enemy losses. Sunset found all the soldiers in the grove where the Indians had pitched their winter camp. The Wichitas, anxious to join the Kiowas and Comanches in one concentrated attack to massacre the entire column. It was at this moment that Evans was at his best. It was a gamble; then so was life. He ordered the men to light fires, talk and joke with each other and prepare supper. The Indians watched from behind rocks and sand dunes. Mama-day-te called the chiefs together for a council. He reasoned that the non-chalance of the soldiers meant that Custer or Sheridan were in the area. His spies had brought him word that they were on the move southwest. The sound of the howitzers might draw their attention and the Indians might be trapped between two lines of fire. They decided not to risk it. The bluff worked. Evans then ordered the men to build a fortified camp, after which they destroyed all the Indian property in sight. They worked until midnight. The lodges were new and of the best workmanship. Evans, fearful lest he be reprimanded for holding back anything, ordered all the stores and provisions destroyed, in spite of the fact that the soldiers lacked rations. They watched hundreds of bushels of corn, flour, coffee, sugar, soap, cooking utensils, arrow bags, doll dresses, tons of dried buffalo meat — the entire winter supply of the Noconee Comanches — go up in smoke. Much of the meat

was thrown into a pond since named Dry Buffalo pond. The soldiers derived a certain gratification in making the Yuletide season as miserable for the Indians as the enemy made it for them. Evans decided to march to Fort Cobb for supplies enough to get back to Monument creek and Fort Bascom. Starvation being the alternative for refusing to give up, many of the Indians came in and voluntarily surrendered. Others fled west to join Quohadi along the eastern edge of the Staked Plains. Evans continued to the Washita and Fort Cobb without further incident, after which he returned to Fort Bascom, taking a number of the Indian chiefs with him as hostages. He reported about two hundred warriors and two hundred troopers in the battle. He arrived at Fort Bascom on January 18, 1869.

No sooner was Evans settled at Fort Bascom than "the Staked Plains Comanches sent a delegation over to Fort Bascom, offering to surrender themselves, under the expectation, perhaps, that they could get better terms there than under me (Sheridan) but General Getty (at Santa Fe to whom Evans sent the Indians under heavy guard) arrested the delegation, which was ordered to Fort Leavenworth, and finally returned to their own people on condition that they would deliver themselves up on the reservation at Mountain Bluff or Fort Sill . . . which they did . . ." (Sheridan's report to his superior officer).

The people of New Mexico were amazed at Getty's action in making prisoners of the hostages. The SANTA FE NEW MEXICAN and other Territorial papers denounced Getty and called for his dismissal. The Albuquerque and Socorro papers called for his arrest. He was publicly burned in effigy in Santa Fe, Albuquerque and Las Vegas. Las Vegas was particularly concerned as one of the cities singled out for Comanche vengeance. Ranchers in Questa, Trujillo, Hatch's Ranch, Sapello, Mora, Santa Clara (Wagonmound), Anton Chico and San Miguel del Bado were convinced that Satanta and Lone Wolf would head the array of warriors seeking to liberate the captives. Cries for Getty's dishonorable discharge were loud and furious. His life was threatened. All eastern New Mexico was in a panic

and ranchers set up a twenty-four hour watch. No one breathed easily until the prisoners were well on their way to Fort Leavenworth.

The soldiers at Bascom enjoyed but a short respite. The Navajos went on a rampage stealing sheep, horses and mules. They also made their semi-annual foray against the Comanche remuda. The SANTA FE NEW MEXICAN for March 16, 1869, carried this distressing bit of news: "Two men of Tecolote (just below Las Vegas) named Luis Aragon and Juan Gutierrez, and two others in the employ of Messrs Stapp and Hopkins of Fort Bascom, whose names we have been unable to ascertain, while on their return from the camp of Col. Evans, where they had been freighting, left the wagons with the intention of proceeding to Fort Bascom for the purpose of getting provisions for the balance of the party, were killed by Indians about February 20, at a place called Sierra de la Cruz, some sixty miles below the fort. They were said to have been murdered by Navajos making their semi-occasional raid on Comanche stock." Evans remained but a short time at Fort Bascom. He received orders on March 2nd to take over the command of Fort Wingate.

Vincent Colyer, U. S. Special Indian Commissioner, had occasion to travel the route used by Evans shortly afterwards and was amazed at what he found. He had the impression that the Indians had been chasing Evans rather than the other way around from what the soldiers discarded in their march: "Having completed my examination of the tribes of the southern plains," he wrote in his report to Washington, "I applied to Major General R. H. Grierson for an escort and transportation to conduct me across the Staked Plains to Fort Bascom, in New Mexico. The general was somewhat surprised at my request as the Staked Plains had been the recent seat of war on the Indian tribes, and it was not then known, with any certainty, how many roving bands of hostile Indians were yet out there on the warpath. He said that it would take at least one hundred men to make a safe trip, and he had not that many horses in sufficient good condition to make such a journey. After

consulting General Hazen, however, General Grierson said if I was willing to move slowly with an infantry escort, he would 'put me through.' I gladly consented to this and on the morning of Monday, 12th of April (1869), an escort of seventeen men of Company C, Sixth Infantry, under Second Lieutenant A. T. Jacobs, with rations for thirty days, we started for Fort Bascom, New Mexico. The four-mule ambulance and the four-mule forage team, with their drivers, which had brought me from Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, continued with me, and a six-mule wagon to carry rations for the men was added by General Grierson. The journey lasted about thirty-one days, the distance four hundred and fifty miles, being somewhat greater than we supposed — thus averaging about fourteen and a half miles a day. The ambulance was shared equally by the officers, men and myself when any of us were tired or under the weather. The trip was deemed sufficiently hazardous to keep all hands constantly on guard against surprise.

"On the sixth day out a large party of Kiowas, under Lone Wolf, their chief, came out from the upper waters of the Wichita, and escorted us a day's march on the journey. There were about sixty of them men and women, dressed in their best. Among them was a white girl named Molly, who I first thought might be the one Jackson, the colored man from Texas, was after (In 1864 the Kiowas raided the settlements. In the village where Jackson and his wife worked for a white woman, the Indians carried off Jackson's wife and the two children belonging to his employer. The father of the children had not as yet returned from the wars. He was a Confederate. Jackson took a vow not to rest until he located his wife and the two children. He visited Lone Wolf, Black Kettle, Satanta, and every chief of the Kiowa and Comanche tribes. He was able to rescue his wife, his employer — also taken captive — and only one of her daughters. He was still searching for the other. He had appealed to Colyer for help. His story deserves a special book. I have found no evidence that he found the last girl but he had won the respect of both the tribes and no doubt they saw to it that he did), but she was too old. She

had been taken when young, from her parents in Kentucky, and seemed to like her present wild life. While she was riding along chatting with the soldiers, some buffalo came in sight, and the Kiowas made chase for them. Instantly Molly, all excitement, came riding up to me, demanding my butcher knife; a sheath knife which hung at my side. As I handed it to her I reminded her that she was a white girl, who do not go in the butchering business. 'No,' she exclaimed, shaking her long auburn hair in the wind, 'me Kiowa,' and putting spur to her pony, with the knife gleaming in the sunlight, she went bounding over the prairie after her wild companions. We soon overtook them, and there on the plains lay the dead buffalo, with Molly standing on his huge carcass, carving it with as much delight as a Fifth Ave. belle touches a quail. The ladies brought us some of the choicest pieces, and the men had a good feast. Through the kind forethought of Col. Boone, I was fortunate provided with some calico, so that I could make them a suitable present in return.

"We followed Howe's train along the bangs of the Big (i. e. main) Canadian and after leaving the headwaters of the Washita river, we came upon the tracks of Col. Evans' late expedition. Col. Evans, it will be remembered, co-operated from Fort Bascom, New Mexico, on the west, with General Sheridan in the late military forays against the Plains Indians. The skeletons of dead horses, from which the wolves had devoured the flesh, cast away saddles, bridles, axes, camp coffee kettles, etc., strewed the way of Evans route with the same ghastly and expensive marks of an Indian war we had seen on Sheridan's trail. Beyond the Antelope Hills we came across the remains of several army wagons in so good a condition that I most heartily wished I had the wheels on my farm at home. We had seen similar wastefulness near the abandoned camp at Fort Cobb. I mention these things to show how willingly our people will waste thousands of dollars in a costly war, and begrudge a few cents, comparatively, on school houses and instructors in the interests of peace. We arrived at Fort Bascom on the 11th of May, greatly to the surprise of the

officers and men of that garrison, who had not before had any visitors from that part of the world, Bascom being the extreme eastern outpost of New Mexico. We found the officers here considerably exercised about the retention by Major General Getty, in the guard house at Santa Fe or Fort Union, as prisoners several of the Comanche and Kiowa chiefs. After a day or two's rest at Bascom, we left for Santa Fe. On our way down at nearly all the white men's ranches, we found anxiety about the Indians, an attack by the Comanches being feared in retaliation for the detention by General Getty of the Indian chiefs above referred to, and the white citizens drew up, and quite numerous signed, a petition to the general asking him to release these prisoners. On my arrival at General Getty's headquarters, he gave me a copy of a talk which he had had with those chiefs a brief time before. He said that it had been thought that the chiefs tried to escape from the guard soon after the above referred to interview, and so they had been kept as prisoners until General Sheridan could be heard from. These prisoners were afterward sent around to Fort Cobb by way of the Kansas Pacific Railroad . . . "

Captain J. F. Randlett of the 8th Cavalry, succeeded Evans as commander of Fort Bascom. The work was routine. Guard and escort wagon trains, watch out for cattle rustlers, round up stray Indians and keep them prisoners until enough were ready to be routed to their respective reservations; return stolen stock to Texas cattlemen, watch out for the comancheros, put an end to black marketing around Fort Bascom, deal heavily with horse thieves — white and Indian alike, be wary of strangers and traders who usually ran off Fort Bascom stock for re-sale in the Texas Panhandle, Kansas, Indian Territory, Colorado and New Mexico where new mining towns created a great demand for horses and mules. The soldiers kept quite busy. There was little or no social life around Fort Bascom and chasing Indians and comancheros was an escape from boredom. The construction of Fort Sill, Fort Elliott, Camp Supply and other such posts lessened the need of Fort Bascom. Most of the work was taken care out of Fort Union and

Fort Stanton. Fort Bascom, however, was used until the death of the comanchero trade.



NOTES AND COMMENTS — Chapter Four

Many books have been devoted in recent years to the story of the Bosque Redondo. Both Carson and Carleton have received sufficient publicity in the past several decades for any added comment here. Maxwell is well known to all Land Grant aficionados. Any story of the Santa Fe Trail contains information on L. B. Maxwell. It is interesting to note that none of the three died at the scene of their labors. Carson did not die in Taos; Maxwell did not die at Cimarron; Carleton did not die at Santa Fe.

Manuelito — A rather unusual Navajo chief. For one thing he wore a mustache. The only decoration on the upper part of his body consisted of strings of elks teeth. Navajos usually wore shirts. He wore white cotton trousers covered by a Navajo blanket. He had been selected chief in 1855 to replace one who had resigned because he claimed that his people no longer obeyed him. The older ones listened to him and stuck by him through the trying years at Bosque Redondo. He organized a native police force in 1872. It is still in operation. Manuelito died in 1893.

Camp Supply and Fort Sill are in Oklahoma. A book has been written about Fort Sill but Camp Supply with an equally thrilling story has been entirely neglected. A little town known as Supply is all that is left to commemorate the important post. Sheridan, Custer, Miles and other notables played a prominent part in the story of Camp Supply.

Medicine Lodge never achieved the fame, notoriety, or publicity of Dodge, Abilene, Wichita, Hayes City and other Kansas sites resulting from the rise of the cattle industry and "end of track" activities in spite of C. Nation and the famous pow-wow that took place before the town

was founded. Both Indians and whites blamed all their troubles for the next ten years or so on the Medicine Lodge Treaty. The treaty was never published for the general reader. It is to be found in the Congressional Records and other Federal papers. Since Western magazines have become as popular as TV westerns, it should be given to the general Western public.

The scout, California Joe, was well known to both Sheridan and Custer. Much has been written about him but W. L. Holloway, in his book, *LIFE ON THE PLAINS*, gives about the best to date: "There was one among their number (i. e. the scouts) whose appearance attracted the notice of any casual observer. He was a man about forty years of age, perhaps older, over six feet in height, and possessing a well proportioned frame. His head was covered with a luxuriant crop of long almost black hair, strongly inclined to curl, and so long as to fall carelessly over his shoulders. His face, at least so much of it as was not concealed by the long, wavy brown beard and moustache, was full of intelligence and pleasant to look upon. His eye was undoubtedly handsome, black and lustrous, with an expression of kindness and mildness combined. On his head was generally to be seen, whether asleep or awake, a huge sombrero or black slouch hat, a soldier's overcoat, with its large circular cape, a pair of trousers with the legs tucked in at the top of his boots, usually constituted the outside make-up of the man whom I selected as chief scout. He was known by the euphonious title of 'California Joe,' no other named seemed necessary. His military armament consisted of a long breech-loading Springfield musket, from which he was inseparable, and a revolver and a hunting knife, both the latter being carried in his waist belt. His mount completed his equipment for the field, being instead of a horse, a finely formed mule, in whose speed and endurance he had every confidence . . ."

California Joe made a scout up the Canadian with Major Joel H. Elliott in the winter of 1867 up to the Antelope Hills formerly known as the Boundary Mountains.

Holloway's book is a collector's item. It contains many interesting facts and pictures. Among the latter are to be found pictures of California Joe, Captain Louis McLane Hamilton of the 7th Cavalry, grandson of Alexander Hamilton, and Major Joel Elliott.

Black Kettle was the first in command at the battle of the Washita. His second in command, Little Rock, was also killed.

Black Kettle's sister, Mah-wis-sa, a middle-aged woman, realizing that with the death of her brother and several of her kinfolk, the door of poverty was open to her, took a young squaw relative according to the custom of her tribe, and married her to Custer, thus making Custer her relative and bound to support her. When an interpreter told Custer what she had done he had quite a laugh over it.

The pall bearers for Captain Hamilton were: General Sheridan, Lt. Col. J. Schuyler Crosby, W. W. Cook, T. W. Custer, Bvt. Major W. W. Beebe, Lt. Joseph Hale and W. L. Holloway.

The Kiowa interpreter for Custer and Sheridan was Philip McCuskey.

The Kiowas who came to Black Kettle's rescue on November 27, 1868, were led by Lone Wolf and Satanta.

After the Evans expedition, all the Kiowas went to Fort Cobb for a pow-wow. They eventually settled on the reservation near the post.

Keim, an eyewitness, writes of the discovery of Elliott and his men: "Descending on the other side (of a high divide) the party had not proceeded but a hundred yards, when the body of a white man was found, perfectly naked, and covered with arrow and bullet holes. The head presented the appearance of having been beaten with a war club.

The top of the skull was broken into a number of pieces, and the brain was lying partly in the skull and partly on the ground. At first, it was supposed that the body was that of Elliott, but, upon minute examination, this was found not to be the case; but it was one of his men. Marking the spot where the body was found, we continued moving down stream. Crossing, with some difficulty, a small ravine, about the center of an extensive plain, at a distance of two hundred yards farther on, objects were seen lying in the grass, and were supposed to be bodies . . . Within an area of not more than fifteen yards, lay sixteen human bodies — all that remained of Elliott and his party! The winter air swept across the plain, and its cold blasts had added to the ghastliness of death the additional spectacle of sixteen naked corpses frozen as solidly as stone. There was not a single body that did not exhibit evidences of fearful mutilation. They were all lying with their faces down, and in close proximity to each other. Bullet and arrow wounds covered the back of each; the throats of a number were cut, and several were beheaded. The body of one of the horses only, which the men had ridden out, was lying at a distance of fifty yards. The other animals had evidently escaped and were taken by the savages when the party found themselves hemmed in and obliged to fight on foot. All the bodies were carefully examined, but it was with great difficulty that any of them were recognized, owing to the terrible atrocities to which they had been subjected.

“Judging from the nature of the ground and the location, it was concluded that Elliott started under the impression that the village the column had struck constituted all in that section of the country. Three warriors, the only fugitives, had left, on the first alarm, to arouse the bands below. Elliott, seeing them break through his lines, started in pursuit. According to an Indian account, two of the three were killed, but the third gained the nearest village with tidings of the attack on Black Kettle’s people. The warriors of the neighboring bands hastily mounted their war ponies, and set out for the scene of the fight. Elliott was several miles from the column when the Indians from the lower

villages struck him . . . After the troops, under Custer, had withdrawn, the savages must have returned to wreak their vengeance upon the dead bodies of the brave little band. The horrible work was too effectively done to have been accomplished in a short time. The savages admitted that they had lost many braves before they had killed the white men. It is considered 'good medicine' for each warrior, who participates in a fight, to put a bullet or an arrow into the body of an enemy or to commit some other atrocity, even more hellish. In this instance, there was no exception. In order to furnish an idea of the nature and extent from the official report of Dr. Henry Lippincott, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. Army, with the Seventh:

"Major Joel H. Elliott, one bullet in the left cheek, two bullets in the head, throat cut, right foot cut off, left foot almost cut off, calves of legs very much cut, groin ripped open and otherwise mutilated.

"Walter Kennedy, sergeant-major, bullet hole in right temple, head partly cut off, seventeen bullet holes back, and two in legs.

"Harry Mercer, corporal of Company E, bullet hole in right axilla; one in region of heart, three in back, eight arrow wounds in back, right ear cut off, head scalped, skull fractured, deep gashes in both legs, throat cut.

"Thomas Christie, Company E, bullet hole in head, right foot cut off, bullet in abdomen and throat cut.

"William Carrick, Company H, bullet hole in parietal bone (right), both feet cut off, throat cut, left arm broken, and otherwise mutilated.

"Eugene Clover, Company H, head cut off, arrow wound in right side, both legs terribly mutilated.

"William Milligan, Company H, bullet hole in left side of head, deep gashed in right leg, arm deeply gashed, head scalped, throat cut, and otherwise mutilated.

"James F. Williams, Corporal Company I, bullet hole in back of head and arms cut off, many deep cuts in back, and otherwise mutilated.

"Thomas Downey, Company I, arrow hole in region of stomach, throat cut open, head cut off, right shoulder cut

by tomahawk.

"Thomas Fitzpatrick, carrier, Company M, scalped, two arrow and several bullet holes in back, and throat cut.

"Ferdinand Linebach, Company M, bullet hole in right parietal bone, head scalped, one arm broken, throat cut, and otherwise mutilated.

"John Myers, Company M, several bullet holes in head, scalped, skull extensively fractured, several arrow and bullet holes in back, deep gashes in face, and throat cut.

"Carson D. J. Myers, Company M, several bullet holes in head, scalped, nineteen bullet holes in body, throat cut, and otherwise mutilated.

"Col. Sharp, Company M, two bullet holes in left side, throat cut, one bullet hole in left side of head, one arrow hole in left side, left arm broken, and otherwise mutilated.

"Unknown, head cut off, body partly devoured by wolves.

"Unknown, head and right hand cut off, three bullet and nine arrow holes in back, and otherwise mutilated.

"Unknown, scalped, skull fractured, six bullet and thirteen arrow holes in back, and three bullet holes in chest."

"Although the fate of Elliott's party would appear as a gross abandonment by Custer, particularly for not recovering the bodies, or making some effort to learn what had become of them, when found missing, after the fight, the circumstances of the event were of such a character, that while no attempt was made with that view, the conduct of Custer in ordering a withdrawal was justifiable according to the laws of war. He struck the upper flank of a long range of villages, numbering several thousand warriors. His own force was small, and without supplies. In going into the fight the troopers had divested themselves of overcoats and all unnecessary trappings, leaving them near the field. These fell into the hands of savage allies. The men, consequently, were without the proper protection, while the weather was cold and wintry. The wagon train containing the subsistence stores and tents of the entire column, which had been left miles away, had not yet come up. The guard

consisted of but eighty men. Custer, after the fight commenced, seeing such an extraordinary display of force, felt a natural anxiety to look after his wagons, for their destruction would involve the loss of the entire command, and probably defeat the whole campaign. He therefore set out for the train, and was hastened by experiencing greater opposition than was anticipated. The bodies of Major Elliott and the others were brought to Fort Arbuckle for interment . . . " (Keim, o. c. pp 149-150).

"The Commanding General (Sheridan) made up his mind at once to abandon the old camp and establish the troops at a new site, where it was proposed also to erect a permanent post. (This new post became Fort Sill.) During the delay, in consequence of the incessant rain which had fallen since our memorable ride, information was received from Indian sources that a column of troopers had suddenly appeared at a western extremity of the Wichitas, about forty miles distant. This column, it was reported, had attacked and destroyed a Comanche village of sixty lodges. At first, the report was doubted as a story, fabricated by the Indians around camp. To confirm these rumors, several paid Indian runners and scouts were sent out to communicate with the column, if it existed. All the runners and scouts returned, confirming the Indian stories. It was discovered that this was Evans' column, which had moved out of Fort Bascom in New Mexico. Lt. Hunter, of the expedition, with an escort, had now arrived at headquarters. Orders were sent out for the column to await supplies on the Washita, thirty miles above. The Commanding General, accompanied by several officers and an escort, rode to Evans' camp. The supplies were also hastened forward, so as to lose no time in delay. Evans left Fort Bascom, the previous November, with six companies of the 3rd Cavalry, one company of the 37th Infantry, Capt. Gageby, and four mountain howitzers. Lt. Sullivan, Dec. 4, reached Monument creek, in the State of Texas, a march of 185 miles. Here he established a depot of supplies, with a garrison of twenty men, under Capt. Carpenter. With his command,

Evans now set out in search of Indians. He had not gone far when he struck a trail. On the 24th he encountered a hunting party, which he immediately pursued. The next day, Christmas, he was attacked by a band of warriors, but soon routed them and drove them so precipitately through their village that the women and children barely had time to mount their ponies and flee. In some cases four Indians mounted on a single pony. The village was situated at the foot of one of the highest peaks of the Wichitas. Sixty lodges were destroyed, together with five tons of buffalo meat, a hundred bushels of corn, and an abundance of articles of value to the savages. The squaws and children having taken to the mountains, the warriors kept up a lively whooping, and were circling around while the troopers were making short work of their former habitations. Evans took the trail the next day, but was obliged to withdraw on account of lack of provisions. The brave troopers had been out twenty-four days in rain and snow and intensely cold weather without tent of any kind. They had marched four hundred miles and lost eighty horses. In the Indian village three men were wounded. This bold dash of so small a body of troops had a decided effect upon the savages, who had retired to the western end of the mountains, in the neighborhood of the Antelope Hills and on the confines of the Llano Estacado. A few days after, deputations of chiefs and warriors came in from the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, to see what the big chief 'wanted.' Orders were given to Evans to scour the country towards the head waters of the Red and to return to Bascom. Afterwards it was learned that a delegation of Comanches went to Bascom immediately after Evans' attack and wished to surrender . . . " (Keim o. c. pp 252-253).

Three places had mounds known as Antelope Hills — one in Hutchinson county, near Borger, Texas Panhandle — one beyond Higgins, Texas, also in the Texas Panhandle — and the third further east in Oklahoma. Those in Oklahoma were more widely known.

Chapter Five

COMANCHEROS AND RUSTLERS

Forty years before the American Revolution the comancheros already had a flourishing trade. The Comanches had whipped the Apaches and sent them scurrying into western New Mexico. The Comanches and their allies, the Kiowas, made annual trips to Taos enjoying the Pueblo Fair but ostensibly on the lookout for guns, ammunition, mules and horses. The Spanish governor refused them guns and ammunition but traded for items useful to New Mexicans, whereupon the Comanches told him they would do better with the French. The loss of such customers not only alarmed the Pueblo Indians, it aroused several unscrupulous New Mexicans who reasoned that the Comanches would find guns and ammunition somewhere, so they packed goods on the backs of burros and went in search of the Indians. They were surprised to learn that the Comanches went as far afield as Kentucky in their quest. Also, the French proved more obliging than the Spanish governor. The venture proved profitable, eventuating into a large scale business to last until the days when the Comanches and Kiowas were gathered into reservations and the need for trade no longer possible. Despite the fact that the guns and ammunition were used against them in raids on Tome, Abiquiu, La Joya, La Canada, Albuquerque and Taos, these traders to the Comanches, or comancheros as they came to be known, continued to do business, reasoning that their refusal to sell would only force the Indians to buy elsewhere and still return to attack the settlements. Later on French-Canadian and American trappers put their fingers into the pie. St. Vrain, the Bents, Carson had a flourishing business on the Canadian. This was the famous Adobe Walls.

The regular route to the Taos Fair was along the Canadian. This also proved the route to the Comanches. It took in the site of Fort Bascom. Thus a regular trade route to the Palo Duro country was established long before Gregg wrote of it and before the Topographical Engineers chartered it as the Fort Smith-Santa Fe route for the Iron Horse. Until the rise of the cattle ranches in the Texas Panhandle this was the habitat of bison, prairie dogs, snakes, gophers, grasshoppers, tarantulas, centipedes; winter quarters for Cheyennes, Comanches and Kiowas. The lazy river often had its ghastly joke of quicksand which Indian and comanchero found out only by experience. Later on the trick was tried on Mountain men, sutler, freighter, prospector and cowboy. Even buffalo hunting was quite a sport. The Comanches and Kiowas ran them west to the site of Fort Bascom; the Pueblo Indians, New Mexicans and Mountain Men chased them back to the site of Fort Sill. There was no wanton killing. This was the meat supply of the entire Southwest. Here also the blankets, clothing against a biting wintery wind, bedstead: unwritten laws protected the herds against the extermination that came in the wake of the cattle industry. Steaks and hides would never prove profitable as long as bison roamed the plains. Ranchers welcomed the slaughter of the buffalo. Comanches did not. Result: Comanches never forgave the Texans. This is the background that made the Comanches and Kiowas turn a hand to cattle rustling. The cattle were brought over the comanchero trail into New Mexico where they were traded for guns, ammunition, food, horses, ear-rings, mules and often Navajo and Apache captives. The huge herd of buffalo formed the boundary line between the Comanche domain and New Mexico. This varied according to stampedes, cold, storms, quest for greener pastures. In a way the Lords of the South Plains were racketeers cornering the market on buffalo. Comanche hunters had a going black market permitting the New Mexico hunters to cut out a good supply of meat in exchange for whisky, beads, leather goods, lances, powder, bread, corn and shields. Gregg met some comancheros in 1833:

"On June 20," he wrote, "we pitched our camp on the north bank of the Canadian. On the following day, I left the caravan, accompanied by three comancheros, and proceeded at a more rapid pace toward Santa Fe. Upon expressing my fears that our wagons would not be able to pass the Angostura in safety, my companions informed me that there was an excellent route, of which no previous mention had been made, passing near the Cerro de Tucumcari, a round mound plainly visible to the southward. After some vain efforts to induce some of the party to carry a note back to my brother, and to pilot the caravan through the Tucumcari route, one of them known as Tío (Uncle) Baca finally proposed to undertake the errand for a bounty of ten dollars, besides high wages, till they should reach the frontier . . ." In another place in his narrative Gregg writes:

"We were overtaken by a party of comancheros, or Mexican Comanche traders, when we had the satisfaction of learning we were on the right track. These men had been trading with the band of Comanches we had lately met, and learning from them that we had passed on, they had hastened to overtake us, so as to obtain our protection against the savages who, after selling their animals to the Mexicans, very frequently take forcible possession of them again, before the purchasers have been able to reach their homes. The parties of comancheros are usually composed of the indigent and rude classes of the frontier villages, who collect together several times a year, and launch upon the plains with a few trinkets and trumperies of all kinds, and perhaps a bag of bread and maybe another of pinole, which they barter away to the savages for horses and mules. The entire stock of an individual trader very seldom exceeds the value of twenty dollars, with which he is content to wander about for several months, and glad to return home with a mule or two, as the proceeds of his traffic. These Mexican traders had much to tell us about the Comanches, saying that they were four or five thousand in number, with perhaps a thousand warriors, and that the fiery young men had once determined to follow and attack

us; but that the chiefs and sages had deterred them by stating that our cannons could kill to the distance of many miles, and shoot through hills and rocks and destroy everything that happened to be within their range. The main object of our visitors, however, seemed to be to raise themselves into importance by exaggerating the perils we had escaped from. That they had considered themselves in great jeopardy there could be no doubt whatever, for, in their anxiety to overtake us, they came very near killing their animals . . . " (GREGG — o. c. p. 257).

This route along the Canadian was substantially the one followed by the Texas-Santa Fe Expedition. Kendall mentions very little contact with comancheros although they did see some who reported the advance of the Texans to the New Mexico officials. Comanches first relayed the news to them when they came for purposes of trade. It was one of their ways of getting back at the Texans who encroached on their hunting domain.

Lt. Whipple, surveying the railroad route in 1853, penned his experience with the comancheros: "Having traveled nineteen miles (from Adobe Walls) along the valley of the Canadian, we made camp where a low ridge of hills from the south impinged upon the river. These are from fifty to one hundred yards in width, and it is the first place since entering the valley which would require a deep cut for a railroad. Seeing several Indians in the (New) Mexican camp, we sent to inquire who they were. They returned with the messengers, to speak for themselves. They were Pueblo Indians from Santo Domingo, with flour and bread, to barter with the Kiowas and Comanches for buffalo robes and horses. They were mounted on mules, wrapped in serapes, or Mexican blankets, and wore head dresses, beads, and other Indian ornaments. There were six or eight of their party scattered over the prairie, in search of Comanches. Thus far they have been unsuccessful, the majority of wild tribes not having returned from their hunting tour . . . " Whipple camped on the very site of Fort Bascom.

"In the valley above," he continues, "appear a grove. Proceeding, we crossed first a branch, and seven miles

above, the main stream of the Tucumcari. Following the broad valley, which the Mexicans call Plaza Larga, we encamped in a beautiful spot three miles above the crossing. Here we met a Mexican bound for Comanche land to trade. He says there are fifteen of his party with flour, hard bread and tobacco, who have come out to meet the Kiowas and Comanches on their return from the buffalo hunt. We had no previous idea of the extent of this Indian trade, or of the impunity with which defenseless traders could mingle with these savage and treacherous tribes upon their own soil. We are now near the spot where Captain Marcy first met Comanches in 1849. The Mexican says that they formerly ranged this far, but now rancheros of New Mexico sometimes send out large flocks of sheep, which graze securely in the valley of the stream where we were encamped. The inference seems to be that year by year the wild Indians, like the buffalo, range over less space, and are gradually dwindling away . . . Plaza Larga is famous in New Mexico for its beautiful scenery, fertile soil, and charming climate. It extends from among the Tucumcari hills apparently to the Canadian; and, should the route be selected for a railway, offers every facility for a large settlement. Indeed, in a few years it may become the center of a flourishing state. A short distance from camp we encountered other parties of Mexicans and Indians, one numbering twenty-two persons, enroute for the Comanche country . . . ”

Most comancheros were from Albuquerque, Belen, Tome, Santa Fe, Anton Chico, Questa, Taos, Valencia, Abiquiu, Trujillo and the area around what became known as the Hatch Ranch. There were some from San Miguel, Chaperito, but most of these worked for patrons. The large outfits centered about Las Vegas. Pueblo Indians never had contraband to offer as did comancheros from northern New Mexico. The site of Fort Bascom was a meeting place possibly because the Montoyas and the Lopez's offered an opportunity for fresh milk, cheese, water and overnight camping. Sometimes the Comanches and Kiowas were found here waiting for the comancheros. The spot became a landmark

for caravans mostly because in freighting along the Cimarron cutoff both the Tucumcari mound and Rabbit Ear mound served as markers to guide travelers along the way. This General Carleton recognized when he ordered a new post for the protection of people using the cutoff to travel to and from the States. He also wanted to erect a barrier between the Navajos at Bosque Redondo and the Plains Indians. Characteristically, the New Mexicans changed neither his way nor his route. This was the trail his father used. It was good enough for him. Thus the comanchero trade continued in spite of Fort Bascom. Furthermore the fort would offer protection. Texas cattlemen reported to the governor of New Mexico and to General Carleton that the officers of Fort Bascom not only did nothing about the comancheros but were themselves engaged in encouraging the Comanches to rustle cattle to be sold them at Fort Bascom. Carleton ordered an investigation, but nothing came of it. Thomas Roberts, who lived near Fort Sumner, reported that Comanches raided his ranch and ran off his cattle. Carleton thought this a good opportunity for Lt. Col. Bergmann to take a detail of men and seek out the Indians for a peaceful negotiation involving the return of the Roberts livestock. The commander found no cattle but did discover five horses stolen from Fort Bascom. He left Fort Bascom on July 26, 1866, with five soldiers and five comancheros. These latter knew exactly where to find the Indians. The trail took Bergmann in a southeasterly direction from the fort. The Comanches observed his approach, and believing the group to be an advance guard for a larger party, retreated. The comancheros separated from Bergmann in the hopes of catching up with the fleeing Indians to tell them the purpose of Bergmann's visit. The Lt. Col. refused to give up. He continued on their trail, capturing two comancheros who had been with the Comanches. These had been in Fort Bascom some time before and he suspected them as the cause of the hasty retreat of the Indians. He forced the captives to serve as guides. They informed the Comanches of Bergmann's desire to visit their rancheria by the mere use of common round looking glasses, a sort

of telegraphic code developed between the Comanches and comancheros. When Bergmann entered their village of one hundred and sixty lodges he was surprised to see that every warrior had a good rifle, at least one revolver and many more than one, so prosperous had they become through the comanchero trade. Many of the warriors were former employees of comancheros who voluntarily gave up that sort of existence for the wild life of plunder and hunting as lived by the Kiowas and Comanches. These Bergmann feared more than the Indians. Many had a perfect command of English and told him of their experiences in killing travelers along the trail. He noticed some Kiowas in the rancharia and that they kept a ten-year-old white boy prisoner. He offered horses, mules and goods in exchange for the child, but the Indians told him they could obtain all these things at will. He threatened. They merely laughed. His few men were no threat to them. Defeated in his purpose, Bergmann returned to Fort Bascom five horses richer but without the Roberts cattle.

Captain John DuBois, who succeeded Bergmann as commander of Fort Bascom, was ordered to attempt the release of the son of Hubert Weinard held prisoner by the Comanches. Agent Lorenzo Labadi accompanied for he also hoped to obtain the release of a captive named Rudolph Fisher. DuBois sent some comancheros to contact the Indians. The Comanches refused to negotiate, saying that DuBois commanded Negro soldiers and that many Negroes had joined them. The Comanches did not want to see Negroes fighting each other. Furthermore, Texans looked upon the Negroes as enemies. Any enemies of Texans were friends of the Comanches. The Comanches could not understand why DuBois wished to free Texas captives since the United States Government was at war with Texas. They refused to believe that the Civil War was over. Conditions in Texas, of which they were well informed, confirmed them in this belief. The way the Union soldiers treated the Texans convinced them that the war was still in progress. The captain had no answer for this bit of reasoning and did no more about liberating the Weinard boy. Whether he was court

martialled for this or for implication in the comanchero trade or both is not clear. He was brought to trial and acquitted of the charges. In 1867 DuBois had sixty-six enlisted men at Fort Bascom, two commissioned officers and an aggregate of eighty-eight men in all, consequently the Kiowas and Comanches had little to fear from him. Labadi could not hope to succeed where DuBois had failed so he returned to Fort Bascom with the captain. Shortly afterwards Chief Arijipe Man-e, with three hundred Kiowa and Comanche warriors, made a raid on the Navajos at Bosque Redondo, running off some stock and captives. Since the Comanches would negotiate with neither the soldiers of Fort Sumner nor Fort Bascom, Labadi decided to risk it with six comancheros. He certainly picked a bad time. He found practically all the warriors very drunk and inclined to make an example of him. The comancheros were very persuasive and his life was spared. The Indian Agent made a second trip later on and was able to obtain the release of eighteen-year-old Rudolph Fisher as well as a younger Negro boy. The year 1867 saw eighteen Comanche forays into Texas for cattle to be traded near Fort Bascom in exchange for guns, powder and ammunition. It was also the year that several soldiers deserted Fort Bascom either from boredom or fear of Comanche attack on the unprotected post. The commandant thought it was because of the irregular and at times very uncertain pay for the paymaster was not anxious to make trips to this remote outpost on the plains. He also reported that the soldiers at Fort Bascom were often employed as common laborers for which they received no pay whatsoever.

Superintendent Norton reported in 1866: "With regard to the Comanches, the most wild, treacherous, warlike, and brutal of all other Indians, there is a large body of them (about 2,000) continually occupying the eastern portion of this Territory (of New Mexico). The names of the different chiefs and the number of lodges is as follows:

Puertas	_____	30 lodges	_____	150 souls
Parua Caiua	_____	60 lodges	_____	275 souls
Quappe	_____	120 lodges	_____	500 souls

Mane ----- 200 lodges ----- 1000 souls

"They had been in the habit for some time previous to my coming here, of trading with the Mexican people, who therefore had trade permits granted them by General Carleton and my predecessor, the consequence of which has been that an immense trade has been carried on by them, and they have been thereby encouraged to steal large numbers, amounting to thousands, of cattle from the inhabitants of Texas and trade them to these Mexicans for goods and provisions, and in some instances for whisky and ammunition, which illicit commerce, as soon as ascertained, I immediately adopted measures to put an end to by issuing and publishing an order revoking all licenses and permits heretofore granted to trade with any Indians in this Territory unless said licenses were duly approved by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington; and I gave notice that any person trading with any Indians without such a license duly approved by said Commissioner, would be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. These Comanches I understand to be friendly to the United States Government and towards the people of this Territory, but hostile towards the people of Texas. They have committed no depredations on the citizens of New Mexico because their interests have dictated that they should not destroy this, the only market they have heretofore had for the stock they have stolen from the people of Texas. I considered it my duty, under the circumstances, to put an end to this traffic, because I considered it very unjust and cruel to the citizens of Texas to encourage these Indians in their depredations upon them by furnishing them a market for their booty. I know of instances in which traders from here have taken out a few hundred dollars worth of goods and returned with as many head of Texas cattle as dollars invested. Although they have committed no depredations upon the people of New Mexico, yet they have made raids upon the herds of the Navajos in Bosque Redondo in July last, and succeed in running off two hundred head of their horses and ponies and in killing four Navajos. At the same time they told Mexican herders that they did not want any of

the government stock nor did they intend taking anything from the Mexicans — only Navajos who were on land that belonged to them. I understand that they are in the habit of occasionally visiting and trading with the sutlers of Fort Bascom. I have no doubt that the establishment of an agency for them at Fort Bascom would exert a high salutary and beneficial influence over them, and prevent to a great extent their plundering the people of Texas, and pave the way to their final settlement on a reservation of their own. I recommend that such an agency be established and that \$10,000 worth of goods and presents be appropriated annually for their benefit."

The comanchero problem was no nearer solution in 1867 than it was in 1866 as Captain George Letterman, who succeeded DuBois as commander of Fort Bascom, found out. Letterman did not think that the comancheros were the only cattle rustlers in the area. He was inclined to believe that a number of whites were engaged in the nefarious pursuit but managed to throw the blame on the Indians. One such raid took place while he was absent escorting a caravan. Lt. John Dee, a subordinate, handled the affair. Despite Norton's observation that the Comanches would not steal government stock, he did find some missing. He sent a sergeant and five men to investigate the fresh trail. Forty miles out the soldiers came upon two white men leading the cattle to the ranch of Charles M. Hubbell, the man who held the contract to supply Fort Bascom with beef. Hubbell and an employee named Sam Smith were not found at the ranch since they were bringing a herd to Fort Bascom. Just how Lt. Dee missed them was not explained. Letterman, upon his return, wrote to his superiors that it was too pat. The rancher was evidently selling and re-selling the same herd to the government, a trick often practiced on Dorsey, Ingersoll and others in Colfax county, New Mexico, about two decades later.

Fort Bascom is rather somnolent for a time until one fine day in September, 1868, when Indians swooped down on Sutler Stapp's remuda but three miles from Fort Bascom, killed the herder, wounded another and made off with

the herd. Troopers sent after them returned empty handed. Pressure from higher ups forced Captain Letterman to clamp down on the comancheros. On August 30, 1867, he sent a force of seventeen men to investigate the rumor that comancheros were operating in the vicinity of the fort. About sixty miles from the fort the soldiers came upon six New Mexicans leading eleven burros loaded with goods. Not one of the comancheros could produce a permit. They claimed that they were but the rear guard of a large caravan already in the Palo Duro country trading with the Indians. These, they stoutly maintained, had their permits. The troopers ridiculed their story and took them back to Fort Bascom. The New Mexicans were released but the goods were retained. The burros carried five hundred pounds of beans, butcher knives, lead and powder. Letterman was reluctant to release the men for he considered all comancheros scoundrels who "succeed frequently in smuggling contraband goods through to the Indians and in bringing back stolen cattle in return, notwithstanding the efforts of the military to prevent such practices . . . " (Letter to Adj. DeForrest of the Colorado Vols. stationed at Santa Fe in Carleton's office — Sept. 7, 1867.) Letterman went in search of other comancheros and by September 7, the day he wrote to Carleton's office, he already had eight hundred steers milling about Fort Bascom. These, he claimed, were all from the Texas Panhandle. The picket line of a frontier post like Fort Bascom was usually fifteen miles out from the post. It was equivalent to a port of entry. When the sergeant took not only the cattle but also the arms of the comancheros, Letterman sent him a note that in the future each trader was permitted to retain his arms — at least one rifle and one pistol — and thirty rounds of ammunition in order to defend himself against possible attack from Indians. This in case they were going into Indian country. If they were returning by way of Fort Bascom they were not to be disturbed at all since such rifles, pistols and ammunition as they retained were definitely not for the Indians. Most comancheros at the picket line offered the excuse that they were ciboleros — buffalo hunters.

Most commanders of Fort Bascom were easy on the comancheros because they felt that the men involved were taking all the risks for the wealthy merchants who gave banquets and fiestas while their employees landed in jail in Santa Fe or the guardhouse at Fort Bascom. Captain H. Jewett who took over the command of Fort Bascom in the fall of 1869 claimed that a party of twenty New Mexicans, six Pueblo Indians, leading seventy pack mules, passed through the picket line posing as buffalo hunters. Jewett insisted that Fort Bascom could not handle the situation alone and pleaded with his superior officers to grant authority to all citizens in the area to arrest comancheros without trading permits. Jewett sent some comancheros to Santa Fe under guard but these were released from lack of evidence. But a bonfire was made of the goods taken from them. Jewett also reported one American and three New Mexicans killed and scalped while working at the salt pond near Fort Bascom. It was suspected that they were killed because they came upon comancheros and Indians making a deal for some stolen Texas cattle. Later Indians, possibly Navajos, raided the home of Stapp, near Fort Bascom, killed his New Mexican housekeeper, picked up some trinkets in the house and several horses in the stable, fired on the Fort Bascom sentinel who came to the rescue and escaped, but not before they added five more horses to the three they already took. It was never ascertained what tribe perpetrated this daring raid. Stapp never recovered the horses.

As stated before, the main reason for rustling Texas steers was the Comanche resentment against Texans for infringing upon their hunting and territorial rights. They also objected to any talk about reservations. "The Comanche Indians," wrote Agent Laurie Tatum in 1869, "on the reservation number at the present time about 2538, a part of whom were once on a reservation in Texas, and had made some attempts as farming, but were driven out without receiving any compensation for their land. They still feel aggrieved, and I think it is the principal cause of their continuing to make raids into Texas to steal horses and mules . . . many of the Kiowas are dissatisfied here. They

appear to have no higher wish than to roam unmolested on the plains, and occasionally to make raids into Texas to get some horses and mules, and such other things as they may find and want. They claim that the United States has no right to pen them up on this small tract of land, only about one hundred miles square, and then give half their rations of provisions in corn, feeding them as the white people do their horses and mules . . . " General Hazen echoed these sentiments when he wrote: "The Comanches claim truly that they never ceded away from Texas, which was their original country. And that they therefore have a right to make war there. From its earliest settlement they have raided upon it, killing, capturing, stealing. The Medicine Lodge Creek Treaty makes them promise to stop these raids; but they have not stopped, being known to have gone not less than forty miles since, in which forty or fifty people have been killed, and as many women and children captured, and thousands of horses stolen and now several parties are there . . . "

Of the three trails used by comancheros, the most popular was the one originating at Las Vegas. Here the caravans gathered from Gusano, Pecos, Las Ruedas, San Geronimo, del Bado, Tecalote, Puertecito (Sena), Sapello, Mora, Rociada, Chacon, Truches, Los Montoyas, Terramote, Anton Chico, Questa (Villanueva), Chaparito, Trujillo and Hatch Ranch. The first camp was made at Trujillo creek; the next near Hatch Ranch, then along the Canadian to Fort Bascom on to Red Deer creek in Roberts county, Texas, Adobe Walls, Las Tevocas or Sanborn Springs near the site of Amarillo, then the trail forked in various directions — Palo Duro, McCellan Lake, northeast into the Washita country, Gageby creek and Indian Territory. When Agent A. B. Norton came to New Mexico as Indian Agent in 1866, with the avowed purpose of breaking up the comanchero trade around Fort Bascom, he was surprised to learn that there were about seven hundred licensed comancheros in the business who had the practice of sub-letting their license, and that licenses were issued merely for the asking. Some of these formented discontent among the Navajos at Bosque

Redondo and brewed a Comanche-Navajo war because the Indian Agent revoked their licenses. These continued to trade anyway without Norton's blessing or approval. Norton made a special journey into Comancheria in 1867 to plead with the Indians but they ignored him. Nor did a conference held in Santa Fe in the fall of that year produce any notable results. Labadi was even less successful. Captives from the settlements and Mexico were rarely ever traded. They were divided among the various Kiowa-Comanche tribal groups. What the Plains Indians wanted most were guns, ammunition and whisky. From the very beginning of the Comanche trade about 1720 to 1875, when it ended, neither Comanche nor comanchero trusted each other. As a rule they vied with each other in trickery and deception — all the part of a game to be bragged about over the camp fire at the next trading season. Usually after the Indians turned over the stolen cattle in exchange for guns and ammunition, the comancheros headed them west along the Canadian toward Fort Bascom. At night the Indians would re-steal the cattle and the comancheros had to buy them back. This time the Indians received whisky. When the Indians were drunk the comancheros made off with the cattle, sweating it out all the way, fearful of cattle and scalps. Charles Goodnight said that he could produce reliable witnesses who would testify that the commander of Fort Bascom (at that time Bergmann) abetted and profited from these deals. No doubt Bergmann dealt with comancheros and Comanches but not to the extent charged by Goodnight. Jose Piedad Tafoya (see: Indian Depredation Case No. 9113) traded for thousands of cattle, among them herds bearing the Sheek, Loving and Goodnight brands. These were driven northwest to strike the Fort Smith-Santa Fe road along the Canadian; trailed west into New Mexico by way of Fort Bascom and distributed at a great profit to Jose Piedad and his army friends at the post. No one at Fort Bascom attached any particular idiom to this sort of traffic and even the women at the post who wanted cattle traded for ear-rings, bracelets and other trinkets. Mrs. Richard Marian Russell recalled that about everybody at

Fort Bascom supplied themselves with cattle. She once received cattle from a comanchero in exchange for a copper kettle and a Navajo blanket. The return netted her twelve head of cattle. During her years at Fort Bascom she saw many herds pass the post; herds well broken to the trail and driven by New Mexicans on foot. The SANTA FE NEW MEXICAN for July 14, 1866, noted the large trade with the Comanches and observed the almost daily arrival of traders from the plains, and noted their success in bringing in large numbers of cattle which accounted for the low price of beef in the Territory. Goodnight met two officers out of Fort Bascom engaged in the traffic. The average cost of a steer was \$2.50, a rather high price at that. Perhaps the risks entailed upped the ante from the dollar that had been the price at the close of the Civil War. "A party of traders will go to the Indian camps or rendezvous, which they do with entire safety from the Indians, who regard them as friends and esteem their visits highly. They will dispose of their goods, wares and merchandise, and return to their homes, after having arranged a rendezvous for the next visit, at stipulated prices to be paid in cattle, horses . . . " SANTA FE NEW MEXICAN, July 19, 1870.

In August, 1870, Governor William A. Pyle issued a proclamation condemning the comanchero trade and directed the judges of the border counties to arrest and bring to justice the guilty parties. He asked that the civil authorities co-operate with the military by "giving information to the post commanders but especially to the commander at Fort Bascom or to the sergeant in charge of the picket line at the eastern end of the Territory." Jim Duncan, who went into the freighting business, real estate and theatre variety shows, New Town, Las Vegas, served at Fort Union and Fort Bascom after the Civil War. He was with Captain James F. Randalet when orders came to bring in comancheros who had gotten beyond the picket line without permits. The troopers caught up with the traders and confiscated one hundred and twenty burros loaded with ammunition, whisky, fifty bolts of red and blue cloth. Randalet was ordered to kill the animals and destroy the goods. The

trooper killed the burros but stored away the goods which they sold to a merchant. The money was pooled into a fund to be used by the men at Fort Bascom for necessities not furnished by the government. They all bought a few extra shirts. When word of this reached military headquarters at Santa Fe, Randalet was recalled to Fort Union to give an account for his action, but his men stood by him and cleared him of any disobedience to orders. The hard liquor had been packed on the backs of six burros. These harmless, patient little beasts of burden were killed and the whisky stored away. The troopers took care of all of it. Must have had a siege of headaches for the next few weeks. About six weeks later the troopers out of Fort Bascom (where they stayed during the summer and early fall — the fort being abandoned during the winter of 1869-70) made a scout to the Texas Panhandle and captured about 2500 head of cattle, some of them bearing the Goodnight brand. In an interview with J. E. Haley, August 18, 1932, Duncan told him that by the time they arrived from Fort Bascom to Fort Union they had five hundred head left and no sooner did they get to Fort Union when someone stampeded these. Duncan suspected that someone around the Hatch Ranch picked these up.

Nomads like the Comanches and Kiowas would hardly be expected to build and use hornos. For this reason comancheros found it profitable to include bread as an article of trade. Sometimes the Indians gave a steer in exchange for a loaf of bread. A good gun commanded six to eight steers; a small keg of whisky went for about two dozen. It has been said that by the time Mackenzie broke the back of this black market one hundred thousand cattle passed Fort Bascom on the way to the New Mexico settlements. Comanchero Jose Piedad Tafoya of Las Vegas insisted that he was backed by the commandant of Fort Bascom and a merchant at the Hatch Ranch, both of whom gave him the necessary equipment and piled his wagons with the goods to be traded near the Palo Duro. "At the Quitaque," wrote Haley in his Western classic, *CHARLES GOODNIGHT*, "from 1865 to 1867, he (Tafoya) traded for thousands of

cattle, among them bearing the Sheek, Loving and Goodnight brands, the CV, the Circle W, the W E S, and the Circle Road brands. From the colorful breaks and badlands of the Quitaque, his peones pointed them northwest to strike the Fort Smith road along the Canadian, trailed them west into New Mexico by way of Fort Bascom, and distributed them in the range country to the settlements at handsome profit, not only to Jose but to his army friends besides." (Haley o. c. pp 190-191).

Goodnight complained to Carleton who investigated conditions at Fort Bascom but found nothing amiss. Agent A. B. Norton likewise investigated but found nothing at the post that called for a court martial although he did see thousands of stolen cattle at Anton Chico, Hatch Ranch, San Migul del Bado and Las Vegas. Oliver Loving had been wounded in an Indian attack and Goodnight took him to Fort Sumner where Dr. Shoup of Las Vegas amputated his arm. Gangarine set in and Loving lingered twenty-two days before he died. After his funeral Goodnight rode to Fort Bascom to see what had been done about recovering his stolen cattle. Goodnight was surprised to learn that the troopers had rounded up seventy-three hundred head en-route from Palo Duro, McCellan Lake, Hatch Ranch, Anton Chico, La Questa distributing grounds. In this group he identified two hundred and fifty as his. He also saw some from the Sheek ranch. He asked the commandant to release the cattle to him. The officer refused to do so because Goodnight could furnish no proof that they were his. When the Indians took Loving's horse they also made off with the saddle bags containing the papers Goodnight now needed. Goodnight left without a word, but the look on his face told the officer that he hadn't seen the last of the rancher. Goodnight hurried on to catch up with the main herd moving west into New Mexico. At the Hatch Ranch settlement, some twenty-five miles southeast of Las Vegas, he found about six hundred head of cattle bearing his brand. He went on in to Las Vegas and hired a lawyer to protest his interests as well as to get back his cattle for him. The case went to the U. S. Court. Even though some of the coman-

cheros testified that they estimated that about three hundred thousand steers and about one hundred thousand horses had been brought into New Mexico, nevertheless, Goodnight lost his case; he had to pay court costs and almost lost his life to boot. Even had he won it would have been useless for him to go back to Fort Bascom for his cattle for comancheros made off with them and killed those they couldn't drive off.

"And thus it appears," wrote Haley, "that the co-operation promised Loving and Goodnight at Fort Bascom, the strategic point for the control of the comanchero trade, was after all a half-hearted pledge. But down in Texas the cowmen were aroused and demanding less of theory and more of action on the part of the government. At last the Eighth Cavalry was sent to eastern New Mexico for the purpose, one of its veterans attests, of suppressing the traffic . . ." (Haley *o. c.* p. 194).

John Hittson, a Texan, told Captain J. F. Randlett (also spelled Randlett) that he thought there was too much red tape involved — all talk and no action. He decided to work on his own. He had lost over fifty thousand head over a period of eight years. By 1873, he had quite an army divided into two sections of eighty men each, one hundred and twenty horses for each section, wagons, tents, etc. Thus he went about re-possessing his stock and the stock the cattlemen about him commissioned him to recover. He recovered ten thousand head. When Simpson, a rancher near Las Vegas, objected to Hittson's taking his cattle even though purchased of comancheros, the Texans opened his corral, shot Simpson and drove the cattle over his body. One branch of Hittson's army watched the main comanchero trading stations which were at the site of Spur, Dickens county, Fort Bascom — now generally vacant except when scouting parties were out, and Fort Sumner. Despite Hittson's direct approach, the comanchero trade prospered. General C. C. Agur called in Col. Ronald S. M. Mackenzie to break up the Comanches, Kiowas and the comancheros. His route, which eventually led him to Fort Bascom, has been mistakenly referred to as the Mackenzie Trail. His

scouts led him to McCellan creek. The odds were two to one in favor of the Comanches. On Michaelmas Day (Sept. 29) the colonel's troops of five cavalry swept through the rancheria, killing one hundred and twenty-three Indians. One hundred and twenty-seven women and children were captured; two hundred and sixty-two tipis were burned; three thousand horses rounded up. The seventeen Tonkawas who accompanied Mackenzie were given charge of this remuda but the wily Comanches were able to re-capture their horses. The colonel never again let Indian horses that fell into his hands live. In future campaigns he ordered them shot immediately.

Wary of the comancheros and smarting under the cheek-burning humiliation at Las Vegas, Goodnight circled his herd around Fort Bascom to avoid a clash with the military there. J. B. Dawson (Dawson, N. M., honors him. The Kaiser Co. is rejuvenating the old ghost town that refused to die) selected a bad spot on the Canadian, about twenty miles above Fort Bascom, to cross the cattle. Goodnight considered Dawson a good man but limited in his knowledge of cattle. No experienced cattleman would have selected the spot Dawson did to ford the stream. The steers eventually made it across but not before drinking up half the Canadian. Despite many Indian scares and the propensities of the comancheros, cattlemen grazed their herds on the open range around Fort Bascom. Siringo notes in his TEXAS COWBOY, (page 105):

"About the first of April Moore (the trail boss, called us in from the plains to go up the river to Fort Bascom, New Mexico, on a rounding-up expedition. We were gone on that trip over a month." All the efforts of civil and military authorities failed to slow down the Comanches and comancheros. Again in September of 1874 Mackenzie took to the trail, hoping for co-operation from Price who was ordered to march out of Fort Union to Fort Bascom where he was to keep a supply camp and prepare for an expedition against the Indians very much in the same manner as Evans before him. Mackenzie came upon comancheros traveling east

toward the Palo Duro in search of Comanches. Their leader was Jose Piedad Tafoya, evidently working on his own now since Fort Bascom no longer operated an active post. If ever a man knew every mountain, stream, pass and by-pass from Fort Bascom to Palo Duro that man was Jose Piedad Tafoya. Mackenzie sought to enlist him as guide to the Indian rancheria but the cagey comanchero refused. It would not only mean the loss of his business but possibly the loss of his life since the Indians would consider him a traitor. Not being able to loosen his tongue by means of gentle persuasion, Mackenzie resorted to more violent measures. He ordered a wagon tongue propped up as a gibbit. Over this he threw a rope from which dangled a hangman's knot. After Tafoya was lifted off the ground a few times he consented to lead the scouts to the Indian camp. Sergeant J. B. Charlton, Chief Johnson and Job, Tonk scouts, were instructed to keep an eye on Tafoya at all times. At the first sign of treachery they were to dispose of him. Quanah Parker never forgave Tafoya for the part he played in the defeat of the Indians. But his threat against Tafoya was an idle one. He had fared no better at Adobe Walls that spring. The power of the Comanches was broken and he knew it. He had his chance against the buffalo hunters and failed. Killing Tafoya would never make warriors of the Comanches again. On the other hand, Tafoya, Romero, Medina, Gonzolez, Baca, Vigil and the other comancheros are still in the business recognized in the Miles and Mackenzie campaigns the death knell of the comanchero romance so they sat at their firesides to tell their children and grandchildren for whom the bells tolled. Tafoya lived out his days at Las Vegas a respected citizen. He realized that the advance of the railroad would have ended the comanchero trade if Miles and Mackenzie never marched against the Indians.

Mackenzie came upon the enemy east of the site of Happy in the Texas Panhandle. He charged them while they were still asleep. Quick to size up the situation, the warriors climbed the sides of the slopes near them seeking refuge behind boulders and cedar shrubs. In camp horses,

women and children ran in wild confusion. The warriors had not abandoned the women. They knew the army policy of killing braves. By taking to the hills they hoped to divert the troopers' attention from the horses. But they were forestalled when Beaumont's company was ordered to round up the animals. The braves opened fire from behind their protecting boulders and stunted trees. The first man hit was the bugler. Mackenzie sent men to cover the rear while he concentrated on the lodges. Realizing that the Indians had a distinct advantage over him, he marched out of the canyon taking almost fifteen hundred horses and mules with him. On the following day he turned one third of the herd over to the Tonkawa allies and ordered the remainder shot. Cowboys riding through the canyons several years later remarked about the bones. Mackenzie thought his men had killed four of the Indians but Sergeant J. B. Carlton riding with the scouts later said he saw dead Indians everywhere. Mackenzie took the trail toward McCellan creek. On October 6th he came upon the comancheros and their wagons. When asked what they were doing in hostile country, they gave the standard answer of buffalo hunting. The next day he came upon two more who did not deny they were comancheros. The self-styled ciboleros he let go sought out the Indians and informed them of the approach of the soldiers. About this time the three wagons he had sent to Fort Bascom for corn for the horses arrived much to the surprise of the troopers who gave up hope of ever seeing them again. After a trip to his supply camp to rest the weary horses and take care of the sick men, Mackenzie moved on to the site of Silverton and made camp at Mulberry creek. On the following day his scouts ran into a small war party and a skirmish took place. Fortunately enough buffalo were still roaming about to furnish the soldiers with meat. The command continued on to Cottonwood Springs to await rations out of Fort Griffin. Mackenzie, using the policy of keeping the Indians on the run without time for hunting, sent several columns in various directions until, tired of running, the enemy consented to life on a reservation. All columns sent for rations, re-mounts, and additional

men. Wagons rumbled into Fort Bascom and Camp Supply. Fort Bascom was asked to supply fresh mounts and food. If blankets could be spared, they would be appreciated. Nights on the plains were becoming increasing colder with the approach of winter. Fort Bascom saved many a trooper, horse and mule from starvation during the Comanche-Kiowa campaigns of 1872-1875. Mackenzie had once used it as a rest camp for himself and his men.

Major W. R. Price left Fort Bascom on August 28, 1874, with three companies of mounted cavalry and a couple of howitzers. Col. Miles expected that they would join forces at or near the Antelope Hills. A week later he was at Spring creek (in present Hutchinson county, Texas Panhandle) where he struck an Indian trail bearing to the southeast. Sending Captain Henry Farnsworth with Troop H, one howitzer and the wagon train toward Antelope Hills, the major decided to follow the trail which moved in the direction of the Staked Plains. Nothing came of his expedition so he decided to make for the Antelope Hills. On September 6th he found signs of Indians retreating either before Miles or possibly Captain Farnsworth. At three in the afternoon he struck the trail of Mile's wagons. Sure of his ground now, he made camp. Early the next day he continued his search for Miles. Late that afternoon he reached the colonel who was moving toward the Washita. After a conference with Miles he turned north in search of Farnsworth. About noon on September 12th, while moving between the Sweetwater and the Dry Fork creeks of the Washita, he observed a long trail of objects moving across his front. These proved to be Kiowas and Comanches pulling away from the siege of Lyman's wagons (Capt. Wylls Lyman of the 5th Infantry). Thinking them to be a column of troops, Price hastened to make contact. As soon as he discovered his error he pushed out his skirmishers but the hostiles, in no mood to dally, determinedly charged his flank and rear. For the next two hours Price was on the defensive. At times it seemed he would be overwhelmed, but he held his ground. The Indians, feeling that all their defeats from the days of Kit Carson at Adobe Walls to this

Miles-Price campaign were the result of not having a howitzer, determined to capture the one with Price's command. They concentrated their attack upon the gun. As evening approached the Indians gave up the attempt. Price reached Farnsworth at Antelope Hills on the 14th of September. A few days later word came from General Pope, in charge of the Department, ordering Price to unite his command with that of Miles on the Sweetwater in the Texas Panhandle. Miles directed the balance of the campaign after which Price and the men returned to Fort Bascom.

The timely arrival of Price on his way to contact Miles was the salvation of Captain Wyllys Lyman and his wagon train. Price, on his way back to Fort Bascom, was instrumental in saving more lives. Miles at McClellan creek, had some dispatches for Camp Supply. He selected scouts Billy Dixon and Amos Chapman together with troopers Sgt. Z. T. Woodhull, Peter Rath, John Harrington and John Smith to carry them. At 6 a. m. on the morning of September 12, 1874, they were attacked by one hundred and twenty-five Kiowas and Wichitas who, according to Miles, had left their agency because they were not able to acclimatize and adjust their lives to confinement. They sought the freedom of the plains and the excitement of the hunt.

"When Smith was shot," confided Billy Dixon to his wife years later, "he fell flat on his stomach, and his gun fell from his hand, far beyond his reach. But no Indian was ever able to capture that gun; if one ventured near Smith, we never failed to bring him down. We thought Smith was dead when he fell, but he survived until about eleven o'clock that night . . . I had traveled scarcely more than half a mile when I struck the plain trail leading to Camp Supply (Dixon was going for help for the wounded men at Buffalo Wallow. Hurrying along as rapidly as possible and keeping a constant lookout for Indians, I checked myself at the sudden sight of an outfit that seemed to cover an acre of ground, two miles or so to the northwest. The outfit at first did not seem to be moving and I could not tell whether it was made up of white men or Indians. I sulked to a growth of tall grass and hid for awhile. Shortly I was

able to see they were troops . . . The commanding officer was William R. Price . . . who rode over to where I was waiting, bringing his army surgeon with him . . . ” The Indians had known the evening before of the approach of the soldiers and called off the siege of Dixon and the others. The scout could have gone on to Camp Supply without molestation from the Indians. Dixon and the others were later rewarded for their heroic fight. During November and December of 1874 Col. Miles ordered all of his cavalry except three companies of mounted men and four of infantry to Fort Bascom to rest for the winter and await further orders. After the Miles and Mackenzie campaigns there was little more trouble from comancheros, Comanches and Kiowas except in isolated cases, usually young warriors A.W.O.L. from the reservation.



NOTES AND COMMENTS — Chapter Five

Letter of James S. Calhoun to Medill, October 15, 1849: “ . . . It is through the medium of these traders (comancheros) that arms and ammunition are supplied to the Indians who require submission to our authority. These traders go where they please without being subjected to the slightest risk; but one, not of the fraternity, dare not advance an inch abroad without risking his life and property. Why is it that these traders have no fears, no apprehensions, and pass in every direction through the country roamed over by Comanches, Apaches, Navajos and Utes, unharmed in person or property, when these same Indians show by their conduct a determined and eternal hostility to all Mexicans, and others, who remain quietly at home, and whose towns and children and property of every kind are unsafe beyond the shadow of their own domiciles?”

The Comanchero Trade — J. Evetts Haley — Southwestern Historical Quarterly Review, January, 1935: “By 1832, when Albert Pike made his journey across the prairies from Arkansas to Taos, a comanchero trail other than that

observed by Long pointed its way to the plains and trad-grounds of the Indians . . . When Goodnight came into the Panhandle from Colorado there were at least three comanchero trails almost 'as plain as wagon roads of today.' The upper trail left Las Vegas and led northeast to the Canadian, followed down that stream to the east of Tucumcari Mountain and forked near the Texas line. The other trail branched southeast from the Canadian and pointed straight for Puerto de los Rivajenas (i. e. La Bajada near Albuquerque) a day's drive from the Canadian. This Door of the Plains, as it was sometimes called, was a large gap in the caprock near the head of the Trujillo. Traders watered at the Trujillo and next at the extreme head of the Palo Duro, which they followed until near the site of Canyon . . . They (the comancheros) bartered for bread, liquors, etc . . . The poorer traders bartered for only a few head of cattle, usually from ten to fifty, but well-to-do traders carried their goods in carretos and sometimes returned with a fair-sized herd . . . There is one case of traitorous action on the part of comancheros. During the (Civil) war Carson was ordered against the Kiowas. Some licensed traders arrived at Fort Bascom on their way to the Plains. They were warned of the state of hostility and the contemplated military movement, and ordered not to proceed. Some of them stole by the military pickets into the Panhandle, and according to the Indians themselves, not only warned them of Carson's approach but sold arms and ammunition with which his men were defeated at Adobe Walls. This resulted in an order, January 31, 1865 — that no citizen trader should be allowed beyond the eastern frontier for the purpose of trading with the Kiowa and Comanche unless the Indians were at peace and the trader had a military passport . . . Some comancheros were Anaya of Anton Chico, Jose Piedad Tafoya, Jose Gertrudes Medina, Manuel Gonzolez, Julian Baca, Eugenio Romero, Juan Trujillo of Tascosa . . . ”

Charles Goodnight: "I personally saw that the Indians captured five herds and sold them to New Mexico traders, accounting for some eight thousand head. I proved before

the U. S. Court by some Mexican witnesses who bought cattle from the Indians that they (the comancheros) put the total number of cattle at 300,000 and the loss in horses at 100,000." See Edna Kahlbau — THE COMANCHEROS OF THE PANHANDLE, AMARILLO GLOBE NEWS, Sunday, Nov. 2, 1941.

Jim Greathouse, later killed by Joel Fowler, and prominent in the story of the Lincoln County War, while employed as a buffalo hunter near Fort Griffin in 1875, had his horses stolen from him. He and the other men who found themselves in the same plight went to the commandant for help. The officer refused. The hunters borrowed horses from civilians around Fort Griffin and rode out to overtake the Comanches. Jim Greathouse, Will Kress, Sol Reese and possibly Dave Rudabaugh led the men. They trailed the Indians for a number of miles when they suddenly came upon twelve comancheros on the Las Linguas waiting for a rendezvous with the Indians. Greathouse told the men that these comancheros were mostly responsible for their troubles and should be punished. In the battle that followed they killed the comancheros to a man and were content to ride their horses back to Fort Griffin since they were unable to recover their own.

Letter of John Pope to Lt. Col. J. B. Fry, Assistant Adjutant General, Military Division of the Missouri, Chicago, Ill.: Major Clendennin of the 8th Cavalry, with three companies of his regiment, has been in camp on the Canadian river, below Fort Union, during the entire summer and has rendered important service in breaking up illegal traffic with the Indians on the Plains, which for years has been carried on by Pueblo Indians and Mexican citizens of the Territory of New Mexico. This traffic, which supplied the wild Indians with arms and ammunition to depredate upon the trains and settlements, has always been injurious and dangerous to the security of the very people among whom these infamous traders live — evidently aided by his subordinates in command, Captain Randlett and Lt. Caraher

of the 8th Cavalry. Major Clendennin has captured many of the traders, some of their trains and supplies for the wild Indians, and large herds of cattle which they bought from the Indians, but which have been stolen from farms in Texas. These prisoners and stock have been turned over to the civil authorities under orders from Washington. I consider it altogether more judicious in the future to turn over such prisoners and stock to the civil authorities of Texas to be disposed of by them. In the first place, the stock belongs to the citizens of Texas who cannot make a long journey through the Indian country in New Mexico to reclaim their property unless furnished with a strong escort of troops, the expense of reclaiming their property in New Mexico, and getting it back to their homes, would almost equal the value of the property itself. 2nd. The offense committed by the infamous New Mexican traders is against the citizens of Texas, in buying property which they know has been stolen from the citizens of that State. It is certain that the knowledge that they would, if captured, be sent back to Texas for trial, would be far more effective in deterring these traders from the further prosecution of their shameful occupation than any fear of trial by the civil courts in New Mexico. In justice to the owners of the stolen stock, as well as in view of wholly arresting this illegal and dangerous traffic I earnestly recommend that hereafter all parties arrested on the Plains east of the Pecos river, in illicit trade with the Indians, and all stock in their possession stolen from Texas, be sent to that State under escort and turned over to the nearest commander of a military post in Texas to be by him turned over to the civil officer of that State."

General Nelson A. Miles — PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS — London, 1897, edition: "Captain Wyllys Lyman on the way out from Camp Supply was attacked by Indian and Lt. Lewis permanently disabled. During the night a daring scout, William F. Schmulshe, dashed out on horseback through the line of the beleaguers, who quickly followed him, but being well mounted and a very light rider,

he was too speedy for his pursuers. They chased him into a large herd of buffalo, which enabled him to make his escape under the cover of darkness. He came near being thrown, however, his horse stepping into a hole, accident by which he lost his rifle. He rode on as rapidly as his horse could carry him during the night until at last the animal was utterly exhausted and he was obliged to leave him in a small bit of timber. After this he traveled by night, on foot, concealing himself during the day in the brush or timber until he reached Camp Supply . . . ”

General Sheridan to Col. Wm. D. Whipple, Assistant Adjutant General at St. Louis, Mo.: “On July 21 — authority was received from the Department of the Interior, through the Secretary of War, to invade if necessary, the special Indian reservation set aside for the Kiowas and Comanches within the limits of the Indian Territory or, in other words, to punish them wherever they might be found. General Pope was then authorized to push his troops into the field and carry out this condition to the best of his ability. The result has been the organization of a column under Col. N. A. Miles, 5th Infantry, which advanced against the Indians from Camp Supply via Antelope Hills; and another column, under Major W. R. Price, 8th Cavalry, who moved down the Canadian river from Fort Bascom and Fort Union to join Col. Miles, at or near the Antelope Hills. Col. Miles encountered the Indians near the headwaters of the Washita river and kept up a running fight for several days, the Indians steadily falling back until they reached the hills, eight miles from the Salt Fork of the Red river where they made a bold stand, but were promptly attacked and routed and pursued in a southwesterly direction across the main Red river, and out on the Staked Plains, losing heavily in men, animals and baggage. Owing to a want of supplies, Col. Miles was at length forced to abandon the pursuit and return to a point near Antelope Hills where supplies had been sent him. This train of supplies, which met him at the point indicated, had been attacked by a large force of Indians, principally Kiowas from

the Wichita Agency, while moving on the Washita river above that place, but had been most gallantly and successfully defended by Captain Lyman and Lt. Lewis, with a small train guard of about sixty men, Lt. Lewis receiving a wound in the action. Major Price marched from Fort Bascom to prevent the Plains Indians from accumulating winter food from the buffalo herds."

John Watts wrote to the Agent for the Kiowas and Comanches on October 24, 1868: "John Watts, a loyal citizen of the United States, a resident of San Miguel county, in the Territory of New Mexico, and engaged in the business of farming on the Canadian river, one mile west of Fort Bascom, in said county of San Miguel and the Territory of New Mexico, would respectfully state to you that, on the 17th day of September, 1868, twenty head of horses and mules, of the average value of \$200, belonging to him, were taken, stolen, and carried away from within sight of said Fort Bascom, in the day-time, by a party of Indians belonging to the tribe called the Comanches, then at amity with the United States, being six in number, shortly reinforced by eight or ten more, then again by some seventy-five or eighty Indians. Your petitioner further states that at the time of the taking of said animals they were on his own farm grazing, under the care of Richard Maguire and Roman Martinez, herders, and the said Richard Maguire was killed by said Indians, and said Roman Martinez was badly wounded, and said animals were run off by said Indians.

"Your petitioner further states that within two hours after the taking of said animals the commander of the military post of Fort Bascom, Major Louis T. Morris, 37th U. S. Infantry, sent troops in pursuit of said Indians, with a view to recapture said stock and chasten said Indians, but before the troops could overtake said Indians they had been reinforced to such an extent as to render it dangerous for so small a party to continue the pursuit further into Indian country, and said troops returned without recapturing any of said property. Your petitioner further states that said

mules were all fine American mules, for which he paid \$225 each; that they were all broken to the wagon and being used by him at the time they were stolen in delivering hay at the said Fort Bascom, for the United States, under a contract with the quartermaster's department in New Mexico, and in addition to the actual value of said animals has been put to loss and damage to the extent of \$1,000 in consequence of all his animals having been stolen, and he put to great loss, delay and expense in procuring other animals to deliver said hay . . . "

Captain Frank H. Wilson 3rd U. S. Cav. Co. D, sent out by Comander Morris to overtake animals and Indians wrote out this report dated at Fort Bascom, September 26, 1868:

"In compliance with your order of the 17th, inst. I left Fort Bascom at 2 p. m. on the same date, with twenty-seven men of my company, and after marching two miles in a westerly direction struck the trail of the Indians who had killed one herder, wounded another, and run off the stock of Messrs. Watts and Stapp. The trail from this point ran due south over the Mesa, southwest of the post, which I followed for about seven or eight miles in that direction, thence north (crossing the river) eight miles. Here the trail took due north, which I followed fourteen miles, when night overtook us. Camped on the trail, without water, and started at daybreak next morning on the trail, which soon took an easterly direction, and crossed Ute creek about eight miles north of the river road, keeping up in the sand hills, making the traveling quite heavy. The place known as the 'Red River Spring' was struck by us, where was lately a rancheria of the Indians, supposed to be about 75 or 100 lodges. Here we were distant from the post about 40 miles. Leaving there we marched till dark in an easterly direction, in the sand hills, and camped on the river at dark, still on the trail. Next morning at daybreak took the trail, still running east, and at Salt Lakes struck a rancheria which was abandoned some time previously, leaving their lodges poles, etc., behind which I caused to be burned. Af-

ter marching some twenty-five miles farther came to another Indian rancheria, from which they had gone only a few days before. Having at this time followed the trail about 125 miles, the men of my party having but 20 rounds of ammunition each, and there being every indication of large bodies of Indians joining the trail of the animals taken by the party I was in pursuit of, and knowing that I was in the immediate vicinity of their villages, I thought it would be imprudent to follow the trail any further, as it seemed the Indians were desirous that I should do so, they not having stopped to water or graze their animals from the time of starting till I had left the trail. It is my opinion that the larger part of the Kiowa and Comanche tribes are moving their families and stock toward the Llano Estacado . . . ”

John W. Dorsette, foreman at the Watts ranch, testified tha he had sent out Maguire and Martinez to take care of the herd when the Indians attacked them. After Martinez had recovered from his wounds he went to Fort Bascom and testified before Lt. John K. Sullivan that he was certain Watts was asking the right price of the Indian Agent. Private Joseph Murray, who was on guard duty the afternoon of the attack, testified that he witnessed the whole affair from his sentry post. Captain Deane Monahan, of the 3rd U. S. Cav., temporary commander of Fort Bascom in the absence of Major Morris, collected all the testimony for the Department of the Interior. In October, 1871, Agent Laurie Tatum at Fort Sill in Oklahoma was sent all the correspondence. John Watts went to Fort Sill and met with the Comanche and Kiowa Indian chiefs who claimed that the attack was not made by Comanches nor Kiowas, but Cheyennes led by the son of Chief Sleeping Wolf. Agent Brinton Darlington of the Cheyenne Agency called together the Cheyennes on February 1, 1872 but they denied any knowledge of a raid on the herders or running off the stock. Commissioner E. P. Smith asked the Secretary of the Interior to re-imburse Watts to the tune of \$2,875. This was on November 26, 1873. On March 6, 1874, Secretary C. Del-

ano asked Congress what it was all about. Talk about a Washington Merry-Go-Round. There is no record that Watts was paid. Now, about one hundred years later, buck-passing is still a favorite sport in the same city.

Mrs. Agnes B. Walker, of Alamogordo, New Mexico, wrote to Rev. Thomas Harwood, of her days at Fort Bascom — July 29, 1909:

"We went to Fort Bascom in 1872. My husband was employed by Wilson Waddingham. We located the ranch at La Garita in 1873. As soon as they could get up the posts for a two-room 'Jacal' I moved to the ranch. It was so dangerous that the officers commanding Fort Bascom at first would not permit it, but at last sent me and my three children — Willie, Frank and Edith — in an ambulance escorted by eight soldiers. Indians had been around Fort Bascom constantly during the winter. I had often watched them, and they often watched us, through field glasses. In the spring of 1874 we heard from the (New) Mexican buffalo hunters that the Indians were out in bands, marauding in a small way and that they intended to make a general raid in the spring as soon as there was enough grass to graze their ponies. We were warned to look out for them. We had been accustomed to dangers and were always prepared. We had a Government Agency and the troops camped at our place which was called the McCleary Ranch, which was on their way from Fort Union to Fort Bascom, and the Llano Estacado — Staked Plains. We had at this time two herders, a Navajo boy and a (New) Mexican boy named Florenzo, a colored woman cook named Maria and a doctor McVey. On the night of July 7 Major Morrison, with a troop of regulars, camped at our place. The major was in quest of a flowing spring, three miles below us, where he had orders to locate a company of soldiers for this particular vicinity. On the morning of July 8, 1874, all the early pioneers will remember — it was the last general raid of the Kiowas and Comanches — that over one hundred people were killed that day. Major Morrison, after

putting our two boys, Willie and Frank, into the ambulance, mounted my race mare, Mack rode his favorite horse which was also a racer. The morning was a perfect one. Everything seemed unusually quiet. After finishing my regular routine work, I took my place outside by the front door, sewing; glancing down the road in the direction I had seen my husband and two boys disappear, I saw what seemed like two cowboys riding among our milk cows. Watching them a moment, curious to know what they were doing, at that moment suspecting nothing more than that they were looking for stray cattle from other herds being held in the adjacent canyons. In a few moments I thought they were Indians. After getting the horses in a bunch they started them in a dead run westward. I went to Florenzo and asked him if he noticed the men. He said they were Indians and asked for a gun. I gave him a Spencer rifle and a belt of cartridges. He ran toward the foot of the mountains, hoping, he remarked, to cut off a solitary Indian whom he saw cantering up the road on a big black horse . . . I turned into the house to see a band of Indians coming toward me. I had seen them first. This alone saved me. During all this time the doctor was gazing at them, white with terror, still not understanding the great danger. My two Newfoundland dogs that I had always looked to for protection had disappeared.

"The Indians circled the house and stable. They knew that I was alone. I was standing just inside the door with my needle gun, preparing for the attack which I knew was coming, unless relief should come. This really was my hope, for the cowboys for miles around came to our house for their mail, but this day the relief (perhaps it was not accidental, it must have been one of those mysterious influences to save our lives), never came. There were two chiefs — one a Comanche, one a Kiowa. Signing to him (the Comanche) that I was not friendly and that he should not come in, at the same time warning the doctor to stand back and let me shut the door, as I saw the Indians were getting ready to shoot. The doctor tried to get the gun from me, believing that if I started shooting the Indians

would kill us. I held on to the gun. As soon as the doctor let go of my arm and the gun at the same time, he rushed out of the house and I after him. I caught him and just had time to twist him around and push him into the door when crack went the rifle of the Kiowa chief, hitting the door casing just above my head. I sprang into the house, closing the door against the shower of bullets that followed. Putting a Long Tom rifle into the doctor's hands, I begged him to keep them off the front part of the house, while I watched the haystack from the other side, knowing well that if they set fire to the hay they would smoke us out. I let down the window curtain so that they could not see into the house, and I ran through the house to the little back store room, taking my little girl Edith with me. I sat her down among the potato sacks, piling them up so as to protect her from stray bullets. I climbed upon a box and peeped toward the haystack. There were two Indians sneaking past the stack coming around the corral on the west side. I was intently watching them, when hearing horses' hooves approaching at a rapid speed from the east side, I just had time to turn my head when right there within fifty feet of me was a Kiowa coming straight at me. He did not see me. I did not have time to be frightened. I looked at my child, rested my needle gun on the little window sill of the storehouse, I held steady and fired at the Indian. With a grunt he fell forward on his pony's neck . . . My husband appeared at that moment, a mile below the house on the west side . . . We were soon all united again . . . The doctor stayed with us until July 30 when another baby girl was born . . . Captain McCleave chased me all around the house to kiss me because I had killed a Kiowa chief. He said I might have every soldier at Fort Bascom to aid us at any time we would let him know, at least, while he was in command." (This letter was printed with few variations, in HISTORY OF THE NEW MEXICO MISSIONS, Vol. 2, pp 362-370).

Chapter Six

POST COMMANDERS

1. PETER WILLIAM LIVINGSTON PLYMPTON (1827-1866). Born in Missouri, the son of Col. Joseph Plympton of the 7th U. S. Infantry. He entered West Point on September 1, 1843, and graduated on July 1, 1847. While he did not see active duty in Mexico during the war he is considered a veteran of the Mexican War since he served in some capacity of the service while the war was going on. After the war he was assigned to the Jefferson Barracks in Missouri until 1849 when he was sent to Fort Marcy in Santa Fe. He remained in Santa Fe until 1850 when he was appointed to Fort Leavenworth in Kansas. Shortly afterwards he returned to Jefferson Barracks until 1851 when his next assignment was Fort Washita, Indian Territory (1851), Fort Gibson (1852). After three years at this post he was ordered to the Recruiting Service until 1856 when he went to Fort Smith, Arkansas. After a year's service here he spent a year at Fort Laramie. He served under Johnston in the Utah Expedition, after which he conducted recruits into New Mexico. He next saw service again at Fort Washita, then Fort McLane in New Mexico. He was at Fort Craig in New Mexico when the Civil War broke out. It was his task to strengthen the defenses of that post against possible invasion from Texas. For his work at Craig he was commissioned a captain (February 26, 1861), and served in the battle of Valverde. He also participated in the action at Peralta. He was in command of Fort Union from June 1, 1862, to July 18th of the same year. He again occupied this position in October on through November 5 of 1863. He started Fort Bascom and stayed at the post he founded until December, 1863. He named the fort in

honor of a friend who gave his life for his country at Valverde. He was assigned to headquarters in Santa Fe near the end of 1863 to May, 1864, when he was sent on a confidential mission to Mexico. He became commander of Fort Defiance in June, 1864, to the end of July of that year. Next he was part of the garrison at New York harbor. From 1865 to 1866 he was at Hart Island, New York. He was assigned to Galveston, Texas, on April 16, 1866. He died there on the night of August 10, 1866.

2. COLONEL EDWARD BERGMANN (1829-1913)

There are many unsung heroes in New Mexico whose deeds are as forgotten as their names. Donaciano Vigil, Tom Boggs, Ledoux, Doc Brown, Edward Bergmann are but a few. New Mexico's outstanding crime is its lack of recognition of the men and women who made it great. Not one town or statue commemorate neither the men nor their deeds and more than you will find a town named Coronado, deVargas, Carson, Kearny, Benedict. Members of an historical group might recognize the names but beyond these few they are meaningless. It takes courage to even write about New Mexico so little has it really come to the front as a power and force in the nation. No doubt the answer is at home. Edward Bergmann is less remembered than General Carleton; yet New Mexico should never have let neither his name nor his memory die. He was given a military funeral, a place in the National Cemetery, then completely forgotten. At his death he left two sons in Las Vegas (who have also since passed on) and one daughter in California (still living). They saw the uselessness of imposing their father's deeds on the reading public. Every family boasts one hero at least, but not every family is able to recall one of national fame. Somehow Fort Bascom reminds me of Bergmann. They have been relegated to the attic to be remembered by the few old timers as relics of another age as remote today as the Ice Age.

Born in Danzig, Prussia, in 1829, he grew up in a changing world when the rise of republics seemed the rule rather than the exception. Militarism always charac-

terized Prussia and its youth; Bergmann was no exception. He sought a career with the Black Hussars. Bergmann would probably never have come to America had it not been for Captain George Bascom McClellan. "The good repute in which McClellan had been held was shown in 1855, when Jefferson Davis, as Secretary of War, appointed him with Majors Richard Delafield and Alferd Mordecai to a commission for the study of European armies. The Crimean War was then being fought, and American preparedness was arousing more than usual interest. In Paris permission to visit the French army in the Crimea was refused to the commissioners unless they engaged themselves not to go to any other part of the active theater — a promise they would not make; in Russia they were allowed to see some military posts and establishments, and also troops in review, but not to go to the Russian army in the Crimea. However, they visited the British field forces, and received every courtesy and consideration while with the active army. Afterward they saw many European fortifications, barracks, hospitals, and other military installations in France, Prussia, and Austria, in some places having full, unrestricted opportunity to study the details with the help of plans, and in other places seeing no more than would be revealed to any person with a printed ticket of admission . . . " Williams, LINCOLN FINDS A GENERAL, Vol. 1, pp 104-105.

Captain Bergmann, tall and straight in the saddle, was appointed by his government to show the commissioners the fortifications of Prussia. Between the captain and the American, a warm friendship developed on the very first day. When McClellan left, the Prussian resigned his commission and came back to America with him. Two things kept Bergmann from becoming a major commander during the Civil War: McClellan resigned from the army to take a post as president of a railroad; his inability to master the new language fast enough to do him any real good. It was his complex about good English that sent him across the Mississippi. His first experience in the American army was at Fort Sumner where he taught military tactics. He held

the rank of lieutenant. If West Point graduates were jealous of him and treated him coldly he never let on but went about his business as if he didn't have a care in the world. His free time he gave to acquiring the language and Americanisms. In 1857, the year McClellan accepted the presidency of the Illinois Central, Bergmann moved on to New Mexico, a civilian.

He enjoyed the exciting life of a freighter and spent his spare time prospecting. This latter became a fetish, almost a mania to last to the end of his life. He was forever in quest of gold or other minerals that would bring quick wealth. He often visited Kit Carson and L. B. Maxwell at Rayado and Cimarron as well as Beaubien at Taos. They became his lifelong friends although he outlived them all by many years. This proved a bonanza for reporters and writers for much of what we learned of both Carson and Maxwell came from Bergmann. Bancroft, Twitchell and others found him a gold mine of information because of the friendship he developed with the men who made New Mexico history. The ST. LOUIS GLOBE DEMOCRAT interviewed Bergmann in 1895 in quest of a story on Maxwell. The reporter himself added that Bergmann himself was as worthy of a special book for he was a fine specimen of manhood with "the manners and speech of a cultured gentleman."

Like Daniel Webster, Marcy, Whipple, Bartlett, Long and others, Bergmann was of the opinion that New Mexico would never rank high agriculturally; her place was with ores and minerals. The Moreno Valley, Ute Creek, Vermejo and all the streams on the fabulous Maxwell Land Grant occupied him those few years prior to the war. Maxwell granted him unlimited privileges and they became partners in a mining venture. The certainty of war caused him to give up mining for a time in order to help organize the First New Mexico Volunteer Regiment. He was given the rank of captain. He impressed the governor, Canby, members of the legislature, Benedict and others who agreed that he was as useful preparing raw recruits as he would be under Canby moving south to occupy Fort Craig. After the

battle of Valverde he was given important assignments at Fort Craig, Fort Union, Fort Marcy and in Carleton's office at Santa Fe. No sooner were the walls up at Fort Bascom than Bergmann was sent to take over.

Fort Bascom was the eastern gateway into New Mexico. Bergmann's job was to protect caravans carrying vital supplies for Fort Union and other military posts. He also had to protect travelers using the Cimarron cutoff; investigate comancheros; prevent their selling guns and ammunition to the Indians; see that the Plains tribes kept the peace; keep the Comanches and Navajos from warring on each other; make periodic scouts up to the Arkansas and down the Staked Plains to break up cattle rustling and Indian depredations; chase after recalcitrant Navajoes and Apaches who would have none of the Bosque Redondo plan; prevent anything from breaking up Carleton's pet project. The Comanches and Kiowas always looked upon New Mexico as neutral ground and resented Carleton's placing soldiers on the very spot selected for trading purposes. Several Indians were anxious to ride in to Santa Fe for Carleton's scalp. They hit upon the plan of stirring up the reservation Indians at Bosque Redondo and asked Bergmann to remove Indian and white man from their hunting grounds. Bergmann was on a scout when Carson made his plans for the Adobe Walls expedition, but it is doubtful if Carleton would have placed Bergmann in charge even if he had been available. Carson had many years experience over Bergman when it came to Indians although he did not always cover himself with glory. Although unassuming and retiring, he had good publicity agents in Carleton, Maxwell, Fremont and other prominent men who broadcasts his deeds to a reading public as anxious for Westerns then as TV audiences of our times. The world never changes, not really, any more than people. These are just new toys to play with.

The treaty with the Navajos did more for the cause of the Comanches in discrediting Carleton than all their wars put together. New Mexicans considered it a fearful, frightening combination indeed and set the wheels in mo-

tion for the general's dismissal. Comancheros were definitely on the side of the Indians. Politicos could not afford to lose the comanchero vote. They lowered the boom. The New Mexico press pointed out that Fort Bascom was the most isolated, least fortified, most neglected post of the Territory; yet it was the gateway to the States. The French Foreign Legion was better served. At no time did Carleton, the Department of the Interior, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the War Department ever consider Fort Bascom anything more than a supply depot, a fitting out place, a resting oasis for men chained to the task of spanking the comancheros, guiding travelers, seeking freedom loving Indians. Which explains why it was usually manned by volunteers, at least during the balance of the war. While Comanches refrained from attacking the post out of deference for Negro troops stationed there after the war because a number of Negroes were taken into the tribe as blood brothers, these troopers were never in the majority any more than Negroes with the Comanches were ever more than a few at best. Fort Bascom, defenseless as it was, invited attack. Wary of losing a good thing, comancheros and Indians had a silent agreement to refrain from molesting the fort since it was also the gateway for the comanchero trade. Neither wanted it over garrisoned, Too many soldiers spoiled the gravy. Only a man, trained as he was in the Prussian army, could command Fort Bascom as long as Bergmann did without complaint.

On the 8th of June, 1866, Colonel M. S. Howe left Fort Smith, Arkansas, charged with the care of a large wagon train enroute for Fort Union. The caravan came along the Canadian, reaching Fort Bascom on August 5th. Thomas Abram Muzzall, a former pony-express rider and freighter, was with the wagon train. He kept a diary of the trip. He says little about the fort, which bears out how it failed to impress from the big brass down: August 5 — "Start early and march about 18 miles, crossing the Canadian; it is here called Rio Colorado, or Red river. We reached Fort Bascom, this is a new post built since the war commenced. It is built of adobe, which is a kind of sun-dried brick. The

fort is on the south side of the Colorado river." It is then dismissed. No description, no life as it is lived there. Muzzall seems anxious to get away. No wonder desertions seemed part of the story of Fort Bascom. But Bergmann stayed and did a good job. Better, in fact, than any commander before or since. It may have been the Alcatraz of military installations in New Mexico; nevertheless Bergmann was aware that the safety of one half the Territory depended on that post.

That Carleton had high regard for Bergmann we gather from this note addressed to the commander of Fort Union, August 2, 1864: "The commanding officer directs that when Captain Bergmann arrives at Fort Union for a scout of fifty days in the direction of the Cimarron, give him a good officer and thirty picked men of infantry to go with him and form a part of his command. Furnish Captain Bergmann with such subsistence, ammunition and clothing as he may require, and see that he fitted out in the most perfect order for field service. Should it be necessary to draw any supplies from the ordinance department, say to Captain Shoemaker that the general commanding the department authorizes you to call on him for them. He will approve the requisition after this transportation. The Chief Quartermaster will give directions about this transportation . . ."

Bergmann attained the rank of colonel before the war was over. After an honorable discharge he went to the Moreno valley to prospect for gold, copper, silver, iron-ore and other minerals. He soon became known to every rancher and squatter on the Maxwell Land Grant. The gold fever was as much in his blood as army discipline. He was thirty-six years of age, alone, unmarried, with a thought of settling down until he found a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Virginia City (New Mexico), Baldy, Prairieville, Elizabethtown — all ghosts of the past now, he watched go up from the first tent to the last frame house. His nomad existence bothered him after he met Augusta Siever of Philadelphia whose father was a prospector at Elizabethtown. He built a hotel, married Augusta at Eliza-

bethtown in 1871, and at her prompting began collecting papers for a story of Fort Bascom. The hotel caught fire before the first child was born and Mr. and Mrs. Bergmann barely escaped with their lives. Clothes, furniture, savings, papers, writings were all lost. Bergmann never made another attempt to put down the Fort Bascom story on paper. He had three children. His wife died in 1889 and he raised the children himself. He never re-married. Two of the children are now dead. One still lives in La Puente, California.

Kingston, Chloride, Lake Valley, White Oaks, Hillsboro, Silver City, Socorro, Chloride Flat, Robinson — wherever there was a strike, there Bergmann went to try his luck. It was not easy with three children. But he managed even though he never quite went over the top. His years as a soldier and commander made him a trifle overbearing, causing many to shun him and narrowing down his circle of friends. Many openly showed their dislike and sought to blacken his character especially during the days he was warden of the Territorial pen when a cry was raised against him and his expenditures investigated. He weathered the storm and proved his innocence. Men like Thornton, Prince, Otero, Catron, Wallace, Palen, Gallegos, Mills and Vigil all commanded his respect and reciprocated. Left to many of these he would have been the first warden of the new penitentiary. The office was given to others for political reasons, not for capability. All New Mexico was anxious to see the new prison. The city of Santa Fe was quite elated if we are to believe the editor of the NEW MEXICAN (August 7, 1885):

"Fifty public and as many private conveyances charged about the streets of the ancient capital city last evening all loaded with guests, and heading for New Mexico's first public building, the newly completed territorial penitentiary. From eight to ten o'clock the crowd poured into that magnificent structure until every chair in the building was held at a premium and the grand chapel hall was filled with gay promenaders. The second and third floors were devoted to the entertainment of the guests. On the second landing

as one passed up the broad stairway was encountered a score or more of white-aproned waiters rushing to and fro like mad and arranging the four long tables at which the visitors were to feast later on in the evening. At one end of the spacious chapel hall, on the third floor, on a high platform, sat the 13th U. S. Infantry Band discoursing good music, while from the gallery of the chapel the crowd below, the ladies with their rich, bright colored toilets, the gentlemen in full dress, with a profusion of flowers everywhere visible, presented an ever-changing kaleidoscopic view, as the gay revelers promenaded about the hall, tripped merrily the jolly waltz or stepped through the figures of the more dignified quadrille . . . "

This sort of thing would have been enjoyed by Tom Ketcham, Sam Ketcham, Maginnis, Reavis and other notorious desperadoes confined there during the years Bergmann was warden. Bergmann spent many hours with Black Jack Ketchum and learned more about him than any other individual before or since. No one ever learned from him what Ketchum had to tell him. Chavez, who had known Bergmann during Fort Bascom days, resigned as warden on November 2, 1891, and Bergmann served as interim superintendent from that date until May 2, 1892 when John R. DiMiers was named warden. Within two years Bergmann succeeded him. Governor Thornton remarked in 1894:

"The New Mexico penitentiary, under its efficient superintendent, Mr. E. H. Bergmann, has been conducted upon a plan of strict discipline, accompanied by a due regard for the health and reformation of the individual prisoner." Bergmann himself reported: "The cost of guarding prisoners has been twenty-nine cents per man per day; the cost of convicts subsistence twelve cents, and the cost of clothing two cents. The convicts have been well fed and clothed." The convicts were employed in tailoring, brick making, shoemaking, blacksmithing, carpentering and masonry. Governor Otero had nothing but praise for Bergmann and confided in the warden as no other governor before him.

"The condition of this institution's finances is far from being satisfactory . . . The officers and employees of the

penitentiary remain unpaid for four months from three years ago; three months as of two years ago; one month last year. Except insofar as I have used by private means to take up outstanding indebtedness and thus maintain the financial credit of the institution abroad, the same relative proportion of evidences of indebtedness (vouchers) issued for general purpose of maintenance, improvement, etc., as noted in the account of officers and employees, are outstanding and unpaid. To further complicate the question of maintaining the efficiency of the institution, in face of delinquencies for services already rendered, the last legislature reduced the wages of nearly all officers and employees of the penitentiary. The discipline of the prison (there were 205 men prisoners; 2 women — the women were in prison for bigamy and in the care of Mrs. O. L. Merrill and did sewing and housework) during the past year has been, as in former years, perfect, or nearly so. No mutinous or seditious occurrences of any kind have been known. (Of the three convicts that died during the year one, a Negro, died of a liver ailment; a Navajo died of old age; an Apache died of T. B.). Rules and regulations have been strictly enforced and very little punishment has been meted out, and this only for trivial offenses such as infraction of the rules. It has been the constant aim of the management of this institution, carried on with zealous exertion, to reform this unfortunate class of our citizens, while at the same time they were in a judicious manner, made to feel that crime has got its punishment . . . It seems to me an entirely wrong policy to contend that a prison should not be made self-supporting. Such a proposition is without reason as it clearly inflicts punishment upon injured society and not upon the individual that, perhaps willfully caused the injury. The simple loss of personal liberty is not a sufficient punishment, and in nine cases out of ten is rather enjoyed than regretted. Then again, it is 'hard labor' which the judge who imposes the sentence directs and not idleness . . . " (Bergmann to Otero).

Governor Otero in his MY NINE YEARS AS GOVERNOR (pp 94-96) gives us some information on Bergmann:

"An attempted crime early in my administration interested me greatly, since it was apparently nothing less than a conspiracy to poison me. A few days prior to the adjournment of the 33rd Legislative Assembly, Col. E. H. Bergmann, Supt. of the Territorial penitentiary, called at my office in a state of great excitement and asked my secretary for a private interview with me, as he wished to relate something he thought would be of great interest to me. The colonel began his story by telling me there was a terrible conspiracy going on in the penitentiary, which had been revealed to him by one of the convicts, and which concerned me personally and very seriously as the conspiracy was arranged to kill me . . . Col. Bergmann produced a small package which he opened on my desk. It contained several notes written with a lead pencil, and translations attached to each, also several bones from a chicken's leg. The latter were clean and cut smoothly at each end with paper stuck in for stoppers. Col. Bergmann said these bones contained strychnine, and the convict had told him the gang he was working with lived in Newton county, Missouri, near Neosho, and he gave me several names of those in collusion with him, some having signed these cipher notes. Col. Bergmann further stated that the convict told him he had purposely committed a crime so that he might go to the penitentiary where he could do his poisoning without being suspected. The plan was for him to watch his opportunity when I was invited there for a meal, at which time the strychnine was to be placed in the food I was to eat. I read all the translations attached to the cipher notes, and told Col. Bergmann to leave them and the chicken bones containing the poison with me. As he was preparing to leave I told him I would go out to the penitentiary at four o'clock, and for him to have the convict in his office, as I wished to see him and ascertain from him what the plot was all about, and how it all started . . . On our arrival at the penitentiary (Otero and District Attorney Robert C. Gortner) we found Col. Bergmann and the convict together in the office. I told the convict to tell me his story from the beginning to the end . . . "

The story proved quite a hoax, although the poison was real enough. Some blamed Bergmann's son, Henry, who worked at the penitentiary; others placed the blame on C. L. Merrill, the colonel's son-in-law, who assisted him in the warden's office. Seemed to be quite a family affair. Actually, Bergmann had worked hard to get his relatives placed. He was a family man and often received nothing but abuse from those close to him he tried to help. Holm O. Bursum succeeded Bergmann as superintendent. Bergmann left Santa Fe for Cripple Creek at a time when mining was at its peak in that section of Colorado. While it is but a mere shadow of its former glory at the heyday of the boom, it boasted twenty thousand. Doctors and lawyers were plentiful as were assay houses. Saloons lined the streets like commas in a periodic sentence. There was a coroner who found himself too busy counting corpses to hunt gold. A fire from an overturned stove in a Myers Ave. hotel almost wiped out the town and just when things were getting back to normal a second fire devastated what the first fire overlooked. The town rebuilt, this time with stone and brick. Close to Cripple Creek was the town of Victor, also rebuilt after the fire of 1899, which left three hundred people homeless. All this Bergmann knew but he took his chances. Gold must be around the area or Cripple Creek and Victor would never have been rebuilt. Again, Bergmann took his tribe with him. Merrill, the son-in-law, continued in Cripple Creek while Bergmann mined in Victor. Also, he was through with roaming. He ended his days at Victor. He died of pneumonia on Saturday, March 15, 1913, in his 84th year. The body was taken to Santa Fe by Merrill, where the undertaker Aker and his partner Wagner made arrangements for interment in the National Cemetery, under the direction of the G. A. R. The pallbearers were S. Spitz, J. G. Schumann, Julius Gerdes, H. S. Kaune, Samuel Eldodt and Captain Fred Mueller. Said Captain Mueller as the body was lowered into the grave: "As a soldier and executive; as a citizen and friend, he was respected wherever known."

Bergmann served as a Justice of the Peace in Elizabeth-

town and at Cimarron. His wife, who died in 1888, is buried in Cimarron.

3. COLONEL J. FRANCISCO CHAVEZ

Born Los Padillas, New Mexico, June 27, 1833. Received his education in St. Louis, Mo. Made several trips to California and studied law. His experience in the Navajo campaigns earned him a commission as major when the Civil War broke out. He took part in the engagement at Valverde and was later instrumental in establishing Fort Wingate to aid Carleton's plan for placing the Navajos on the Bosque Redondo reservation. He was an Indian fighter of note, some placing him above Kit Carson. In 1865 he was elected delegate to the Territorial Congress mostly by the will of the people since he was too busy soldiering to do any electioneering or campaigning for the seat. He remained in one political position or another till the date of his death. It was one of those political rallies for which he was so famous that he made the town of Mesilla think the Civil War had started again. It was a hotly contested election; when it was over at Mesilla, J. M. Gallegos defeated Col. Chavez but not before I. N. Kelley was killed by Lueras in a fight that ultimately ended in nine deaths and fifty near-deaths. No one was ever indicted; no one ever punished. Politics just wasn't the same as cold blooded murder. The ones who suffered mostly were the dead. They never knew whether their candidate made it or whether it was worth their blood. Chavez, as a lawyer, defended many well-known figures in New Mexico history. There were occasions when he came close to using the six-shooter he always had about him. He was assassinated at Pinos Wells, New Mexico, November 26, 1904. For a good account of his life see: Twitchell — MILITARY OCCUPATION OF NEW MEXICO.

4. ANDREW JONATHAN ALEXANDER (c. 1829-1887)

A native of Kentucky. Very little is known of him beyond the fact that the family moved to Missouri when he was still an infant. He enlisted in the Mounted Rifles in

1861, receiving the rank of 2nd Lieutenant. Several months later he received his first promotion. He served in the Assistant Adjutant General's office from the First of January to the tenth of August, 1863, and a second time from April 23, 1864 to April 24. He was appointed captain in the 3rd Cavalry on September 13, 1863; a major in the 8th Cavalry on July 28, 1866; Lt. Col. in the 2nd Cavalry on March 20, 1879, and retired from the service on July 3rd, 1885. He died on May 4, 1887. He is often referred to as Archibald Johnathan Alexander rather than Andrew. He was cited for gallantry during the Peninsular Campaign (Virginia), July 1, 1862; for bravery during the battle of Gettysburg and during the Atlanta Campaign. He fought in the battles of Selma, Alabama; Ebenezer Church, Alabama; and Columbus, Georgia. He became a bvt. brigadier general of the Volunteers on January 5, 1865. Transferred to the West shortly after the war he served in various military posts of New Mexico. He served but a short time as commander of Fort Bascom. He had very little taste for the job, wishing more active duty against the Apaches and the Sioux rather than ferreting out comancheros and misbehaving reservation Indians.

5. JOHN VAN DEUSEN DU BOIS (1829-1879)

Born in New York, he entered West Point Military Academy in 1851 and graduated on July 1, 1855. During those years prior to the Civil War he was assigned to Fort Craig and various other Western posts. Of all the commanders at Fort Bascom, he was the most fastidious. Lt. Henry M. Lazelle left a picture of Du Bois in his diary: "On the 20th day of April, 1867, in obedience to orders previously received from Department Headquarters, I left Fort Bliss, Texas, for the Gila river, attached as junior officer to a portion of Co. K. Rgt. of Mounted Rifles. The troops from that post consisted of forty men from the company and regiment above mentioned under the command of Lt. Du-Bois, and eighty Infantry men portions of Companies I and B of the 8th Infantry . . . Awakened by a sepulchral voice which said 'Lieutenant' Du Bose Time! Which I found

upon recovering from my surprise, came from a face which was peering through the tent front, and belonging to our Russian cook. This being interpreted meaneth Breakfast is waiting. Was somewhat startled by hearing the said 'Lieutenant' (Lt. Du Bois, my senior officer, to whose company I was attached) — for short I shall hereafter style 'The Dragoon' — remark, that it would be necessary for him to procure from his Company farrier, some horse medicine for his own use, as he had not yet, to use his own words, 'come to his feed!' My alarm was in no measure diminished by observing him devour with great 'gang froid' a piece of raw bacon. I was, however, relieved when informed by him, with the greatest unconcern, that all this was the custom of his regiment! I remarked that I supposed that very soon accustom himself to grazing, to which he gravely replied, that he thought likely. He became by this time greatly exalted in my eyes, and though he was but a year older than myself, yet I afterwards regarded him with the greatest respect, and even veneration: more particularly when I discovered through him, that it was not the custom of his Regiment (The Mounted Rifles) to sleep in tents which he seemed to abominate. It became with me, afterwards, however, a serious question, whether or not this was done for grandeur, and with a desire to impress upon my simple and inexperienced mind, a vast and overwhelming idea of the greater superiority and endurance of the 'hoss soldier,' and the superior dignity of that branch of the service over the pedestrian patriot — More particularly was I so unfortunate as to cling to this impression, when I afterwards learned that an attack of rheumatism followed his sleeping outside the tent, and a severe sickness from his eating the raw bacon . . . Major Simpson this morning relinquished the command to Lt. Jackson, after giving to Mr. DuBois (alias the Dragoon) a suitable and richly merited lecture upon his inordinate vanity, preceded by an exordium and tintured with a little wholesome advice. This was done in the presence of one of the officers from Fort Thorn, of his own Regiment and created not a little amusement, with perhaps unfavorable comments; but all concur in admitting

it to be well timed . . . " (See NEW MEXICO HISTORICAL REVIEW, October, 1848).

DuBois left New Mexico at the outbreak of the war for service in the East. He was assigned to the 3rd Cavalry. Several months later he was made a major in the 1st Missouri Light Artillery (Vols.). He resigned from the volunteer service on February 24, 1862, once again uniting himself with the regular army, receiving the rank of captain. He was wounded in the battle at Corinth, Mississippi, October, 1862. He was assigned to Fort Sumner shortly after the war, and to Fort Bascom in the spring of 1867. He had a dislike for the post from the first day he saw it. He wrote to his superiors that he would rather be anywhere else than at Fort Bascom. He wrote several letters to the Departmental Commander at Santa Fe asking why the garrison on the Canadian was so neglected. He called it the most abandoned and forgotten post in the West. He asked for more men. One company was not an effective barrier against comancheros, Kiowas and Comanches. Santa Fe remained silent. Getting no response from his superiors he asked to be relieved of his post due to a troublesome war wound which undermined his health and caused him sleepless nights. The pain "worsened" every day he remained at Bascom. He was transferred in April, 1868, and shortly afterwards arrested on the charge made by some Texas cattlemen that he was implicated in the comanchero trade. The accusation proved groundless and he was acquitted and given the rank of major. He served for a time at Fort Defiance and other garrisons in New Mexico and Arizona before moving to the Dakotas. His wound, never quite healing and slowly crippling him, he was given an honorable discharge on May 17, 1876. He died in New York on July 31, 1879. He was buried in the cemetery at Hudson, New York.

6. GEORGE W. LETTERMAN

Very little is known about Letterman. He was not listed in the official lists of Army Officers. He evidently came up from the ranks in the Volunteer service. He commanded

Fort Bascom for several months; after that, silence. While at Bascom he continued the war against the comancheros. He sent out seventeen men to investigate the report of a large party of comancheros found sixty miles east of the post. These actually proved to be six comancheros with eleven burros loaded with merchandise for the Comanches. They were hauled back to Fort Bascom where the men were let go but the goods and burros detained. These patient little beasts were carrying five hundred pounds of beans, forty butcher knives, whisky, lead and powder. The soldiers kept the whisky for themselves, omitting it from the report. Letterman found out to his surprise that a number of comancheros he captured were actually in the employ of Washington officials. Nothing could be done about them. Letterman complained bitterly in a letter to Adjutant De Forrest: "I believe all these traders to be scoundrels who succeed frequently in smuggling goods through to the Indians and in bring back stolen cattle in return, notwithstanding the efforts of the military to prevent such practices . . ." (Sept. 7, 1867).

The day after he wrote to DeForrest, Letterman captured eighty-two steers from comancheros trying unsuccessfully to get by the Fort Bascom pickets. They admitted that the Comanches stole the cattle in the Texas Panhandle. Letterman hit upon the plan of surrounding the fort with small detachments of troops staked out as pickets. Pickets were from ten to fifteen miles around the fort in the four cardinal directions. Some of these secretly made pacts with the comancheros, thus causing Goodnight and others to blame the Fort Bascom commanders indiscriminately. Others were rather rough on the comancheros. One sergeant in command of the picket line to the north took the very horses the comancheros were riding as well as their guns and side arms. Letterman sent him a severe note: "In no case will the comancheros be deprived of the arms and ammunition necessary for their own protection. Say one pistol or rifle to each man and ammunition not exceeding thirty rounds each. Parties returning from the Indian country will not be deprived of any arms or ammunition

whatever . . . ”

7. LOUIS THOMPSON MORRIS

A native of Indiana. He received his commission as Lieutenant in the 19th Infantry on May 14, 1861. He took part in the battle at Nashville, Tenn., and the Atlanta Campaign. After the war he served in the 3rd Infantry and the 8th Cavalry. He continued with the Army until July 13, 1898. He died in Indiana on June 7, 1899. His work at Fort Bascom was mostly against comancheros. He took no part in any campaigns against the Comanches and Kiowas.

8. ANDREW WALLACE EVANS

A native of Maryland, he graduated from West Point in 1852 and assigned to the 7th Infantry. He was transferred to the 3rd Cavalry on May 14, 1861, having been promoted to the rank of captain. He served in various forts in New Mexico before the war. Although from Maryland, he decided to remain on the side of the Union, refusing to leave Fort Craig with others going to Richmond to enlist for the South. He was with Canby at Valverde and was cited for bravery in action. He was also cited for action at Peralta. After the arrival of Carleton, he left New Mexico to enlist in the Army of the Potomac. He also saw duty action with the 1st Cavalry, Maryland Vols. He served under Custer in the attack on Walker at the Appomattox Courthouse April 8-9, 1865, and received the rank of lieutenant-colonel for gallant and meritorious conduct during this engagement. After the war he was ordered to Texas where he served at various frontier posts until his transfer to New Mexico. Both Sheridan and Getty commended his winter campaign against the Indians although a number of his own men were not so ludatory. Many denounced his burning of the Indian stores at a time when his men faced starvation. Nevertheless the campaign gained for him the rank of colonel. He was transferred to Fort Defiance and continued in various other posts throughout Arizona and New Mexico. Miles, Crooke and Howard approved of his tactics. He took part in all the campaigns against Geronimo

and Victorio. He was again cited for gallantry under fire at Dry Wash in Arizona, July 17, 1882. Beyond the government report, no mention is made of Evans by Cook or any one else writing a book about the Apache Campaigns in New Mexico and Arizona. Naturally all these are writing about their own great achievements and have no time for others who were part of the winning of the West. Evans became a brigadier general in 1890. His name does not appear in the records of the Spanish American War, so he evidently retired from the army some time after 1890. Heitman does not list the date of his death; evidently Evans was still alive when Heitman compiled his two volumes in 1903. Charles Evans, a son, was a lieutenant in the Spanish-American War. The final listing Heitman has for Evans is in the listings of the Third Regiment — May 10, 1867 to April 2, 1883. Evans played an important military role in the Indian Wars of the Southwest and deserves a better place than the obscurity forced upon him by others seeking a place in the sun. Howard, Miles, Crook, Cook, Getty, and Sheridan should have given him more than honorable mention.

General Thomas Cruse seemed to indicate that Evans was not in the Big Dry Dash fight. "The trail led down into a canon," wrote Davis in his *THE TRUTH ABOUT GERONIMO*, "a volcanic crack in the earth over a thousand feet deep with almost perpendicular sides. From top to top it was about seven hundred yards across, with a stream of clear crystal water at the bottom. The canon was known to us as Chevelon's Fork of the Canon Diablo; but for some reason it is called Big Dry Wash in the army records of the fight. Some idea of the difficulty of crossing it may be gained from the fact that it took me, the day after the fight, three-quarters of an hour to go from the position of our troops on the one side to the position of the Indians on the other. And no one was shooting at me . . . Colonel Evans told Chaffee to keep ahead the next morning as if he were acting alone and we would follow at daybreak. Troop I, Converse, 3rd Cavalry, also on white horses, would be in the lead at the head of our column, so that if the Indians did stop to fight Chaffee, he would have two troops on

white horses to engage them at once and the other troops could be placed to the best advantage as they came up . . . When Colonel Evans and his troops rode up and quickly dismounted about three hundred yards from the brink of the canon, Chaffee reported to him, outlined the situation, and started to suggest some dispositions of the troops. Evans stopped him; told him to dispose of the troops as he saw best, and gave him full control, saying that he, Chaffee, had located the Indians and it was his fight. This was one of the most unselfish actions of relinquishing command that ever came to my notice during a long career in the army; because, mind you, Chaffee was not only Evans' junior (a captain) but also belonged to another calvary regiment, the Sixth; while Colonel Evans belonged to the Third, and there is always the rivalry for the honor between regiments so thrown together . . . " Cruse's account quoted by Davis. For a detailed account of the Big Dry Wash battle, see Chapter Two of **THE TRUTH ABOUT GERONIMO** by Davis.

9. HORACE JEWETT

Like Bergmann and one or two others, he was not a product of West Point. A native of Maine, he enlisted in the volunteer service as 1st Lieutenant and was assigned to the 15th Infantry on May 14, 1861. He became a captain on December 31, 1862, when he was cited for gallant action at Shiloh and Murfreesboro. He was promoted to the rank of major for his bravery during the Atlanta Campaign and during the battle of Jonesboro, Georgia, September 1, 1864. After the war he continued with the regular army and was assigned various positions in the garrisons of Arizona and New Mexico. He died in Maine on April 30, 1897.

Jewett became commander of Fort Bascom in the fall of 1869. He sought to end the comanchero trade by requesting authority to deputize any citizen in good standing to arrest comancheros and seize their property. His plea went unheeded. Jewett arrested twenty comancheros who were working with six Pueblo Indians from Santo Domingo but all these were freed upon arriving at Santa Fe. Later

he sent more prisoners, hoping they would turn state's evidence against their employers. These were also given their liberty for lack of evidence. Jewett was kind and considerate of these men engaged in illegal commerce for he considered them the pawns of wealthy New Mexico merchants and various officials in Washington. It was the ricos and politicos he was anxious to hail to court but his superiors at Santa Fe laughed at the suggestion. Powerless to stop the comanchero trade, he made arrests, sending the prisoners on to Santa Fe where he knew they would be freed to start over again. Navajos made a raid near the mouth of Ute Creek on May 12 and again on May 19, about twenty miles from Fort Bascom. Later on a band of Cheyennes and Arapahoes traveling to the Pueblos for purposes of trade invaded Stapp's home, killing one of his servants (a woman), fired at a post sentinel and stole five horses. Jewett complained that he could not take care of the wagon trains, comancheros, Indians, and protect the settlements with the eighty-eight men allotted to him. Instead of increasing the force, the post was abandoned to be used by troops from Fort Union, Fort Stanton, Fort Sumner and other garrisons for nine to twelve weeks during Indian and comanchero campaigns. Settlers protested the removal of Jewett and his men but officials insisted that the heavy expense of supplying so small a post was unwarranted. The settlers had to do the best they could under the circumstances.

10. JAMES FRANKLIN RANDLETT

A native of New Hampshire, he became a captain in the 3rd N. H. Infantry on August 23, 1861. His bravery in battle won for him the rank of major on July 20, 1864, and Lt. Col on October 15 of that same year. He received an honorable discharge on July 20, 1865, but decided on a military career, re-enlisting on June 6, 1867, and was assigned to New Mexico. He stayed at Fort Craig from April 20, 1869, to December 1, 1870, waiting for an assignment. He was given command of Fort Bascom even though it was practically abandoned. He stayed for a time at Albuquerque

where the editor of the paper informed his readers that possibly Fort Bascom was not to be abandoned at all. When given the post as commander of Fort Bascom he was a captain in the 8th Cavalry. His men captured a comanchero train and sent the prisoners on to Santa Fe but the whisky and goods they kept for company use. It was the over-use of the liquor by the men that put them all in the guard house for a time and Randlett faced a court martial. His men stuck by him. The judge declared him innocent of the charges. After various other assignments, he became a major in the 9th Cavalry on July 5, 1886. Another promotion came on October 14, 1896, when he became a Lieutenant-Colonel. He retired from the army several months later. He does not seem to have taken any part in the Spanish-American War, although he offered his services. Heitman does not give the date of his death, so it is presumed he was still alive after 1903. Of all the commanders at Fort Bascom, he was the closest to his men and the best loved by officers and enlisted men alike. He often remarked that it was not the comancheros who belonged in the guard house, but the merchants who made it possible for them to obtain whisky, powder and guns to sell to the Indians. He could never understand why some politicians in Santa Fe and Washington denounced Comanches and Kiowas before the press and in political rallies yet made certain that these Indians received guns, whisky and ammunition through the comancheros who worked for them.

11. FREDERICK VAN FLEET (1831-1891)

Born in New York City. He enlisted in the New York Volunteers as Second Lieutenant on August 5, 1861, First Lieutenant, July 17, 1862; adjutant July 12, 1862 to January 9, 1863; captain July 28, 1866. He was cited for gallant and meritorious service in the campaign from the Rapidan to Petersburg, Virginia; became a major April 8, 1865, for meritorious service during the siege of Mobile, Alabama, and a lieutenant colonel for meritorious service during the war, September 30, 1865. When he was stationed at Fort Bascom in the fall of 1869 as a lieutenant colonel of the

3rd Cavalry, he had one hundred and seventeen men under him, probably the largest number of all ever at the post at one time. He died in New York on March 8, 1891.

Chapter Seven

THE BELL RANCH

Pablo Montoya received 655,468.07 acres on November 19, 1824, as a gift of the Mexican government. There were strings attached. He had to do his best to plant, colonize, and otherwise show his appreciation. The first thing he did was to gather up his sheep grazing near Pena Blanca, La Canada de la Santa Cruz and San Miguel del Bado and move east to the grant of kingdom that was his. Comanches and Kiowas disputed his right to their land but permitted him to build his adobe hacienda, corrals, out-houses before they lowered the boom. This was a wise move on their part for it enriched their remuda, filled their bellies and stimulated victory dances. Montoya left, humiliated but not defeated. He would be back. This the Plains Indians doubted. It was their hunting ground and they would fight for it to the last man. If Montoya wedged in, others would follow and the Comanches would wither away from lack of buffalo meat. Comancheros they would tolerate provided they continued on to the New Mexico settlements. There must be no settling along the Canadian. They gained their point until the raid on Walnut creek caused Carleton to build a barrier to protect Bosque Redondo and the wagon trains to and from the States.

Fort Bascom had been established eight months before John S. Watts came to the conclusion that Bergmann was on his property. Carleton and Watts came to an understanding on May 4, 1864. There was no other way out simply because the general knew of no better spot for holding the Kiowas and Comanches in check. It was a vantage point, a main traveled road, an established route, a source of water, grass and wood. Fort Bascom was more than a

trouble shooter; it was a haven for weary travelers and comancheros. Carleton hardly had a choice. The size of the grant would force him to deal with Pablo's heirs, Moore, Lopez and Baca. Watts was a lawyer. Better to deal with a lawyer. He also lived in Santa Fe. Saved traveling all over the country when he wanted him. The post justified the many lives that would be saved. Carleton and Bergmann were the only two in army life that took pride in Fort Bascom. Officials in Washington tolerated it for the sake of politicians and comancheros in New Mexico.

W. H. Moore was anxious to confine his trading interests to the interior and was happy to trade off his six hundred acres to Francisco Lopez. This latter was more successful than Montoya. He maintained an elaborate establishment, even a small chapel. Sometimes a padre came out from Anton Chico or Las Vegas which delighted the hired help for on that day there was no work. Francisco sent his three very pretty daughters, Valeria, Modesta and Epimenia, to the Sisters of Loretto in Santa Fe. They had their own carriage as became daughters of a Don and a double escort of soldiers from Fort Bascom. Retainers, bootmakers, merchants, comancheros sometimes accompanied them. The soldiers grasped at the chance to get away from the lonely outpost for the livelier pace of Santa Fe. The girls did not graduate from the Academy but completed their schooling either in the States or Mexico. Later Modesta and Epimenia married the two Delgado brothers from Santa Fe. The marriage ceremony took place in the little chapel at the hacienda. When the Lopez family sold their property as a part of the Bell Ranch system they moved to Las Vegas and Pecos, many serving San Miguel county as law enforcement officers and in political life.

Wilson Waddingham had originally sought to gain control of the Maxwell Land Grant but the influx of squatters after the discovery of gold on the land caused him to turn elsewhere. He doubted that prospectors would ever overrun the Montoya Grant. It was grazing country and people would need beef long after gold tarnished. La Campana, as sheep-herders called the bell-like mound in view of the

Waddingham ranch-house, had long been a landmark even to the Indians. The Bell, as it is known in English, became the name of the ranch as well as the brand for the cattle. The ranch emptied Waddingham's purse, so he took in partners, making it plain before he did that he wished to control the stock. The company was known as the Consolidated Land, Cattle & Wool Growing Company. Much of the lumber in the abandoned buildings at Fort Bascom was used to build both the ranch headquarters and the shipping point for the cattle when the railroad came through. This shipping point was called Bascom because it was near the site of the fort. The stock holders were interested in colonizing the area. When the company later became the New Mexico Land & Irrigation Company it advertised: "The soil around Fort Bascom, on the Baca Location No. 2, is a sandy loam and is particularly adapted for the raising of all kinds of fruits. When this land is irrigated, which will be at an early date, it will find ready purchasers, if put on the market for seventy-five to one hundred dollars an acre. In the near future Fort Bascom or somewhere in its vicinity is destined to be the center of the grape and fruit raising industry of New Mexico. All the lands of the company on which water is brought is prolific . . . " CLAYTON ENTERPRISE, April 4, 1891).

A colonization clause marked every grant from Spain and Mexico; it also ear-marked the Waddingham enterprises. Liberty, the village on the creek several miles south of Fort Bascom, did not come into existence until 1880, although it had feeble beginnings during the latter years of the post. The soldiers at Fort Bascom were anxious for a place to indulge their taste for hard liquor, play cards and "live it up" as the expression goes. Tradition has it that such a place was established five miles from the post and called Liberty because the men were free to do there what they were not permitted to do at the post. At this supply station soldiers also received mail they were not anxious to receive at the garrison. As homesteaders and cattlemen moved in the little unofficial post office assumed more importance. Mr. Bullard, a cattleman, was recognized as the

postmaster of the supply station. He succeeded John Quincy Adams, recognized by old timers as the first postmaster of Liberty. Others say A. R. Carter was second and Bullard third. When postal authorities recognized Liberty officially, William Gillerman was named postmaster. Moore opened the first little store for the convenience of the soldiers. He later sub-leased to Stapp and eventually sold it. Liberty became a regular stage stop as early as 1879. The mail stage followed the creek to its conflux with the Canadian and the ruins of the abandoned post. Here settlers wishing to go to Las Vegas or the States congregated; the mail was also picked up at this spot. Business expanded at this spot with the establishing of the Bascom Cattle Company, a subsidiary of the Bell Ranch. When this moved its offices to Las Vegas this spot became a shipping center for cattle and the C. F. & I. Railroad put up a small station, naming it Bascom. It was the advance of the railroad that sounded the death knell for Liberty. But not before it had its exciting moments.

Sam Ketchum, a fine figure of a man, rode in to the Bell Ranch one fine spring morning and asked wagon boss Tom Kane for a job. He was a good hand and proved himself as a cowboy. The other hands soon noticed that he never parted with his six-shooter. Day and night he kept it about him. The boys instinctively tabbed him as a rough character. He was always ready to show his dexterity with the big 45, twirling it round and round on the trigger finger of his right hand, cocking and firing it at each turn. He was fast and never missed. They also noticed how his face would light up as he did this — very much like the face of a successful performer on a stage. After a time Ketchum and Kane had a disagreement and the cowhand quit. He went to Henry Winn, the book keeper at the Bell Ranch, and drew his salary. But he did not leave the ranch. He found a hiding place and was soon joined by his brother, Tom, better known as Black Jack Ketchum. They broke into the small storehouse in the horse pasture just across the creek from the bunk house and picked out what supplies they needed for a journey. They headed south to-

wards Liberty which was actually thirty miles from where the wagon boss was camped. Tom Kane, who often acted as deputy sheriff, relished the chase after these men, especially Sam, for he was still smarting over the argument and hoped to prove that he was right in asking Ketchum to collect his salary. He came back empty-handed. The Ketchums broke into the store at Liberty, robbed the post office and left, not before taking some extra blankets. Levy Herzstein, the store keeper, took two native New Mexicans and tracked down the bandits. Two hours out of Liberty they came to a rise. Behind this the robbers waited. Herzstein and his men were unaware of the ambush and rode into the blazing guns. The Ketchums thought they had killed the three men. Actually two were killed and one wounded. After the brothers rode off, the wounded man was able to get to Liberty to spread the alarm. A posse tried to capture the bandits but failed. The largest crowd ever to assemble at Liberty attended the double funeral that day.

The railroad was anxious for a town near the site of either Liberty or Fort Bascom and a townsite company was formed. A. D. Goldenberg, one of the original townsite owners, came with his wife and children in a buckboard in 1900, at the insistance of his brother, M. B. Goldenberg, who had cowboyed in the area since 1878. A. D. started a little store at the site of Tucumcari in 1900. The brothers went into business at Tucumcari in 1903. They saw a great future in the Rock Island & Pacific which surveyed the route out of Liberal, Kansas, the year A. D. arrived. The Tucumcari townsite was selected by A. D. Goldberg, Jacob Wertheim, his brother-in-law, Lee Smith and Alex Street. The latter two were Texans. Each had filed for sixty acres, the maximum permitted each settler, and founded the Tucumcari Townsite & Investment Company. The original townsite was surveyed by D. J. Abner in November, 1901. Gross Kelly, of Las Vegas, New Mexico, erected the first business house in December of that year. Then followed the General Merchandise store of M. B. Goldenberg, the General Furniture store of Barnes & Rankin, A. B. Simpson's Hardware Store, A. A. Blankenship's Livery Stable,

the Tucumcari Hotel (but rooms were at a premium). The hotel did a rushing business in June, 1905, when there were nine murder cases on docket for the Court. After this came two lumber yards, meat markets, barber shops and other business houses. W. F. Buchanan organized the Exchange Bank in July, 1902. This later became the First National Bank. The TUCUMCARI NEWS issued its first paper on October 1, 1902. The first religious service was held in the new Methodist church on March 9, 1902. Tucumcari's first school was built shortly after this. Water was sold at fifty cents a barrel until the City Water Works was established in 1907.

Cruz Gallegos founded the village of Revuelto, east of the site of Tucumcari, in 1875. The mail coach stopped here on its run between Amarillo, Texas, and Endee, New Mexico. At Endee, the mail was re-distributed for Puerto and the Bell Ranch. Before the railroad made life easier, mail carriers reminded one of the old pony express. The mail man rode fifty-nine hours in all — on horseback on the Mobeetie-Fort Bascom run. The rest of the journey from Fort Bascom to Las Vegas was by hack. The first stop was Mobeetie in the Texas Panhandle; then to the North Fork of the Canadian (30 miles); Dixon Creek (35 miles); Bonita Creek (15 miles); Leahy Creek (15 miles); Tascosa to Trujillo (30 miles); Red River Springs (18 miles); Huney 22 miles); Fort Bascom (17 miles). The mail carriers received thirty dollars a month. Marion Armstrong carried the mail for sixty-five miles; John Cannington, Tom Wilson and Kid Dobbs relayed the rest of the route in 1879-1880. Dobbs rode the section between Trujillo and Fort Bascom, a distance of sixty miles. He left Trujillo at 6 a.m. and reached Bascom at 6 p.m.

From the time that Waddingham first decided to become a cattleman, Mike Slattery of Denver, Colorado, was his foreman and ranch manager. Not content with the Watts and Baca holdings, Waddingham next bought up the Trinidad and Eugenio Romero and the C A brands in the Atarque country. Vicente, Dolores and Eugenio Romero were from Mora county in New Mexico, the sons of Casmiro Ro-

mero who was born in New Mexico in 1833. The brothers moved to the site of Tascosa in the Texas Panhandle in 1876. Other acquisitions for the Bell Ranch were the Dambman Cattle Company; the A A. Ranch north of Mt. Tucumcari, Prairie Cattle Company, south of the Canadian river near the Texas line, and the Home Ranch east of Revuelto creek. Another acquisition was the P P P brand, whose headquarters for this section of the Bell Ranch was at Fort Bascom. Added to this was the V V V V brand of the Kohn Brothers on the Alamocitas near the northwest boundary of the Montoya Grant. Despite Waddingham's many reverses in the world of finance, he never let the Bell Ranch slip entirely from his grasp. He had a vision of Bell Ranch herds as larger and better than any of Goodnight's or any other famous cattle ranch.

Nevertheless, Goodnight had it in his power at one time to have changed the entire history of the Bell Ranch. He had offered his entire ranch for fifteen thousand dollars when finances were at low ebb with Waddingham. "He went north," wrote A. M. Linn, of Silver City, New Mexico, (NEW MEXICO STOCKMAN) "to consult his financiers about buying, stocking and operating this proposition. They told him they were glad to finance him on any deal but they knew that everyone who had tried to operate on this Grant had met with fierce resistance from many native settlers all over the Grant who had lived on it for generations and who felt that it belonged to them and that anyone was taking his life in his hands to attempt to ranch there. Col. Goodnight told them that he was ready to try, but these bankers said to him:

'If you are killed, where would our investment be?' So they called off the deal."

At the time the Consolidated Land Company became the United States Agricultural Society barbed wire was used for the first time on the Bell Ranch. It is claimed by some that Waddingham lost complete control of the ranch to John Greenough, the New York financier. Evidently the new owner saw fit to retain the bell-shaped brand. In 1894 he changed the name to the Bell Ranch & Irrigation

Company and immediately proceeded to fire Slattery and hired Arthur J. Tisdall, manager of the famous J A Ranch in the Texas Panhandle. Tisdall, an Irishman, loved horses and cattle. Aristocratic because of family ties, a lover of gracious living, he was unbending in dealing with men of lower station. Unusually tall, well proportioned and quite handsome, his trips to the Bell Ranch office in Las Vegas brought him in contact with a belle from Scotland named Frances Harriott. She was an accomplished musician, and never did get Scotland out of her blood despite her life at the ranch. Shortly after her arrival as Mrs. Tisdall, she changed the old adobe hacienda into a conservatory of geraniums, roses, heliotropes and other flowers.

British as Tisdall claimed himself to be (and some Irishmen do claim to be British) he was not always concerned with the growth, beauty and perfume of flowers. When Tisdall took over the management of the Bell Ranch, there were only two sub-divisions; the horse pasture including the ranch headquarters and the farm enclosure at Fort Bascom. Tisdall directed the work of fencing off a summer pasture at the north end of the Montoya Grant. The cowboys labored under Jack Culley whose job it was to fence off thirty-nine pastures even though the sale of some of the property reduced the ranch to five thousand acres. Tisdall also bought Hereford cattle, the first for the Bell Ranch. Goodnight, Adair, Moody and several other cattlemen had such wonderful results with this particular breed that Tisdall decided to try his luck at the Bell. He bought five hundred yearling bulls from Dick Walsh, his successor at the Adair spread, and trailed them to the vicinity of Fort Bascom. Murdo McKenzie had introduced shorthorns to eastern New Mexico when he stocked the famous Cross L of the Prairie Cattle Company. W. J. Todd of Folsom and Tisdall followed his example and the whitefaces came to New Mexico to stay. The Bell now had Durhams (shorthorns) and Herefords (whitefaces). This cross-breeding introduced a diversity of color quite unfavorable in the "blue-ribbon" market. Cattle buyers frowned on the bovine rainbow steers and induced Albert Mitchell, who later succeed-

ed as manager of the Bell interests, to weed out the Easter parade and stick to pure strains. Tisdall died of pneumonia. No doubt he might have lived many more years had a doctor lived closer to the Bell Ranch. The nearest doctor was at Las Vegas eighty-two miles away. Mrs. Tisdall returned to Europe, making her home in the southern part of France. She refused many offers of marriage saying that no one would ever take Tisdall's place.

If Tisdall was warm and cordial to all alike his successor proved quite the opposite. Externally frigid and aloof, there were times he did unbend with a display of feeling for the grief-stricken, poor and sick. He was a stickler for class distinction and expected his men to work uncomplainingly under adverse conditions although he found secret means to lighten their tasks. He saturated himself with Bell Ranch interests. He ate, slept, talked, lived Bell Ranch. He held himself personally accountable for every blade of grass, every weed, gopher, drop of water on the place. No one spoke adversely about the Bell in his presence. Charles M. O'Donel was also from the Clarendon area. He was Irish with an English temperament. He was much shorter than Tisdall; slim of build and looked like a college professor. Educated in France, he spoke the language as fluently as English and was a lover of the fine arts. Strictly a cattleman, his hobby was raising Hampshire hogs because he liked the broad white bands that encircled them. He was one of the organizers of the New Mexico Cattle & Horse Growers Association serving as one of its first presidents. He sustained a serious accident on one occasion when his horse fell on him. Fortunately, Buster Hall, son of the Englishman breaking polo ponies on the ranch at the time, happened by and saved his life. However, he was never quite free of internal injuries which plagued him for the balance of his life. His assistant manager was Frank Law, a graduate of Cambridge University in England.

" . . . I never really knew him (O'Donel) after about ten years of dealing with him. He was a strange man. During the years I bought of Mr. O'Donel some ten thousand Bell heifer yearlings and a thousand cows. Landergin Bros.

of Amarillo (Texas) bought the steer yearlings. During this period he would not consider selling to anyone else until he offered these cattle to both Landergin and myself, and we always wanted them. These heifers were well bred and thrifty, running about twenty percent reds and roans due to the fact that both Hereford and Shorthorn bulls were used. This was Mr. O'Donel's idea for keeping up heavier bone. The heifers showing the shorthorn colors were invariably the largest but in those days in re-selling them buyers objected to them because they wanted straight Hereford colors and many would want the other colors cut out.

"To trade with O'Donel you had to trade his way and accept his contracts. But if you did, he would be more than fair in every way. He would not put the customary ten percent cut in the contracts but when he had finished delivering a train load he would have cut out more than fifteen percent . . . He invited very few people to the headquarters ranch — and one had better not go there uninvited. After O'Donel announced the Bell lands (or the Red River Valley Company, the corporate owner) were for sale in 1916 or 1917 a lawyer friend of mine accompanied a buyer to the ranch without making arrangements before hand. When they arrived O'Donel would have nothing whatsoever to do with them and they departed.

"Some years before this I accidentally got started right with O'Donel. He had contracted the entire crop of Bell heifer yearlings — about 4500 — to who lived in the lower Panhandle of Texas. This boy was very anxious to get rid of these cattle before delivery time and offered to sell me any number out of the contract. I told him I could use a thousand of them. I don't know why I did it, but I called O'Donel on long distance and asked him if it would be satisfactory to him if I bought a thousand head of these heifers. He said it would be. Then his nephew went to Amarillo and sold the entire contract to Lee Bivens (a big operator in the Texas Panhandle who handled some 25,000 cattle each year) subject to my thousand to be the last delivery. When it was time for Bivens to receive his part of the deal he asked me to go down with him as he did not know

O'Donel. I told him I would go but I didn't think anybody knew him. Mr. O'Donel had his shipping pens at Bascom, New Mexico, a station a few miles north of Tucumcari on the Bell Ranch, filled with these heifers. He told two of his men to go on horseback and cut out one car load at a time into a small pen . . . O'Donel said nothing, but I could see he was very much displeased. After three or four car loads were cut and other men had loaded them on the cars, O'Donel blew up and said: 'Bivens, We are through with you. I did not sell these cattle to you. You have no cut whatever coming.' Bivins said: 'Oh, I will get out. I just wanted to help.' With that O'Donel climbed down from the fence and walked slowly down the flat for a quarter of a mile. Everything stopped. The train was standing on the siding. The conductor was getting nervous. He did not know what had happened. Then O'Donel walked slowly back, stopped a while at the chuck wagon camped some little distance from the pens. After about three quarters of an hour O'Donel walked slowly back to the shipping pens and climbed up on the fence by my side, said nothing to Bivins, but told his two men on horseback to proceed with loading as before, one car at a time for him to look over.

"O'Donel required that all Bell cattle sold be shipped out of the State of New Mexico. When Mr. Bivins shipped his cattle to Amarillo he wrote back to O'Donel that when he counted them off the train he was two head short. O'Donel wrote him that the cattle were delivered at Bascom, New Mexico, not Amarillo. When I counted mine I was two head long. I sent O'Donel a check for the price of two heifers. He endorsed the check and sent it on to Bivins without comment. The first sale by O'Donel of a part of the Bell Ranchlands was about one hundred thousand acres to the Trigg family of Amarillo about 1917 or 1918, a part of which the Triggs still (1952) own and operate. Among the people now ranching in New Mexico to whom I resold some of the Bell heifers in different years was a thousand to Lee S. Evans of Marquez, New Mexico; a thousand to De Witt C. Reynolds of Las Vegas, both of whom were operating in the north Panhandle of Texas at the time . . . "

(See: NEW MEXICO STOCKMAN'S MAGAZINE, August, 1952).

Bell steers were found as far north as Montana. Pastures were leased in the Dakotas, Montana, Nebraska. While O'Donel shipped his cattle as yearlings, Mitchell, his successor, shipped only weaner calves. At the turn of the century the Bell Ranch was running 25,000 head of cattle. There was a time when the Red River Valley Company attempted sheep raising on the land along the Canadian near the site of Fort Bascom, south of the Grant, but found it unprofitable and sold out its sheep interests in 1912. The Stoddards of Long Island, New York, principal stockholders, raised many fine polo ponies on the Bell Ranch. A good remuda was always maintained. O'Donel greatly reduced the original herd of eleven hundred head, selling the surplus at three dollars and fifty cents a head.

"The United States Government," wrote Culley (CATTLE, HORSES AND MEN) "has lately established a Conservancy District, containing ten thousand acres of irrigable land, on the Canadian, not far from the center of the Grant, and is constructing a dam (Conchas) to provide water for the project. The company has the privilege of using as much of this water as they desire at the ordinary rates. This project may well mean a fundamental change in the working system of the Bell Ranch, which has always been far removed from any considerable original sources of feed supply . . . There was no railroad town nearer than eighty miles; we traded at Las Vegas on the Santa Fe, and shipped our cattle from Clayton on the C & S. To see a railroad train was to us an adventure. If any of the boys happened to be in town when a passenger train pulled in, the thing to do was to march in chaps and spurs through the chair coach and tourist sleepers. Those cars were considered to contain all the pretty girls. The homely ones in our judgment rode the Pullmans." Years later, on a visit to the ranch, Culley and his wife went to see what changes had been made. He was surprised.

Culley first came to the Bell Ranch as range manager in 1893 to replace Baldy Haynes, who had been shot to death

by one of the cow hands because the manager worked the men too hard. "On my visit," continued Culley, "what should I find but a great transcontinental railroad — the Rock Island — a few miles from the southwest corner of the pasture. And stretching out from that at Tucumcari, a little one horse line running north just inside, and along the east side of the Grant, through the Atarque country. This track ran up to the railroad company's coal mines at Dawson, in Colfax county . . . It was a great advantage to the Bell, having these railroads. They cut out an eighty mile horse back or buggy ride to the ranch, which wasn't too pleasant in zero weather. An eighty mile cattle drive to Clayton in the spring that had always been a mean business. For cattle and cowhorses alike were poor and when you left the lower country and mounted on the mesa, you struck a sharper climate which stock were in no condition to stand. Many a good horse on those drives, unsaddled, sweating, in the evening, failed to show up when the horse wrangler rounded up his cavayard in the morning . . . " The railroad station on the Grant was known as Campana, the Spanish word for Bell.

Albert Mitchell succeeded O'Donel as manager of the ranch in 1933. Mitchell, although the first New Mexican to manage the Bell interests, was no stranger to the livestock industry. His father, Thomas Edward Mitchell, had come to New Mexico in 1881 as manager of the Dubuque Cattle Company. This outfit operated during the "free range" days and their spread covered the area from Springer, New Mexico, to the Texas line. The company owned about one hundred thousand head of cattle. When the company dissolved in 1897, Mitchell bought their ranch holdings and their blooded herd of cattle. He became one of the first presidents of the New Mexico Cattle Growers Association. His son, Albert K. Mitchell, was born in Clayton on June 25, 1894. After graduating from college he was placed in charge of the Mitchell interests which included the famous Tequesquite Ranch near Albert, New Mexico. He married a Miss Sundt of Las Vegas on August 1, 1928. She died in childbirth on June 3, 1934, the day Albert, her youngest son,

was born.

In addition to looking after the Bell Ranch, Mitchell continued the operation of the 200,000 acre Tequesquite Ranch and was elected president of the Carbon Chemicals Corporation, manufacturers of dry ice. He was also named a director of the First National Bank of Raton, New Mexico; Director of the Albuquerque Production Credit Corporation; two terms as President of the American National Livestock Association. He also won out in the race for Governor of New Mexico in the late 30s.

The story of no grant — large or small — is never completely told in omitting warfare against squatters. The Maxwell Grant, Nolan Grant, Sangre de Cristo Grant, Gusano Grant, Montoya Grant all have their small hard-fought and bloody wars against fence cutters, prospectors, squatters, land grabbers, outlaws, rustlers, pretenders and all sorts and conditions of men. Shepherders from Tascosa, Las Vegas, del Bado, La Questa, Anton Chico, Gusano, La Rueda, Bernalillo, and Gonzolez made their adobe brick, built up their one-room shacks and raised sheep and families. Gulley was given the hard task of sweeping them off the Grant.

"A short while after the new ownership came into effect," he wrote in his lively story of the Bell Ranch (o. c. page 21), "it was decided to start a movement to get the settlers off the Grant, and it fell to me to take the principal hand in this proceeding. There were one or two other things that were of help to me in this task. To begin with, I had a good working knowledge of the Spanish language. A second point in my favor was that I did not have to the full the prejudice against (New) Mexicans that prevailed almost universally among the cattlement of the West. (With few exceptions, it was the policy of the Bell Ranch to hire no New Mexicans of Spanish or Mexican ancestry). This attitude and state of feeling spread over the West from Texas along with the cattle business which originated there. (This I question. New Mexicans were branding cattle at La Canada and Santa Fe in 1614 — Rayado, the Mora Valley, Santa Fe had our idea of branding, rodeo, roundup, etc.,

before Austin came to Texas — although not commercially. Paid rodeo as we know it today began in Canadian, Texas, although Pecos, Texas, disputes this.) Its roots were in the Alamo. (Not completely. Texas never forgot the treatment accorded the Expedition of 1841-42. Baylor's Babies and Sibley's Cohorts came into New Mexico during the Civil War not so much to conquer it for the Confederacy as to wipe out the disgrace of 1841-42. S. Baird tried all during the war to raise troops in Texas to bring New Mexico to its knees under the Confederacy and to atone for Armijo's action.) As a consequence the range men treated the entire Spanish American people as if they had no rights at all . . . They dispossessed them of their lands, scattered their sheep and drove off their cattle . . . I remember distinctly the day I rode down into the little settlement of Alamosas to break the ice, so to speak. I took with me Shorty Horne, one of the boys. We both packed our guns, there being no knowing what kind of reception we might get. The (New) Mexicans had many an old score to settle against the Bell outfit to pay off. But nothing untoward happened as we visited one or two families and talked about things in general. So I decided to tackle the business of getting the settlers off the Grant without delay. We selected Jake Muniz to start on because he was a kind of leader among the (New) Mexicans of the river (i. e. along the Canadian). Jake had a very fine *rincon* fenced off by itself. He had been born there, I believe, and certainly the idea of leaving it never entered his head. I recall clearly how, when I brought up the subject of getting him off it, he flinched as if I had shot him. It so happened that there was plenty of vacant land outside the Grant where, at least, water could be gotten by wells with good surrounding range, and we encouraged the idea of their locating claims on these lands and gave them what assistance we could in that direction. Many had no show of legal title, but even from these we took a quit-claim deed, and gave them a small cash compensation to help them re-establish themselves. Jake was the first to leave the Grant. He located a good claim outside the fence, and it actually came about that before

long others caught the idea of getting them a piece of government land and abandoning the Grant. By the time I left the Bell Ranch there were only a few families remaining, and these had gone by 1898 or 1899, a few years later . . . It was one hundred and twenty-eight miles around the original Bell pasture. Measuring say six or eight miles around the entire fence, you have a good big tract of country. It was fortunate for us that the greater part of this tract was very sparsely peopled, for we used to figure that the entire population of it fed off Bell beef. It wasn't easy to correct this condition. You couldn't expect the average fence rider, living off by himself in an isolated camp, to risk his life trying to detect horse thieves . . . A remarkable feature of roundup life was that in spite of the bare show of authority, the rules and duties of the work were freely accepted and carried out by every cowhand. Food varied from day to day and from meal to meal: fried beef, hot biscuit, stewed prunes or raisins, perhaps, and gravy. But at that dead hour half the boys had no appetite, took only a cup of coffee, dipping their tin cups into the big pot. I don't know who the Abuckles were, but they should have a monument erected in their honor somewhere on the High Plains. For many years they were the principal standby of the range cow business.

"By this time the horse wrangler had his horses inside the rope corral, and just as soon as it was light enough the men went out with their saddle ropes to get their horses. Some bosses let each man rope his own horse. Tom Kane of the Bell was fond of roping and caught all the horses himself as the men called for them. When the rope flies the horses run and rampage around the rope corral, which is supported by iron stakes or held up by the men, but the instant one feels the noose around his neck he stands and leads out of the quite quietly, that sides of the ropes having lowered to the ground to let him pass over. Sometimes a horse would pitch (buck) when mounted and give the camp some fun . . ."

Erna Ferguson, in her book, *NEW MEXICO*, has this to say about the Bell Ranch: "The last (of the great ranch-

es) to be reduced was the Bell Ranch in San Miguel and Guadalupe counties, where the Canadian cuts through broken land as richly colored as the Navajo reservation. That ranch, named La Campana for a rocky upthrust that resembles a bell, was a Pablo Montoya Grant . . . At its greatest the Bell Ranch covered two million acres, and its owners and managers led baronial lives. In 1949, it was cut into four parts and one was bought by Mrs. Thomas B. Hoover to add to her T4 Ranch . . . In her modern home near Tucumcari she is a gracious hostess and a solicitous grandmother, but on the range she rides like a man, directs like a man, is respected like a man. She went into business when her first husband, Harold Krohn, died, leaving her a big ranch and a small daughter . . . The headquarters ranch was bought by a Texas corporation that does business as the Bell Ranch, Inc., and continues to use the bell shaped brand. Its manager, George Ellis, lives in the rambling old adobe house that has known its Indian fights. A day on the ranch now is probably not unlike any day within the past fifty years. Cowboys ride in to the chuck wagon for dinner, and if the chuck wagon is now a pickup truck, it is driven by the same old 'hooligan,' who also fetches wood and water, peels potatoes, and polices camp. His opposite, the horse-wrangler, has not been mechanized; as of old he brings up the remounts and holds them in a rope corral. The 'hands' jogging in, could qualify for the movies, but only as background, so unpretentious are their tight chaps, worn hats, and colorless clothes. Only George Ellis, Jr., sporting fine chaps of pinto horsehair, looks as though he had seen a movie. Mrs. Ellis said that most of these young men had served in the Navy. 'Cowboys are afraid that in the Army they may have to walk.' They ate quietly, then each man neatly scraped his leaving into a hole half-filled with cans and potato peelings and dropped his plate and utensils into a tub. Proceeding to the rope corral, he shouted for the mount he wanted: Buster, Chigger, Runt, Badger. He then transferred his saddle from the morning's mount, swung aboard, and was ready. The day's job was regular fall work: to brand and alter any calves missed in the spring roundup

and separate those to be shipped or held for breeding. Any cow showing up without a calf had her horns tipped with huge shears that crunched like a heavy tree falling. 'If she shows up again without a calf she's earned a ticket to Kansas City,' Mrs. Ellis said." (o. c. pages 326-327).

According to the SANTA FE NEW MEXICAN, there was a sale prior to 1949: "The sale of the 126,000 acre headquarters portion of the historic Bell Ranch near Tucumcari to the Ellwood estate of Lubbock for over a million dollars was announced here (i. e. at Lubbock, Texas) today by R. C. Hopping, sales manager for Ellwood. Purchasers are Col. R. Leland Keeney and his wife, Harriett Ellwood Keeney, of Somerville, Conn. ,and their two sons, John Henry Keeney and William Ellwood Keeney. Mrs. Keeney is the daughter of the late W. L. Ellwood who held extensive ranch properties in West Texas and eastern New Mexico. Sellers are Albert Mitchell and Ed T. Springer of Cimarron and Harry Leonard, who bought the land from Stoddard and Day, who acquired the property in 1889 and operated through the Red River Valley Company. The contract provides for official transfer of property September 1. The sale includes all equipment, stock and the Bell brand. Livestock includes 500 head of registered Hereford cattle, 2,000 head of grade Herefords and 600 head of horses. The deal involves nearly one-third of the original 450,000 acre ranch established in 1824 by an English syndicate. (? How fantastic can you get? — What English syndicate was anywhere near New Mexico in 1824?) Other tracts previously sold are 117,000 acres to Dr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Hoover of Tucumcari, and 80,000 acres to Sam Arnett, Lubbock rancher and banker." (July 10, 1949).

In less than a century Fort Bascom has become a thing of the past. Not a ruin remains to gratify the curiosity of the research student, tourist, historian. Only dust-covered government reports keep the name alive. R. I. P. is its best tribute to date.

NOTES AND COMMENTS — Chapter Seven

This bit of information was copied by the SAN MARCIAL BEE from the LAS VEGAS OPTIC of March 26, 1890: "The OPTIC has just received from the representative present at the happy nuptial event, a hasty account of the marriage of our esteemed friend and worthy citizen, Mr. Wilson Waddingham, to an accomplished, handsome and worthy lady, Miss Namie Barrow, daughter of Major and Mrs. J. E. Barrow, of St. Joseph, Mo. It is said to be, by those who ought to know, purely a love match. Major Barrow, with his estimable wife and daughter, has been sojourning at the Las Vegas Hot Springs for some time past.

"The marriage ceremony was quietly but impressively performed this afternoon at 8 o'clock by the Rev. E. S. Brush, Presbyterian minister of Las Vegas, at the groom's magnificent residence called Buena Vista, where the exceptionally happy couple intend residing during the fall, winter and spring months. This beautiful residence with its numerous out buildings, immense grounds, splendid orchard with all kinds of semi-tropical fruits, make it one of the most delightful and charming spots in the Territory. The guests were composed principally of the bride's immediate family, the groom's eldest daughter and son-in-law, the Hon. Wm. J. Mills, and a few intimate friends of both. In fact it was a perfectly unostentatious affair, strongly indicative of the bridegroom himself, whom we have known for the past twenty years or more during his residence in this Territory, and latterly intimately. Consequently the OPTIC can speak knowingly and intelligently. Mr. Wilson Waddingham accompanied by his charming bride passed through this city (San Marcial) Thursday morning enroute to El Paso, returning here last evening, and is now sojourning at the Depot Hotel. Mr. Waddingham is owner of the Armendaris Grants and of the San Marcial Townsite and has many warm friends here who wish him and his bride all the choicest blessings which a kind Providence can bestow. Mr. Waddingham has recently shown his interest in the welfare of our thriving city by donating a site for a

school house and on this visit will select and donate ground for the erection of an Episcopal chapel. He is also pursuing vigorously an enterprise which will result in making this one of the largest and most flourishing cities in the Territory."

Everybody at the Bell Ranch talked of distance and how far it was to Las Vegas but neglected to say that things weren't as bad as portrayed. The Bell Ranch was not completely cut off from civilization. According to the NEW MEXICO MINING WORLD, Vol. 1, No. 2, by 1881 there was a regular state route known as the Fort Bascom-Trinidad Route and the Fort Bascom-Fort Sumner Route.

The Fort Bascom-Trinidad Route took 120 hours. The stage left Fort Bascom every Monday morning at 6 a.m. The first stop was Towner, the others being Apache, Chico Springs, Kiowa, Troy, Una de Gato, Troyburgh, Sugarite over the Raton Pass to Trinidad, Colorado. The stage left Trinidad at 6 a.m. on Monday. Stops other than those scheduled were made at various sub-stations for the convenience of the passengers. The favorite one was at Raton Pass to admire the scenery and to rest the horses and mules.

The Fort Bascom-Fort Sumner Route — a distance of 150 miles and back — also left Fort Bascom at 6 a.m. Monday and arrived at Fort Sumner in five days. There were hot meals waiting at the various ranches along the way and at the stations. Both routes were popular and often used by honeymooners. When the Socorro-White Oaks; the White Oaks-Las Vegas; White Oaks-Albuquerque stages took most of the business, these routes were discontinued, especially since there was no mining in the Fort Bascom area.

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